

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1912

Two Poems

By Richard Middleton

Mad Harry's Vision

THE silver girl she came to me when spring was dancing
green;
She said, "I've come to wait on you and make your cabin
clean,
To wash your face and hands and feet and keep your
forehead cool,
And I'll get you into Heaven yet, you damned old fool!"

She combed my hair until it shone like water in the sun,
And when her fingers touched my head it seemed that pain
was done,
For all my black and oblong thoughts went crying to the
wilds,
And all my thoughts grew round and white like any little
child's.

She washed my ears and I could hear her voice about the
place,
She washed my eyes and I could see the sweetness of her
face,
She washed my mouth that I might pray, and in the dark
I prayed
That I might kiss the fairest lips that ever God had made.

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The silver girl she frowned on me, and said, "Oh, thing
of ill!

Was it for this I cleansed your mouth that would be sinning
still?

Was it for this I gave you sight and taught you how to hear?
Better the mud remained to screen your evil heart, I fear."

"Oh silver girl! oh silver girl! have pity now," I cried,
"Long years I knew my mother earth and knew no thing
beside;

Now you have called me from my peace to kill me with
disdain,

Give me a kiss or let me be Mad Harry yet again.

"I cannot hear your blessed hymn because your body cries
A louder, sweeter song that takes my spirit by surprise;
Sin should not wear so fine a dress, and I would have
you know

It is not fair of God to tempt a poor old sinner so."

The silver girl thought east and west; she wondered north
and south,

And there was laughter in her eyes and in her lovely mouth;
She stood a-plucking at her dress and nodding of her head;

"It seems to me I've taught this damned old fool too
much," she said.

"When you were in your mother mud you did not dream
of this,

Until I gave you back your sight you did not want to kiss;
The sin is mine, come take your kiss, to-morrow you shall be
All that you were before I came and sought to set you free."

She kissed my face, and lit the world, and burned away
my blood,

And now I lie and dream all day, Mad Harry in the mud;
But with my black and oblong thoughts one white, round
thought I keep,

The vision of the silver girl who kissed my soul asleep!

THE POET AND HIS DEAD

II.

The Poet and his Dead *

I've lit my tall, white candles and placed them by the bed,
Two by her little dancing feet, two by her nodding head;
Ah, feet that dance not, eyes that see not, Love for ever
dead!

I've picked my tall, white lilies and lined them by her side,
In either hand a lily droops, a lily for my bride;
She cannot feel them, no, nor see them, they watch her
open-eyed.

And all the love God gave me, to spend in knightly quests,
In pomp and pride of living, with her, with her, it rests,
In her silent lips and quiet eyes and the stillness of her
breasts.

The earth yet lingers with me, and yet I see the sky;
The winds are here, and the sun and moon, and the stars
that multiply;
And sometimes she is cold and dead and sometimes it is I.

Between us now there stretches a dim unmeasured space
The loving dead can bridge not nor any living grace;
I cannot hear her breathing, she cannot see my face.

My poor hands touch and tremble, my poor lips kiss and
yearn
For a little sudden warmth—but the dead shall not return;
The lilies droop and falter, the tall, white candles burn.

* This poem, found among the papers of the late Richard Middleton, was certainly one of the last he wrote before his tragic death. In these circumstances it has seemed best to print the last lines exactly as they were written in the unfinished manuscript.

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And still I stand beside her, dreaming a lovely crime,
To heap her corpse with poems, to make her grave a rhyme;
One more song of our stricken love, with the grave-worms
beating time.

Her arms that lay about me and never loosed their hold,
Her lips that in the darkness sought mine and made me
bold,
Her hair that fell in my lap like a shower of gold—

Oh, I could sing, but I will not, she cannot hear;
The sound of my voice would fill the shadows with
fear. . . .
I can't choose pretty words to bury you, my dear.

She was so beautiful, she is beautiful, with her face like
snow;
White wax whiter than the bees know
In the quiet room; I killed all the bluebottles hours ago—
Dirty creatures——

The Deed

By T. Sturge Moore

I.

O THOU who are the lesson that I learn,
Ah! how thou jadest my poor brain and heart!
Too subtle, too intense for me thou art,
Too pure, too simple; why canst thou not spurn
Mine effort--quench the flax that will not burn
But ever smokes? What hast thou to impart
To restive dulness that would backward start
And leave thee? Why must thou to follow turn?
Wilt dog me every time I break away?
More piteous still behind me hurrying seem
Thy feet, the more I feel thou squand'rest care.
Canst be the reason why I am, thou dream
Of what I might be? Strike me down, nor spare.
Nor pity rebel weary of his day!

II.

No sight earth yields our eyes is lovelier than
The body of a naked strong young man.
O watch him course the meadows flecked with shade
Beside a stream, before his plunge be made!
Then watch him ridge the water to its brims
With rhythmic measure while he gravely swims;
And watch him issue, shining even more,
Run, leap and prove himself upon the shore,
Intent to warm his limbs and have them dry,
Making great efforts, seeming as he would fly.
Ah! he can fill an hour up in this way
And never hear a voice within him say:
"Why art thou not at work?" for it is true
That all he is approves what he doth do.

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III.

But might the beauty of the soul be viewed
As easily coursing over happenings rude,—
Parting the fulness of its quick desires
With strokes as steady toward where man aspires
To be, in order there to prove new strength;
Might souls be watched thus, then indeed at length
Life winged with beauty and unhindered grace
Would quicken rapture on the upturned face.
Might souls be viewed as swallows are, then all
Would train as athletes, let loose follies fall,
Strip each his cared-for self from clinging shames
Like useless garments, and at heavenly games
Exert his talents and good-will express,
Not as lame duty tries, but with success.

IV.

Mine is that body with which man might soar!
Though I refuse to yield it to his need,
On his fine motions every gaze would feed
If by my free gift visible form he wore.
Those only, who his durance aye deplore,
In fleeting visions worship him, when, freed,
He, gay for beauty, leaps, a bird indeed,
From dreamland where outcast he pined before.
Yea, those there are who for his exile feel;
Even such as are a comfort when this life
Loses what youth bestows, and quails at strife.
They pity, though they cannot make him real
For others, by resigning all to him,—
Wealth, time, desire, his; his, brain, heart and limb!

V.

Sweet bird of heaven, he rests as swallows do
Who furl and hold their long wings level while
They sit upon some ledge: so in midblue
Lights he upon some sailing white cloud-isle.
Deep orange plumage sheathes his naked back
As he sits on his heels and clasps his knees
Each in a hand, the forearm lying slack
Along the thigh. There breathes he at his ease,

THE DEED

Filling anew and refilling his chest,
With stretched neck, leaning forward through the gale,
His flushed face gleaming from its passage zest
For dive sublime or yet more rapturous sail.
Beauties as rare were seen, if those who try
To express concern for man for him would die.

VI.

Am I become one substance with the past?
Results wrought in me, having bound my will,
Stand at the portal armed, prepared to kill
Each sweet thought it is vain to invite at last.
With dear averted faces, they as fast
As may be sweep by one who loves them still,
Anxious, if seen, not seeing, to fulfil
With just neglect the sentence on him passed.
The *man I was* doomed him I am to sorrow.
Yet *one who might be* whispers to my heart
"To-day is great with Yesterday's child To-morrow,
Who, young, is good; who, good, needs all thou art.
It costs a life to do each lovely thing:
End thine own days and give place to a King!"

VII.*

He who acts is the only splendid man.
Who works for him or holds a torch is brave:
Nay, one who merely listens at the door
But wills the deed, abashed receiveth praise.
Naught save true valour, needed through long years,
Can shake the world or free a soul from pain.
Glorious the thing done! glorious the doer! glorious
The day and hour which were used so well!
All eyes eternally shall light at them,
Speech burn with power when they are its theme,
And minds conceive that else had borne no thought.
Life, time and matter from the integral act
Draw their sole worth: it lives, endures, hath weight.
The rest, inert, is fugitive, unstable.

*In part suggested by a passage in the *Electra* of Hugo von Hofmannsthal.

Two Poems

By Geoffrey Cookson (James Barton)

I.

The Crocodile Discourses

"I DO not find it written in my slime
That God is Love: yet He is very good:
For, first, He filed my teeth exceeding sharp,
And shut them in a trap of triple steel,
Gave me my saurian ancestry, whereby
I walk abroad unquestioned armiger,
And wear unrusted my tough coat of mail.
Also, to deck a brother deity
(For I am more than priest if less than God),
He offers lotus buds, and lends me stars
To float upon my pool; and when I swim
On moonless nights they tremble in the wash
And furrow of my wave. Familiar,
As to a schoolboy ciphers on a slate,
I meditate my deep astrology,
Reading the cycles and conjunctive hours
That ripen for my maw the virgin's breasts,
The young wife's womb. They have no time to scream,
I trip so smoothly down the darkling stair
And paddle in the deeps. My pool is called
Silence, the deadener of unseemly noise,
That rends so woundily the clamorous air.
I do not roar like loud and vulgar beasts,
But on a soft bed lay them tenderly,
Striving to calm them, lest they tear the flesh.
There the poor gape, that is their voiceless scream,
No echo has but bubbles. Soft, so soft
The seasoned flesh; the after-dinner sleep,
In reed-brake or thorn-thicket, sanctified

THE CROCODILE DISCOURSES

With comfortable closing of the lids
And beatific smile, of blessedness
And the peculiar care of Providence
Humbly acknowledged, sign, misunderstood,
But not the less sincere. Ah, yes, the fool
Hath said, "There is no God," but I am wise;
Therefore to Him, who for His servant's food
Fattens the suckling, strews with fin and spawn
My pool, and fills with splash of silver rain,
I give among warm rocks and waterweeds
Amphibious thanks."

Thus far the crocodile,
Reading his *thesis theologiæ*;
And all admitted it extremely sound.

II.

Mist and Cloud

ALL Hellas in that rift!
The vapours part, and straightway I look through
Into a land that laughs beneath the blue,
Cloud-frontiered, rainbow-barred,
Thessalian fastnesses of deer and pard,
Pindus and Tempe, rhododendron-starred.
Soon, they begin to lift:
Slow partings first, loath arms linked tenderly
 round rock and clift,
Cold bosoms amorous leaned on armoured crags:
Such long farewells,
Such trailing of white robes o'er black peat-hags,
Silvered with springs and sprent with blue hare-bells;
Such lingering in dells,
Such shy returns,
Indraughts of valleys wet with drooping ferns;
And then, auroral, radiantly swift,
They mount in pride,
And, as a gift,
Leave to the golden day the green hillside.
Some shreds are caught among the topmost trees;
Like visible spirits of the silences,
Succeeding slow with pauseful step, they glide
Across the glittering desert of the air;
Handmaidens fair,
They go to dip their robes in founts of dawn;
Or in pure alabaster pitchers bear
The dewy wine, from forest-wells deep-drawn.

So morning drew my fancy, like the mist,
To follow after:
But in the sullen mountain top, unkissed,
All Sinai thundered terrible reproof,
And from such whoredoms held himself aloof,

MIST AND CLOUD

No friend of love or laughter.
Above the gorge
The trees were Titans, the black rocks a forge,
And audibly almost the vapour hissed;
As, unto skiey roof and rafter,
When Jove's lame armourer wrought 'gainst old revolts,
Rolled the dull reek of tempering thunderbolts.

Two Poems

By Ernest Rhys

I.

The Ballad of the Homing Man

1.

HE saw the sun, the Light-giver, step
down behind the oak,
And send a tawny arrow-shaft along
the engine-smoke.

2.

He saw the last brown harvester lift
up from mother-earth
The sheaf that holds a mystery—the
seed of death and birth;

3.

And like a place in Paradise, the empty
stubble-field
Waited, to watch the hock-cart go, with
the children she did yield.

4.

He saw far-off the homing crows sail
into mottled sky—
Saw horse and horseman flag and tire,
and trees like men go by.

5.

He saw a woman close a door upon the
warm firelight
That open is the brow of day and closed
the shade of night.

THE BALLAD OF THE HOMING MAN

6.

He saw above the shallows the first lamps,
 lemon-hued,
Lead out the painted suburb into the
 hazel wood.

7.

He saw the bob-tailed rabbits above the
 stoneman's pit,
Where the years went, as the trains go,
 all unaware of it.

8.

Another mile, the roofs begin; the rigid
 wilderness,
The smoke, the murky omens, upon his
 heartbeat press.

9.

The nightfall of the townsfolk, the
 ferment of the place,
Work like sharp ichor in his blood, like
 salt reek in the face.

10.

But where the fields are fragrant and
 the moody town is pass'd,
There is a house, an open door; a face,
 a fire, at last.

11.

"Three voices in a doorway," he says,—
 "a woman's form,
"And a lighted hearth behind her, can
 make a desert warm;

12.

"And what is Heaven but a house, like
 any other one,
"Where the homing man finds harbour,
 and the hundred roads are done?"

II.

The Two Paths

THEY climb the long coomb.
And the mountain ravine
Like the fissure of doom
Lies between :

And each as it turns
On the brink to look over,
For the other one yearns
Like a lover.

One says,—“Sure the air
Blows marvellous sweet
On the fern growing there
At his feet?”

And the other,—“Her grace
Where she swerves on her way
To the mountainous place,
None can say.”

Where the heather gives out
And the rocks close like fate,
And the mountain-winds shout
At the gate,—

There the paths as they climb—
That travelled alone,
By the mountain and time
Are made one.

The Weaving Spider*

The Banded Epeira

By Henri Fabre

IN the inclement season of the year, when the insect has nothing to do and retires to winter quarters, the observer profits by the mildness of the sunny nooks and lifts the stones, grubs in the sand, searches the brushwood; and often he is stirred with a pleasurable excitement, when he lights upon some ingenuous work of art, discovered un-awares. Happy are the simple of heart whose ambition is satisfied with such treasure-trove! I wish them all the joys which it has brought me and which it will continue to bring me, despite the vexations of life, which grow ever more bitter as the years follow their swift course.

Should the seekers rummage among the wild grasses in the osier-beds and copses, I wish them the delight of finding the wonderful object that, at this moment, lies before my eyes. It is the work of a Spider, the nest of the Banded Epeira (*Epeira fasciata*, LATR.).

In bearing and colouring, *Epeira fasciata* is the handsomest of the Arachnida of the South. On her fat belly, a mighty silk-warehouse nearly as large as a hazel-nut, are alternate yellow, black and silver sashes, to which she owes her epithet of Banded. Around that portly abdomen, the eight long legs, with their dark- and pale-brown rings, radiate like spokes.

Any small prey suits her; and, as long as she can find supports for her web, she settles wherever Locusts, Flies,

* Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. THE ENGLISH REVIEW has acquired the sole right of publishing serially the portions of Henri Fabre's life-work which have not yet appeared in England; and a series of six chapters from his "epic of the insect world" will be published in these pages in the course of the next few months. Copyright in the U.S.A., 1912, by Dodd, Mead and Co.

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Dragon-flies or Butterflies abound. As a rule, she spreads her toils across some brooklet, from bank to bank, among the rushes. They are also found, but not so frequently, in the thickets of evergreen oak, on the slopes with the scrubby greenswards, dear to the Grasshopper.

Her hunting-weapon is a large upright web, whose outer boundary, which varies according to the disposition of the ground, is fastened to the neighbouring branches by a number of moorings. The structure is that adopted by the other Weaving Spiders. Straight threads radiate at equal intervals from a central point. Over this framework runs a continuous spiral thread, forming chords, or cross-bars, from the centre to the circumference. It is magnificently large and magnificently symmetrical.

In the lower part of the web, starting from the centre, a wide, opaque ribbon descends zigzag-wise across the radii. This is the Epeira's trade-mark, like the flourish of a painter initialling his creation. "*Fecit* So-and-so," she seems to say, when giving the last throw of the shuttle to her handiwork.

That the Spider feels satisfied when, after passing and repassing from spoke to spoke, she finishes her spiral, is beyond a doubt: the work achieved ensures her food for a few days to come. But, in this particular case, the vanity of the spinstress has naught to say to the matter: the strong silk zigzag is added to impart greater firmness to the web.

Increased resistance is not superfluous, for the net is sometimes exposed to severe tests. The Epeira cannot pick and choose her prizes. Seated motionless in the centre of her web, her eight legs widespread to feel the shaking of the network in any direction, she waits for what luck will bring her: now some giddy weakling unable to control its flight, anon some powerful prey rushing headlong with a reckless bound.

The Locust in particular, the fiery Locust, who releases the spring of his long shanks at random, often falls into the trap. One imagines that his strength ought to frighten the Spider; the kick of his spurred levers should enable him to make a hole, then and there, in the web and to get away. But not at all. If he does not free himself at the first effort, the Locust is lost.

Turning her back on the game, the Epeira works all

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her spinnerets, pierced like the rose of a watering-pot, at one and the same time. The silky spray is gathered by the hind-legs, which are longer than the others and open into a wide arc to allow the stream to spread. Thanks to this artifice, the *Epeira* this time obtains not a thread, but an iridescent sheet, a sort of clouded fan wherein the component threads are kept almost separate. The two hind-legs fling this shroud gradually, by rapid alternate armfuls, while at the same time they turn the prey over and over, so as to swathe it on every side. When all movement ceases under the snowy winding-sheet, the Spider goes up to her trussed prisoner. Her poison-fangs are now brought into requisition. The *Epeira* gnaws at the Locust, without undue persistence, and then withdraws, leaving the torpid patient to pine away.

Soon she comes back to her now motionless prey: she sucks it, drains it, repeatedly changing her point of attack. At last, the clean-bled remains are flung out of the net and the Spider returns to her ambush in the centre of the web.

What the *Epeira* sucks is not a corpse, but a numbed body. If I remove the Locust immediately after he has been bitten and release him from the silken sheath, the patient recovers his strength to such an extent that he seems at first to have suffered no injury. The Spider, therefore, does not kill her capture before sucking its juices; she is content to deprive it of the power of motion by producing a state of torpor. Perhaps this kindlier bite gives her greater facility in working her pump. The humours, if stagnant, in a corpse, would not respond so readily to the action of the sucker; they are more easily extracted from a live body, in which they move about.

The *Epeira*, therefore, being a drinker of blood, moderates the virulence of her sting, even with victims of appalling size, so sure is she of her art. The largest Locusts or Grasshoppers are accepted without hesitation and sucked dry as soon as numbed. Those giants, capable of making a hole in the net and passing through it in their impetuous onrush, can be but rarely caught. I myself place them on the web. The Spider does the rest. Lavishing her silky spray, she swathes them and then sucks them at her ease. With an increased expenditure of the spinnerets, the very

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biggest game is mastered as successfully as the everyday prey.

I have seen even better than that. This time, my subject is the Silky Epeira (*Epeira sericea*, OLIV.), with a broad, festooned, silvery abdomen. Like that of the other, her web is a large, upright and "signed" with a zigzag ribbon. I place upon it a Praying Mantis,* a well-developed specimen, quite capable of changing roles, should circumstances permit, and herself making a meal off her assailant. It is a question no longer of capturing a peaceful Grasshopper, but a fierce and powerful ogre, who would rip open the Epeira's paunch with one blow of her harpoons.

Will the Spider dare? Not immediately. Motionless in the centre of her net, she consults her strength before attacking the formidable quarry; she waits until the struggling prey has its claws more thickly entangled. At last, she approaches. The Mantis curls her belly, lifts her wings like vertical sails, opens her saw-toothed arm-pieces; in short, adopts the spectral attitude which she employs when delivering battle.

The Spider disregards these menaces. Spreading wide her spinnerets, she pumps out sheets of silk which the hind-legs draw out, expand and fling without stint in alternate armfuls. Under this shower of threads, the Mantis' terrible saws quickly disappear from sight, as do the wings, still erected in the spectral posture.

Meanwhile, the swathed one gives sudden jerks, which make the Spider fall out of her web. The accident is provided for. A safety-cord, emitted at the same instant by the spinnerets, keeps the Epeira hanging, swinging in space. When calm is restored, she packs her cord and climbs up again. The insect's heavy paunch and hind-legs are now bound. The flow slackens, the silk comes only in thin sheets. Fortunately, the business is done. The prey is now invisible under the thick shroud.

The Spider retires without giving a bite. To master the terrible quarry she has spent the whole reserves of her spinning-mill, enough to weave many good-sized webs.

* An insect akin to the Locusts and Crickets, which, when at rest, adopts an attitude resembling that of prayer. When attacking, it assumes what is known as "the spectral attitude." Its forelegs form a sort of saw-like or barbed harpoons.—*Translator's note.*

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With this heap of shackles, further precautions are superfluous.

After a short rest in the centre of the net, she comes down to dinner. Slight incisions are made in different parts of the prize, now here, now there; and the *Epeira* puts her mouth to each and sucks the blood of her prey. The meal is long protracted, so rich is the dish. For ten hours, I watch the insatiable glutton, who changes her point of attack as each wound sucked dries up. Night comes and robs me of the finish of the unbridled debauch. Next morning, the drained Mantis lies upon the ground. The Ants are eagerly devouring the remains.

The eminent talents of the *Epeiræ* are displayed to even better purpose in the industrial business of motherhood than in the art of the chase. The silk bag, the nest, in which the Banded *Epeira* houses her eggs, is a much greater marvel than the bird's nest. In shape, it is an inverted balloon, nearly the size of a pigeon's egg. The top tapers like a pear and is cut short and crowned with a scalloped rim, the corners of which are lengthened by guy-ropes that fasten the object to the adjoining twigs. The whole, a graceful ovoid, hangs straight down, amid a few threads that steady it.

The top is hollowed into a crater closed with a silky padding. Every other part is contained in the general wrapper, formed of thick, compact white satin, difficult to break and impervious to moisture. Brown and even black silk, laid out in broad ribbons, in spindle-shaped patterns, in fanciful meridian curves, adorns the upper portion of the exterior. The part played by this fabric is self-evident: it is a waterproof cover which neither dew nor rain can penetrate.

Exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, among the dead grasses, close to the ground, the *Epeira*'s nest has also to protect its contents from the winter cold. Let us cut the wrapper with our scissors. Underneath we find a thick layer of reddish-brown silk, not worked into a fabric this time, but puffed into an extra-fine wadding. It is a fleecy cloud, an incomparable quilt, softer than any swan's-down. This is the screen set up against loss of heat.

And what does this cosy mass protect? See: in the middle of the eiderdown hangs a cylindrical pocket, round

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at the bottom, cut square at the top and closed with a padded lid. It is made of extremely fine satin; it contains the *Epeira's* eggs, pretty little orange-coloured beads, which, glued together, form a globule the size of a pea. This is the treasure to be defended against the asperities of the winter.

Now that we know the structure of the work, let us try to see in what manner the spinstress sets about it. The observation is not an easy one, for the Banded *Epeira* is a night-worker. Now and again, at very early hours in the morning, I have happened to catch her working, which enables me to sum up the progress of the operations.

My subjects are busy in their bell-shaped cages about the middle of August. A scaffolding is first run up, at the top of the dome; it consists of a few stretched threads. The wire trellis represents the twigs and blades of grass wherefrom the Spider, if at liberty, would have slung her nest. The loom works on this shaky support. The *Epeira* does not see what she is doing; she turns her back on her task. The machinery is so well put together that the whole thing goes automatically.

The tip of the abdomen sways, a little to the right, a little to the left, rises and falls, while the Spider moves slowly round and round. The thread paid out is single. The hind-legs draw it and place it in position on that which is already done. Thus is formed a satin receptacle, the rim of which is gradually raised until it becomes a bag not quite half an inch deep. The texture is of the daintiest. Guy-ropes fasten it to the nearest threads and keep it stretched, especially at the mouth.

Then the spinnerets take a rest and the turn of the ovaries comes. A continuous shower of eggs falls into the bag, which is filled to the top. The capacity of the receptacle has been so nicely calculated that there is room for all the eggs, without leaving any space unoccupied. When the Spider has finished and retires, I catch a momentary glimpse of the heap of orange-coloured eggs; but the work of the spinnerets is at once resumed.

The next business is to close the bag. The machinery works a little differently. The tip of the belly no longer sways from side to side. It sinks and touches a point; it retreats, sinks again and touches another point, first here, then

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there, describing inextricable zigzags. At the same time, the hind-legs tread the material emitted. The result is no longer a stuff, but a felt, a blanketing.

Around the satin capsule, which contains the eggs, is the eiderdown destined to keep out the cold. The youngsters will bide for some time in this soft shelter, to strengthen their joints and prepare for the final exodus. It does not take long to make. The spinning-mill suddenly alters the raw material : it was turning out white silk ; it now furnishes reddish-brown silk, finer than the other and issuing in clouds which the hind-legs, those dexterous carders, whip into a sort of froth. The egg-pocket disappears, drowned in this exquisite wadding.

The balloon-shape is already outlined ; the top of the work tapers to a neck. The Spider, moving up and down, tacking now to one side and then to the other, from the very first spray marks out the graceful form as accurately as though she carried a compass in her abdomen.

Then, once again, with the same suddenness, the material changes. The white silk reappears, wrought into thread. This is the moment to weave the outer wrapper. Because of the thickness of the stuff and the density of its texture, this operation is the longest of the series.

First, a few threads are flung out, hither and thither, to keep the layer of wadding in position. The *Epeira* takes special pains with the edge of the neck, where she fashions a scalloped border, the angles of which, prolonged with cords or lines, form the main support of the building. These soon outline a crater that needs plugging. The Spider closes the bag with a padded stopper similar to that with which she sealed the egg-pocket.

When these arrangements are made, the real manufacture of the wrapper begins. The Spider goes backwards and forwards, turns and turns again. The spinnerets do not touch the fabric. With a rhythmical, alternate movement, the hind-legs, the sole implements employed, draw the thread, seize it in their combs and apply it to the work, while the tip of the abdomen sways methodically to and fro.

In this way, the silken fibre is distributed in an even zigzag, of almost geometrical precision and comparable with that of the cotton thread which the machines in our factories roll so neatly into balls. And this is repeated all

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over the surface of the work, for the Spider shifts her position a little at every moment.

At fairly frequent intervals, the tip of the abdomen is lifted to the mouth of the balloon; and then the spinnerets really touch the fringed edge. The length of contact is even considerable. We find, therefore, that the thread is stuck in this star-shaped fringe, the foundation of the building and the crux of the whole, while every elsewhere it is simply laid on, in a manner determined by the movements of the hind-legs. If we wished to unwind the work, the thread would break at the margin; at any other point, it would unroll.

The *Epeira* ends her web with a dead-white, angular flourish; she ends her nest with brown mouldings, which run down, irregularly, from the marginal junction to the bulging middle. For this purpose she makes use, for the third time, of a different silk; she now produces silk of a dark hue, varying from russet to black. The spinnerets distribute the material with a wide longitudinal swing, from pole to pole; and the hind-legs apply it in capricious ribbons. When this is done, the work is finished. The Spider moves away with slow strides, without giving a glance at the bag. The rest does not interest her: time and the sun will see to it.

She felt her hour at hand and came down from her web. Near by, in the rank grass, she wove the tabernacle of her offspring and, in so doing, drained her resources. To resume her hunting-post, to return to her web would be useless to her: she has not the wherewithal to bind the prey. Besides, the fine appetite of former days has gone. Withered and languid, she drags out her existence for a few days and, at last, dies. This is how things happen in my cages; this is how they must happen in the brushwood.

The Silky *Epeira* excels the Banded *Epeira* in the manufacture of big hunting-nets, but she is less gifted in the art of nest-building. She gives her nest the inelegant form of an obtuse cone. The opening of this pocket is very wide and is scalloped into lobes by which the edifice is slung. It is closed with a large lid, half satin, half swan's-down. The rest is a stout white fabric, frequently covered with irregular brown streaks.

The difference between the work of the two *Epeiræ* does not extend beyond the wrapper, which is an obtuse

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cone in the one case and a balloon in the other. The same internal arrangements prevail behind this frontage: first, a flossy quilt; next, a little keg in which the eggs are packed. Though the two Spiders each build the outer wall according to special architectural rules, they both employ the same means as a protection against the cold.

As we see, their egg-bag, especially that of the Banded *Epeira*, is an important and complex work. Various materials enter into its composition: white silk, red silk, brown silk; moreover, those materials are wrought into dissimilar products: stout cloth, soft eiderdown, dainty satinette, porous felt. And all of this comes from the same workshop that weaves the hunting-net, warps the zigzag ribbon-band and casts an entangling shroud over the prey.

What a wonderful silk-factory it is! With a very simple and never-varying plant, consisting of the hind-legs and the spinnerets, it produces, by turns, rope-maker's, spinner's, weaver's, ribbon-maker's and fuller's work. How does the Spider direct an establishment of this kind? How does she obtain, at will, skeins of diverse hues and grades? How does she turn them out, first in this fashion, then in that? I see the results, but I do not understand the machinery and still less the process. It beats me altogether.

The Spider also sometimes loses her head in her difficult trade, when some trouble disturbs the peace of her nocturnal labours. I do not provoke this trouble myself, for I am not present at those unseasonable hours. It is simply due to the conditions prevailing in my menagerie.

In their natural state, the *Epeiræ* settle separately, at long distances from one another. Each has her own hunting-grounds, where there is no reason to fear the competition which would result from the close proximity of the nets. In my cages, on the other hand, there is cohabitation. In order to save space, I lodge two or three *Epeiræ* in the same cage. My easy-going captives live together in peace. There is no strife between them, no encroaching on the neighbour's property. Each of them weaves herself a rudimentary web, as far from the rest as possible, and here, rapt in contemplation, as though indifferent to what the others are doing, she awaits the hop of the Locust.

Nevertheless, these close quarters have their drawbacks when laying-time arrives. The cords by which the different

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establishments are hung interlace and criss-cross in a confused network. When one of them shakes, all the others are more or less affected. This is enough to distract the layer from her business and to make her do silly things. Here are two instances.

A bag has been woven during the night. I find it, when I visit the cage in the morning, hanging from the trellis-work and completed. It is perfect as regards structure; it is decorated with the regulation black meridian curves. There is nothing missing, nothing except the essential thing, the eggs, for which the spinstress has gone to such expense in the matter of silks. Where are the eggs? They are not in the bag, which I open and find empty. They are lying on the ground below, on the sand in the pan, utterly unprotected.

Disturbed at the moment of discharging them, the mother has missed the mouth of the little bag and dropped them on the floor. Perhaps even, in her excitement, she came down from above and, compelled by the exigencies of the ovaries, laid her eggs on the first support that offered. No matter; if her Spider brain contains the least gleam of sense, she must be aware of the disaster and is therefore bound at once to abandon the elaborate manufacture of a now superfluous nest. Not at all: the bag is woven round nothing, as accurate in shape, as finished in structure as under normal conditions.

Another, distracted from her work by some startling vibration, leaves her nest at the moment when the layer of red-brown wadding is being completed. She flees to the dome, a few inches above her unfinished work, and spends upon a shapeless mattress, of no use whatever, all the silk out of which she would have woven the outer wrapper if nothing had come to disturb her.

Poor fool! You upholster the wires of your cage with swan's-down and you leave the eggs imperfectly protected. The absence of the work already executed and the hardness of the metal do not warn you that you are now engaged upon a senseless task. Yours is indeed a strange psychology, which is able to reconcile the wonders of expert craftsmanship with the aberrations due to unfathomable stupidity.

Let us compare the work of the Banded Epeira with that of the Penduline Titmouse, the cleverest of our small

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birds in the art of nest-building. This Tit haunts the osier-beds of the lower reaches of the Rhone. Rocking gently in the river breeze, his nest sways pendant over the peaceful backwaters, at some distance from the too-impetuous current. It hangs from the drooping end of the branch of a poplar, an old willow or an alder, all of them tall trees, favouring the banks of streams.

It consists of a cotton bag, closed all round, save for a small opening at the side, just sufficient to allow of the mother's passage. In shape it resembles the body of a chemist's retort with a short lateral neck, or, better still, the foot of a stocking, with the edges brought together, but for a little round hole left at one side. The outward appearances increase the likeness: one can almost see the traces of a knitting-needle working with coarse stitches. That is why, struck by this shape, the Provençal peasant, in his expressive language, calls the Penduline Titmouse *lou Debassaire*, "the bird that knits stockings."

The early-ripening seedlets of the willows and poplars furnish the materials for the work. There breaks from them, in May, a sort of vernal snow, a fine down, which the eddies of the air heap in the crevices of the ground. It is a cotton similar to that of our manufactures, but of very short staple. It comes from an inexhaustible warehouse: the tree is bountiful; and the wind from the osier-beds gathers the tiny flocks as they pour from the seeds. They are easy to pick up.

The difficulty is to set to work. How does the bird proceed in order to knit its stocking? How, with such simple implements as its beak and claws, does it manage to produce a fabric which our skilled fingers would fail to achieve? An examination of the nest will, to a certain extent, inform us.

The cotton of the poplar cannot, of itself, supply a hanging pocket capable of supporting the weight of the brood and resisting the onslaught of the wind. Rammed, entangled and packed together, the flocks, similar to those which ordinary wadding would give if chopped up very fine, would produce only an agglomeration devoid of cohesion and liable to be dispelled by the first breath of air. They require a canvas, a warp, to keep them in position.

Tiny dead stalks, with fibrous barks, well softened by

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the action of moisture and the air, furnish the Penduline with a coarse tow, not unlike that of hemp. With these ligaments, purged of every woody particle and tested for flexibility and tenacity, he winds a number of loops round the end of the branch which he has selected as a support for his structure.

It is not a very accurate piece of work. The loops run clumsily and anyhow : some are slacker, others tighter ; but, when all is said, it is solid, which is the main point. Also, this fibrous sheath, the keystone of the edifice, occupies a fair length of branch, which enables the fastenings for the net to be multiplied.

The different straps, after describing a certain number of turns, ravel out at the ends and hang loose. After them come interlaced threads, greater in number and finer in texture. In the tangled jumble occur what might almost be described as weaver's knots. As far as one can judge by the result alone, without having seen the bird at work, this is how the canvas, the support of the cotton wall, is obtained.

This warp, this inner framework, is obviously not constructed in its entirety from the start ; it goes on gradually as and when the bird stuffs the part above it with cotton. The wadding, picked up bit by bit from the ground, is teased by the bird's feet and inserted, all fleecy, into the meshes of the canvas. The beak pushes it, the breast presses it, both inside and out. The result is a soft felt a couple of inches thick.

Near the top of the pouch, on one side, is contrived a narrow orifice, tapering into a short neck. This is the kitchen-door. To pass through it, the Penduline, small though he be, has to force the elastic partition, which yields slightly and then contracts. Lastly, the house is furnished with a mattress of first-quality cotton. Here lie from six to eight white eggs, the size of a cherry-stone.

Well, this wonderful nest is a rude hovel compared with that of the Banded *Epeira*. As regards shape, this stocking-foot cannot be mentioned in the same breath with the Spider's elegant and faultlessly-rounded balloon. The fabric of mixed cotton and tow is a rustic frieze beside the spinstress' satin ; the straps by which it hangs are clumsy cables compared with her delicate silk fastenings. Where

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shall we find in the Penduline's mattress aught to vie with the Epeira's eiderdown, that russet, teased gossamer? The Spider is superior to the bird in every way, in so far as concerns her work.

But, on her side, the Penduline is a more devoted mother. For weeks on end, squatting at the bottom of her purse, she presses to her heart the eggs, those little white pebbles from which the warmth of her body will bring forth life. The Epeira knows not these softer passions. Without bestowing a second glance on it, she abandons her nest to its fate, be it good or ill.

A Belly-god

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

THE Minister of Costalarga lived at the corner of a gaunt, new square, just at the back of the old convent of Las Salesas, in Madrid. The enormous red brick building, now turned into a law court, filled one corner of the square.

Well did the Madrilenian people say it was a barbarous affair, built in a barbarous style, by a barbarian queen.

Dwindling acacias, burned by the sun and wind, with a few clumps of dusty oleanders stood forlornly here and there, and in the cables of the tramway line the tails of kites were always to be seen entangled, draggled and dirty, and looking like dead birds.

The nymph that stood upon a dolphin in the middle of the stuccoed fountain basin, seemed to be taking medicine through the conch-shell which was stuck into her mouth, and pointed at the sky. One longed to take it from her lips, throw it away, and tell her she had had enough of it.

Over the doorway of the house in which the representative of Costalarga lived was hung the shield of the Republic, barred in broad strips of blue. In the chief quarter of the shield appeared a chain of mountains, on one of which was hung a cap of liberty. Over the last the sun was rising with a grin. All the compatriots of the Minister, who were marooned, as it were, from want of funds, asked their way to the house on which the arms of the Republic were displayed.

On almost every day, at office hours, that is, between eleven and three, one or two olive-coloured men were certain to appear. Andrés, the old Galician hall-porter, looked on them with great disfavour, observing, "There goes another Indian in a top-hat; he is safe to touch our Minister for money! That's all they come about." Then he would curse their mothers, quite in the Oriental style, calling them sons of sitters at the windows, on the look-out for men.

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His fears were not ill-founded, for in addition to his compatriots, there was a constant influx of distressed literary men, who came to the Legation knowing the Minister himself was known, as they would say, in the Republic of the Muses, and for a tender-hearted man.

Standing, and looking from his window in the square, one day he saw a man reading a newspaper. At the first glance, he knew he was a foreigner, ragged and miserable. The man folded his newspaper, which fell into its folds as if it were a map, stuffed it into his pocket, dusted his trousers, pulled up his collar, and fastening up his coat, began to walk towards the house. Then he went back, and sitting down again, once more drew out his dirty newspaper.

"I watched him," said the Minister, "half compassionately; that is to say half in compassion for myself, for I was married and had children, half in compassion for his misery, for I discerned at once that in the end he would choke down his shyness and his pride and come to call on me.

"At last he did so, and having run the gauntlet of Andrés, was ushered up to where I sat, in a room filled with papers, and with books, which perhaps gave him courage to speak out, by their familiar air. Before he spoke he had reminded me of the protagonist in an old Spanish comedy, 'El Vergonzante en Palacio,' he was so ill at ease and shy and awkward in his ways. Beginning in a halting Spanish, with all the verbs in the infinitive, he lapsed at once into his native tongue, when I addressed him in it, after having read his card. On it was written, 'Mr. William Heyward,'—why do you English alone of all the world, put 'Mr.' on your cards I wonder?—and the address of a poor boarding-house kept by an Englishwoman, one Señora Smith. I looked at Mr. Heyward as he sat twisting his hat round in his hands. Instantly I seemed to read his history. His thin and undecided-looking hands had several warts upon them, and his whole air showed he was fed on tea and bread and butter, which had turned his skin to a faint muddy colour, something like a frog.

"Withal, I saw he was a man of education, and so when I had given him a cigarette, I asked what it was that I could do for him, although I knew he wanted work and

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food. 'Your Excellency,' he said, and when I said, 'For God's sake do not call me Excellency,' he began again, 'Your Excellency, I have ventured . . . ventured to call upon you, though it has cost me a good deal.'

"I knew about his effort, for I had seen it, and knew exactly in which pocket the crushed and much-read newspaper reposed, but merely smiled at him in as encouraging a way as possible.

"Your Excellency,' he went on, 'the fact is, I am almost beat. There is nothing for an educated man to do, at least an educated foreigner, here in Madrid. I have been a tutor, teaching English in a family, but lost the job, partly on account, I think, of my bad clothes, and partly because I have no aptitude for teaching anything. I have done a little in the office of an agent for patent medicines, and I have kept Señora Smith's accounts. She is the owner of the boarding-house where I am staying, but now she tells me that she cannot afford to keep me on, and so I have been wandering about looking for literary work . . . to the Consulate, the Embassy, and all the bookshops, but they all bowed me out.'

"I looked at him and did not wonder, for you know what Madrid is like. Everyone writes and no one reads, and even natives of the place have a hard fight to live. A fight, yes, that is the word, for life; there is a battle with the climate to begin with, and then with everyone. To make a long story short, I took him into my employment, for I was then at work upon a thousand things. I think I had a book on Costalarga and its resources, mineral and agricultural, and as a field for emigration, on the stocks; some poetry of my own, a novel, and no end of work which rightly should have fallen to the Consul, if we had had one in Madrid.

"Poor Mr. Heyward was profuse in thanks, and I soon found him useful enough for work requiring no initiative. Naturally he could not write shorthand, knew little French, was quite impossible in Spanish, and what I had often found in educated Englishmen, had not the least idea of English grammar or of style. As I paid him every week, he by degrees got into better case, bought a few clothes, and even had a little colour in his cheeks, and I once heard him whistling a 'Tango,' but grossly out of tune.

"Andrés, my porter, never was reconciled to him, and

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used to speak of him as 'the foundling Englishman the Minister has got to serve as secretary.' I think I told you that Andrés was a Galician, with all the vices and the virtues of his race. No one, not born a millionaire, could possibly have had the sentiment of property better developed than Andrés.

"Though he had never had much property himself, he looked on it as something sacred, and on me, though I confess I hardly could be called a man of property, as his especial charge.

"He used to reason with me, about putting money in a bank, an institution which, as he said, is liable to break, whereas if put into a stocking between two mattresses, or buried in a hole, money is safe, unless a man finds out the hiding-place.

"Nothing that Mr. Heyward possibly could do removed the suspicions of Andrés, who always looked on him in some way as an interloper, and used to ask me, 'Are there not plenty of poor Spaniards, men who understand the pen, but that you must take a foreigner, making your house a foundling hospital?' My porter had the spirit of the province and the town so strongly rooted in his blood, that almost everyone he looked on as a potential enemy, in the same way, no doubt, his Celt-Iberian and Suevian ancestors had looked upon mankind. Two years of service in his youth in Ceuta had but intensified the feeling, though now and then he used to say he had met honest Moors, 'men of one word,' as he expressed it, although but infidels. As regards human sympathy, he was, just as I fancy are so many Spaniards, far more in sympathy with the Moors than with North Europeans, and certainly a Moor in their streets does not attract half so much criticism as would a Swedish countryman, clothed in his native dress.

"However, quite unconscious of the enmity he had evoked, Heyward went on writing my letters, helping me with my translations, for even if a man knows English pretty well, as I do, there are always niceties that he must miss in a work of long breath."

In point of fact, the Minister's command of English, Heyward used to say, was quite uncanny and made him feel as if he were the foreigner, and his employer was the Englishman.

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"As time went on, I got to like the fellow, and to understand his Anglo-Saxon and his special reticences.

"Sometimes he used to bring crushed, rather withered-looking flowers for my wife, and sweetmeats for the kids. He even would have given cigarettes to the hall-porter had he met with the least encouragement. In fact, he had the milk of human kindness in his blood, and to myself was grateful in so heartfelt a way, it used to make me quite uncomfortable. You know amongst us Latins envy replaces your hypocrisy, and to oblige a man is generally to make an enemy.

"One thing there was about my secretary that was a constant wonder and a source of pity to me. We, you know, have still preserved a little more formality in our address in Spanish countries, than you have in the north. Whenever any of those long salutations inquiring as to his health and that of all his family was addressed to him, Heyward would colour up, flush, and become confused, and never find the right reply, but trip up in his speech.

"This attitude was incomprehensible to Spaniards, who used to call him proud and speak of him as being of a despotic character, and a despiser of the poor. When he first learned this, it pained him to the heart, for if he had to help a dog to jump upon a chair, he did it with humility, as if he did not wish to show the animal that it was in the least inferior to him, even in degree. Little by little he became extremely useful to me, and I used to put off on to his shoulders things that I ought to have looked into personally, about the Embassy.

"A countryman of mine of an inventive turn sent several cases to Madrid of some sort of compressed food that he wanted me to press upon the Government to take up for the troops. I can see the stuff arrive in three middling-sized cases, abnormally heavy, and soldered down with lead.

"Heyward and I opened them, and took note of the contents. I remember thinking if there was anything in the world that possibly could make a soldier's life more ignominious, it was to have to eat such horrid-looking stuff and read the misleading adjective 'palatable' stamped upon each slab. After a week of constant writing, I heard from the War Office that General Cañaheja would be glad to

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see me on a day, his secretary wrote, that would be convenient to him.

"I very nearly did not go, the form of his communication was so insolent, but after all, I thought, I do not want anything myself, so I will bear it for my countryman, and if his food is so deleterious as it looks, at least it will kill some of them. 'Another Spaniard gone to hell,' as we used to say when we killed one of them during our wars for independence, in my grandfather's time.

"Accompanied by Heyward, for he understood the stuff better than I did, we visited the General at the War Office. The house, which was the palace of Godoy, Prince of the Peace (and lover of the Queen), in the days when Napoleon was about to receive the first kick, here in Spain, that showed mankind that he was vulnerable, was an enormous, red brick building with the windows faced in stone. It stood upon a little hill, in the middle of a garden, and day and night sentries paced up and down before its doors. When it so happened that a regiment of cavalry had to furnish men, the additional ridicule was added of a man walking to and fro in spurs, and looking like an alligator when he waddles on the sand. The enormous mass, which, as I said, in old days was the town house of Godoy, and now the focus of all that is most reactionary in Spain, impressed me disagreeably from the first moment that I entered it. One felt that constitutional liberty was left behind outside its iron gate, and that a heavy, but a stupid, hand lay over everything. Orders were shouted even if the men to whom they were delivered stood but a yard away, and the same man who stood so quietly to listen to them, turned and repeated them in the same voice and key to his inferior, who roared to someone else.

"One official passed us on to another, and at last we stood, after climbing innumerable stairs, in the presence of the great man. He received us civilly enough, and promised—I had been a Minister myself in my own country, and know what a man in that position has to say—to look into the matter of the stores. As I looked at his short, squat figure, his bloodshot eyes and bristly moustache, his hairy hands, his ill-made civilian clothes, and recollected that it was he who had shot so many prisoners in cold blood, tortured a few, and finally returned from the

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last war a millionaire without seeing a shot fired, a mad desire came over me to spring and strangle him.

"Then I laughed at myself, for I reflected that, short-sighted as I was, all I should do would be perhaps to upset the inkstand, and that the General only had to call and I should be conducted out with ignominy, and in the morning the papers would appear with leaded types and with the headline, 'Sudden insanity of a Minister, and a Field-Marshal's calm.'

"So, after thanking General Cañaheja, I withdrew, taking my secretary, and certain that the incident was closed, and the General would have forgotten all about the stores before I well had got into the street. However, I had complied (as we say), and now could write with a clear conscience to my poor friend at home.

"A few days afterwards, I received a sudden telegram calling me with all my family to Paris, and I remember now, as we walked up and down the station waiting for the train to start, that my poor secretary seemed to be struggling to say something; but I was occupied, and articulate speech was never his strong point, poor fellow, at any time of day. I see him now, as the train slowly drew out of the station, standing, as it were, framed in the rapidly diminishing glass arch, just like a miniature.

"Two months went by, in which I was so occupied in Paris that all thoughts of my secretary or of Madrid were quite obliterated. When I returned at last, as the train slowly jolted through Castille, passing the rocky desert between Avila and the Escorial, stopping at little stations where no one ever was known either to get in or out, all seemed familiar and yet strange to me. Spain has a hold on one, that I believe no other country takes, life is so primitive and yet so intense, it seems as if you touched the Middle Ages and the most ultra-modern life, when you stretch out your hands.

"Andrés, the porter, welcomed me with a long string of most minute inquiries as to my health, that of my wife and child, and as to how we had got through the journey, the whole concluding with his congratulations on our being once more in the Court. Nothing was to be seen of Mr. Heyward; but on my writing-desk was a long consular report I had asked him to draw out, carefully done and

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put where I could not have missed it; but without a word from him who drew it up. None of my servants could, or would, tell me about him, till I bethought me of Andrés.

"He came up, bursting with his subject, and informed me that he had something to impart that would astonish me.

"That secretary,' he said, 'was nothing but a thief, a stealer of the sacrament. I never liked him from the first. A man that blushed and could not look you in the face when you but said good morning or good evening in Castilian to him, that made me think about him evilly. Your Excellency, pardon me, not being a son of the country, was too confident. My father always told me, "Andrés, never be confident, do not facilitate a rogue. A rogue is like a Moorish horse; when things are going well, all of a sudden he spies a mare, sets up his back and squeals, and then where are you?" My father, too, had served, as I have, against the infidel.

"Yes, Excellency, I will be brief. After a week or two, I remember this John, for I will not now give him the treatment of Don, which he has forfeited, seemed to fall back again into his old ways. He got more shy than ever; "Never trust a shy man, a friar, or a male mule," the proverb says; and never changed his shirt.

"With license, I may say, I think he had no shirt, and by degrees he used to bring in newspapers, handfuls of straw and sticks, that he had gathered in the streets, and other nastiness. One would have thought he was an ostrich about to build a nest. There used to be a smell of burning, and when I tried to look through the keyhole, I found it was plugged up.

"Time went on so, and I each day more ill at ease, for, Excellency, I feared the man was plotting something; at last, after ten days or so, myself, just like St. Lawrence on his gridiron, he went away; and from that moment I have never looked upon his face. After a day or two I went into your study, for I had been so put about I was unable to attend to anything . . . even my duties to your Excellency. What a sight was there . . . a heap of ashes in the grate, and all your Excellency's boxes of compressed food, standing quite empty, excepting one that had been burned to cook his delicacies. I saw it at a glance, this

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unlucky John had eaten everything. A wolf, your Excellency, a perfect belly-god. A man born without shame.'

"He stopped at last, and stood with a pleased look upon his face, certain that he had done his duty, and waiting for a word of compliment from me on his fidelity.

"A light broke in upon me, and a tingling, running from my toes, passed up my spinal marrow, making my very hair feel stiff and my skin turn as rough as sandpaper.

"Now I saw why Mr. Heyward's speech had remained undelivered when he came to see me off, despite the throes as of a parturition which had so shaken him.

"You see, I used to pay him every Saturday, poor devil, and in the two long months that I had been away he had been famishing."

The Minister of Costalarga passed his hand over his sleek black hair uneasily, as he walked up and down the room; then, going to the window, he threw it open with a jerk and gazed out anxiously. No one was seated on the stucco benches of the great deserted plaza, except a soldier of the Princessa's regiment, in his blue uniform guarded with silver lace. He sat, with a burned-out cigarette just hanging on his lip, in animated conversation with a girl carrying a basket on her arm, who, on her way to market, had stopped a moment, most probably to talk of military matters, with the warrior. The nymph, standing dejectedly upon her dolphin in the water basin, was the sole witness of their interview. The conch-shell, seen from the side on which they sat, looked a little like an ear-trumpet, which she had turned to spy upon their talk and catch their confidences. They did not heed it, and as a light air from the Guadarrama stirred the acacia leaves, making them shiver, and the dry oleanders rustle mournfully, the Minister, coming back into the room, shut to the window, murmuring, "I had half hoped that he might have been there, on the look-out for me."

English Sea-Terms

By Logan Pearsall Smith

IF we take the words in common use among English sailors, the terms, special or general, connected with the sea and ships, we find a vigorous and expressive vocabulary, very characteristic of the hardy and practical people by whom it has been formed. These short and vivid words, which are now being borrowed in all the great languages of the world, seem essentially English in form and sound, as if they had been created of old by English sailors out of the very element on which they have made their home, and whose dominion they claim as an inherited right. And yet if we examine these terms, we will find that the greater part of them are not of English origin at all. Indeed, anyone with a knowledge of the history of our language will notice, in passing from an agricultural district to the sea-coast, a remarkable change in the words in common use. While for the barns and buildings inland, the fields, the meadows, the principal crops, agricultural processes, and animals, we should employ for the most part genuine old English words, our terms for the coast and its main features, for many of the birds above and the fish beneath, for the ships sailing our seas under the British ensign, would prove on examination to be a set of borrowed names of a curiously polyglot mixture, derived ultimately from Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish and Dutch sources. These words seem like English words, because English sailors have given them an English shape and an English sound; but they come nevertheless from remote countries, and are embedded in our English vocabulary like jetsam washed from afar, but so worn by the waves that it lies almost undistinguishable among the other objects that strew our coasts. But words are like sea-shells; they have their voices, and are full of old echoes; and if we take up these terms, and examine them, and sort them according to their ages and various sources, we shall find

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that they have much to tell us of the history of English seamanship. Fortunately in the works of the best etymological authorities, and especially in the pages of the great *Oxford Dictionary*, the materials for such a study are ready to hand; and moreover, as we examine our sailors' speech, and the way they have fashioned and formed their admirable set of terms, we may come on a lesson or two which will not be without value to those who are concerned with the present state and future prospects of our common language.

Our early sea-terms divide themselves into two main classes, and are derived from the two far-distant corners of Europe, where, in prehistoric times, men of European races first built themselves ships and ventured on the sea. These places were in the South among the islands and peninsulas of Greece, and in the North along the shores and shallows of the North Sea and the Baltic. From Greece the arts of navigation spread with their appropriate terms over the Mediterranean, while the Teutonic sailors of the North carried their German speech along the coasts of the Atlantic. Gradually these two vocabularies met and mingled, and the sea-vocabularies of England and the other European countries are largely made up of a mixture of these North Sea and Mediterranean terms. The most anciently established ones in our language are, of course, of Northern origin, and consist of those words which the Angles and Saxons brought with them to England, and which have safely survived the Norman Conquest. But among these old inherited terms are a few which, though they belong also to the South, have not been borrowed from thence, but descend to us from a time, thousands of years ago, when the Northern and Southern races dwelt together, and shared in a common language. Indeed, in sorting our words, we must put one of them aside as belonging to the Aryan speech, from which not only most of the languages of Europe, but those of the Indians and Persians descend. Two words, indeed, connected with some form of navigation have come down from that primitive Indo-European or Aryan language: a term for some simple form of boat (probably a dug-out or hollowed tree), and a name for the paddle with which it was propelled. The name for the canoe we have not inherited directly, but have borrowed

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it from Greek or Latin in the words *nautical*, *navy*, *navigation*, etc. The Aryan word for a paddle, however, descends to us in our verb to *row*, and also in our word *rudder*, for the primitive rudder was, of course, a paddle or oar; the fixed stern-rudder being a thirteenth-century invention. After these ancient words the next in antiquity are a few terms common, not to all the Aryan races, but to those settled in Europe. These date from a period, after the separation from the Persian and Indian branches, when the ancestors of Greeks, Romans, Teutons, Celts and Slavs all shared more or less in a common language. *Fish* and *salt* are among these "West-Aryan" words, as they are called, and also the old European word for sea (*mare* in Latin, *Meer* in German), which we preserve in our poetic word *mere*, in *marsh*, in the compound *mermaid*, and in names like *Windermere*.

These words, then, *row*, *mere*, *salt*, *fish*, are common to North and South; our next little heap is exclusively Northern, and is composed of those terms which belong to the Teutonic languages, and descend from that North Sea vocabulary which the English, German, Dutch and Scandinavian races share in common. Here at last we breathe a sea-atmosphere, and find our race embarked in boats with a vocabulary fit for sailors, and many terms for the objects and phenomena with which they are concerned—islands and landmarks, winds and weather, the points of the compass, and the birds and animals that haunt the sea. *Sea* and *sound*, *ship*, *oar*, *mast*, *sail*, *steer*, *flood*, *cliff*, *strand*, *storm*, *shower*, *hail*, *North*, *South*, *East*, and *West*, *mew* and *seal* and *whale*, are among the words which the Angles and Saxons brought with them in their pirate ships to England, and which they share with their Teutonic cousins; and we find among them, like a Mediterranean seashell, one word from the distant South. This is the word *anchor*, which the pirates from whom we descend had borrowed, before they came to England, from the Roman sailors who had taught them the use of this contrivance; their earliest boats being moored, like the Homeric ships, by cables fastened to the shore, or by a stone sunk overboard with a rope attached. For *anchor* is not a Homeric term, but appears in the Greek language at a later date; it is, however, the oldest Mediterranean word in the English

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sea-vocabulary, and like many of our words from Greek or Latin, the spelling has been tampered with by old pedants, who inserted an *h*, owing to the notion that *anchora* and not *ancora* was the correct form in Latin.

These Mediterranean words are more numerous in the next little heap of our sea-terms, the next layer which we find as we dig down into our old vocabulary. This layer is composed of words which were not, as far as we know, brought by our ancestors to England, but were added to the language during the Anglo-Saxon period, before the Norman Conquest. In this layer we find the famous word *port*, which is borrowed from the Latin *portus*, and is a distant cousin of our Teutonic word *ford*. From the use of *port* as haven or harbour, is probably derived the use of the word for the left side of the ship, which has recently superseded *larboard*, owing to its similarity of sound with *starboard*. *Port* in this sense is found some centuries before its official adoption by the Admiralty in 1844; it is supposed to have arisen from the fact that when the steering apparatus was on the right side of the ship, it was convenient, in order to keep this free, to have the port or harbour on the left side when approaching it. Other Mediterranean words borrowed in this period are *lobster*, *limpet*, *trout*, *mussel*, and a name for oyster, *ostre*, which however perished later, and was replaced by the French form *oyster*. A taste for the delicacies of the sea is one of the results of civilisation, and our ancestors probably acquired this taste at the time that they were civilised by Christian missionaries—who, moreover, would impose on them the necessity of a fish diet in times of fasting. The word *hulk* is also found in English late in this period; it is a Mediterranean word, widely-diffused in the languages of Western Europe, and is generally supposed to be derived from the Greek *holkas*.

These are the Southern sea-words that drifted to our shores in the Anglo-Saxon period. With them we find a few terms apparently of native English origin, *fleet*, and the adjective *afloat*, *neap*, *oakum*, and *starboard*. *Starboard* is really *steer board*, and means the board or side of the ship on which the *steor* or paddle was used for steering. This in ancient times was the right side, the Anglo-Saxon name for the left side *bæcbord*, the side to the back of the steersman, has become obsolete in Eng-

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lish, although it still survives in the German *backbord* and the French *bâbord*. *Bæcbord* was first replaced by *larboard* (which some would derive from the verb to *lade*) and then, as we have seen, by *port*. The important word *boat* we may perhaps claim as a word of English origin—it is first found in Anglo-Saxon, and seems to have been borrowed by the Dutch in the thirteenth century, whence, in the form of *Boot*, it has made its way into German.

These Anglo-Saxon words are known to have been a part of the English nautical vocabulary before the Norman Conquest. The Anglo-Saxons possessed, moreover, a large number of sea-terms which have since perished; for seamanship, unlike agriculture, has not always been an English occupation, and the English command of the sea is a comparatively late acquisition. The Angles and Saxons were, indeed, sailors and pirates, and came to England across the sea, but when they were once settled here they abandoned that element; and while they preserved their farming terms, much of their nautical vocabulary fell into disuse, and was forgotten when their language was partially destroyed. Those which survived have already been mentioned; but in addition to these sailors have adopted since that date, and still preserve, a number of old words which have otherwise perished or nearly perished in the standard language. Words, like other things, are mortal, and many once of general currency only survive because they are used in some technical vocabulary. *Fore* and *aft* and *abaft*, *sprit*, *cleat*, and *pinle* are among these survivals, and the verb to *belay*, which was used with meaning to "waylay," as late as the eighteenth century. The old word *lee* is seldom used now except with a nautical meaning, although in the form of *lew* it still preserves in many dialects its old meaning of "protection, shelter," especially protection from the wind. *Lew* is one of our best dialect words, as beautiful as the warm, sunny, windless nook it so well describes, and a "lew corner" should be found for it in our literary language. *Gangway* is an Anglo-Saxon word meaning "road, thoroughfare"; it survives in English ships, and in the English House of Commons, where we hear of seats above or below the gangway. When, moreover, sailors speak of a ship *heeling* over, or of *faying* planks or timbers, they are using old English verbs; for

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heel is a transformation of an earlier verb to *heeld*, "to slope or bend downwards," and *fay* is another old verb meaning "to fit, adopt or join," and is the same word as the German *fügen*. Both these words are also preserved in the southern dialects of England, where, however, *fay* has lost its original signification and now means "to succeed or prosper."

While some words perish in the literary language, others change their original meanings, which, however, are often preserved in technical vocabularies. Thus when we speak of *trimming* a boat, we are using the verb to *trim* in the old English sense of preparing or setting in order; and in the sailors' phrase to *bend* a sail, *bend* is used with its old meaning of "fastening, fettering." *Bend* has acquired its current meaning of curving or crooking from archery; as the bow was "bent" or confined with the string, the sense of fastening was changed to that of curving. *Shroud* is one of those words whose meaning has, in the process of time, been much narrowed; on land it is only used now for the garments of the dead, but its earlier and wider signification of "garment, coverings," is preserved on the sea in the name of a ship's *shrouds*.

These words, then, form the main part of the Anglo-Saxon or early English element in our modern nautical vocabulary; some, as we have seen, were nautical terms in Anglo-Saxon times, while others were adopted by sailors at a later period, and preserved by them in their technical vocabulary. We cannot, of course, be certain of the exact date at which any given word is formed or acquires a nautical meaning; the speech of sailors is a spoken, not a written language, and sailors' words were no doubt in many cases used for a long time before they made their appearance in writing; thus the word *amidships* is not found before 1692, although its genitive form (*ships* instead of *ship*) shows that it must have come into use some centuries earlier, and must belong to the period when *amid* (which was originally a phrase, "in the middle of," like the Latin *in medio*) was followed by the genitive.

The next layer of our sea-words is, of course, Scandinavian. England was largely settled by Danish sea-pirates; Viking ships with their double ends have been unearthed in England; Alfred's fleet was built on this

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model, and it was in Viking ships that William the Conqueror crossed from Normandy, and Richard I. and his Crusaders sailed to the Mediterranean. From the speech of these Viking pirates we have inherited, as might have been expected, a number of nautical terms, the *stern* for instance, the *keel*, the *hounds* of the mast, the *reefs* of the sail, and words like *raft*, *tug* and *windlass*, and perhaps *rig* and *lug*. When we say a ship is *bound* for a certain port or homeward *bound*, we are using, not the past participle, as we might think, of the English verb to *bind*, but of a Scandinavian word meaning to prepare, to get ready—a word which in the form of *boun* still lives on in Northern dialects. *Billow* is probably a Scandinavian word which survived in one of the Northern or Eastern dialects which still preserve so many Danish words; it made its way into Southern English in the sixteenth century, and was given a literary standing by its use by Spenser and Shakespeare. *Wake* for the track of a ship is another Scandinavian word, preserved in dialect; its original meaning, as Professor Skeat tells, was that of an opening in the ice, especially the passage cut for a ship in a frozen lake or sea; and then, from being applied to the smooth watery track left by a ship after its passage through the ice, it came to be used when there was no ice at all. This useful word is one of the nautical terms which the French have borrowed from English, although it is not easy to recognise it at first in its French form of *ouaiche*; and it is still used on the Norfolk Broads with its original meaning of an open place in the ice.

These Scandinavian words, like the old English, were partly nautical in their origin, partly words adopted at various times into the nautical vocabulary; and with them also, it is not possible, owing to the absence of records, to fix the exact date of their adoption and common use. This is also true of the next great and important stratum in our sea-vocabulary, the large number of nautical words which we have inherited from the French of the Norman Conquerors. Although the Northern pirates who conquered Normandy and afterwards England, were of a Scandinavian race, they lost during the century and a half they spent in France almost all traces of their Scandinavian speech, and, with the exception of a few nautical terms, such as the fish-

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name *flounder*, and perhaps *rivet* and *equip*, the language they brought to England was that of France, and their sea-speech as they sailed over in their Viking ships was French and not Scandinavian. Many of our principal sea-terms, therefore, have come to us across the Channel from France—brought hither either by the Normans, or borrowed afterwards in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Very few of these words are, however, of native French origin. The French sea-vocabulary is itself, like the English, of a borrowed and composite character, being formed in the first place of Mediterranean words, to which have been added a number of North Sea terms, brought with them by the tribes from Germany who invaded France in early times. But the terms we borrowed from France and still use, are for the most part from the South, and belong to that collection of sea-terms which the Southern nations—French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese possess in common.

This Mediterranean sea-vocabulary, composed of words still in daily use among Southern sailors, is full of an historical and almost romantic interest. Various nations at various times have filled this Southern sea with their shipping, and established their dominion over its ports and coasts; and each of these sea-empires, or "Thalassocracies," as modern scholars call them, has imposed its language upon sailors of other nations, and left, when its ships decayed, and its power vanished, a deposit of living words in the speech of all the peoples who navigate those waters. The first Mediterranean sea-empire of which language gives us definite knowledge, is the Greek—how much the Greeks in their turn owed to the still earlier Phœnician navigators, the traders and pirates of Tyre and Sidon, is a point which is somewhat disputed—at any rate, no sea-terms can be traced with any certainty to these prehistoric sailors. But already in Homer we find a highly developed vocabulary of nautical terms. From this Homeric vocabulary three words have come to us by way of France, *dolphin* and *pro*w; and *oc*ean, the Homeric name for the great stream supposed to encompass the disk of the earth. The Homeric name for ship, *naus*, is represented in our words *na*utical and *na*usea; and the dialect *quant*, used on the East Coast for a long punting pole, is perhaps descended from the

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kontos, the pole with which the Homeric sailors pushed their ships from shore. *Anchor*, which came to us at such an early date, is, as we have seen, a post-Homeric term, and other sea-words from Greece which we still use are *conger* and *oyster*, and the late Greek words *pirate*, and *caravel* or *carvel*. *Caravel* is an old ship's name, now obsolete in English; it has come to us from the Greek *karabos* through late Latin, Spanish, Italian, and French, and still survives among sailors in the compound *carvel-built*.

Rome succeeded Greece in the Empire of the Mediterranean; but the Romans were not naturally sailors, and their sea-terms were for the most part borrowed from their Greek predecessors. They, however, have also left their deposit in the Mediterranean vocabulary. *Poop* from *puppis*, and the verb to *careen* are words from classical Latin, words used by Virgil; and *corvette* is derived through French and Spanish, from *corbita*, the Latin name for a slow-sailing ship of burden—so called, it is believed, from the basket (*corbis*) hoisted by the Egyptian grain-ships as an ensign. The Aryan name for a boat or canoe comes to us, in its Latin form *navis*, in our words *navy* and *navigation*, and the West-Aryan word for sea (our *mere*) appears in its Latin form *mare*, in our words *marine*, *mariner*, *maritime*, and also in the *cormorant* or *corvus marinus*, the sea-crow. After Rome the Byzantine Empire was the next sea-power in the Mediterranean, and from Byzantine Greek we inherit *gulf*, and the main word *pilot*, which superseded our native English *lodesman* in the sixteenth century. After Byzantium the Arabs won for a while the sea-supremacy in the South, and from them the important word *admiral* is derived. Other words which have been traced with less certainty to Arabic sources are the verb to *furl*, and *average*, which was originally a Mediterranean term for a duty or tax on merchandise. The Italians, with their fleets from Venice and Pisa and Genoa, were the next great sea-power of the South, and their importance as sailors, and the extent and duration of their empire, has left an enduring mark upon the sea-vocabulary of modern nations. Several of our names for different kinds of sailing ships are derived from Italian: *brigantine* and *brig* and *frigate* and *pinnace* are Italian words; *skiff* is derived from our

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Teutonic word *ship* in its Italian form, and *bark* is also probably Italian, being derived from the late Latin *barca*—a word from which *barge* and *bargain* are also derived, and which some etymologists trace to a Celtic, some to an Egyptian source. These old names for ships have for the most part changed their meaning as old types became obsolete and new ones were developed; our modern barks, brigs, and frigates have little connection with the craft that originally bore these names—the ships perish, but the names survive, like shells, which, after the death of their builders, remain to be the hosts of new inhabitants. Other Italian words in our sea-vocabulary are *mizzen*, *compass*, and *squadron*; *cable* and *cape* and *galley* are Mediterranean words of late formation, which are found in Italian, and have perhaps come to us from an Italian source.

These words form the Mediterranean element in the French sea-vocabulary, and all of them, Greek, Latin, Arabic, and Italian, have come to us by way of France. But a large proportion of the words used by French sailors come from the North Sea, and are German in origin—*havre* and *mât*, *falaise* and *flot*, *Nord*, *Sud*, *Est* and *Ouest*, and many other terms show the sea-knowledge brought to France by its early invaders from the North. The fact that in French, and also in Italian, the word for tacking or sailing into the wind (*louvoyer*, *bordeggiare*) are of Northern origin, has been regarded as a proof that this part of the nautical art was unknown to early Mediterranean sailors, but learnt by them from Northern seamen. Among the Teutonic words which have come to us from France may be mentioned *aboard*, *luff*, and the verb to *haul*.

In the North the sea-empire of the Scandinavian Vikings was followed by that of the Low Germans and the Dutch. From the time of the early Middle Ages the great sailors and merchants in Northern seas came from the towns of the Hanseatic League in North Germany, and from the Netherlands, and English sailors began in early times to borrow nautical terms from these Low German and Dutch seamen, who so far surpassed them in the arts of navigation. As Dutch and Low German are nearly related, and possess many words in common, it is not easy to determine the exact source of these early borrowings—*tackle*, one of the earliest of them, is apparently Low

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German; *skipper* (from *schip*) is Dutch; while *mate* and *bowsprit* may be from either dialect. All these words are found in English before the year 1400. In the fifteenth century, when English shipping became of more importance, our sailors borrowed from their still superior Dutch rivals a large number of nautical terms, and among the words found at this time, and regarded with more or less certainty as being of Dutch origin, are *buoy*, *deck*, *freight*, *marline*, *orlop*, and the names of boats, *hoy* and *lighter*. The words *pump* and *leak*, which are first found in English in connection with nautical matters, are also perhaps borrowings from Dutch sailors.

The borrowing of nautical terms from the Dutch has gone on till very recent times, and was especially frequent in the seventeenth century, during the naval wars and maritime rivalry of the two nations, and in this period are found the following words, which have been traced, with more or less certainty, to a Dutch origin, *bow*, *boom*, *taffrail*, *cuddy*, *sloop*, *yacht*, *cruise*, *cruiser*, *avast*, and the verbs to *reeve* and to *gybe*. *Commodore* is believed to have been introduced from Dutch by William III., and the nautical use of the old feudal and law-French word to *seize*, "to seize a rope," is perhaps derived from a similar use of the word among Dutch sailors. The verb to *splice* is another Dutch word found in English in the eighteenth century, and *caboose*, *companion*, *lugger*, *smack*, and *scow*, and the verb to *marl*, which belong to about the same period, have also been traced to Dutch sources. Apart from sea-terms, the Dutch element in the English vocabulary is not a large one; but the fact that so many of our nautical words, and the greater part of our names for various kinds of sailing vessels, have come to us from the Low Countries, is a proof of that great superiority of the Dutch in ship-building and navigation, which lasted for so many centuries, and did so much to give its present character to English seamanship. These Dutch terms are, for the most part, of Teutonic origin; and some of them are words which we have also inherited, but which have been given a nautical meaning in the Low Countries; *boom*, for instance, is the Dutch form of our word *beam*, and *bow* is a variant of the English *bough*. But the Dutch sailors also borrowed some Scandinavian, French, and Mediterranean terms; a *reef*

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in a sail and a *reef* in the sea are both from the Scandinavian *rif*, a rib; the first may have come to us directly, while the second was probably borrowed from Dutch or Low German sailors; words like *buoy*, *Quartermaster*, and *Companion* (in its nautical use) are of Southern origin, but it is probable that they came to England from Holland.

While the Dutch were the sailors of the North Atlantic, the Portuguese, and then the Spaniards, established sea-empires in Southern waters, extending to India in the East and America in the West. The word *corvette*, as we have seen, was borrowed from Spanish into French, and among the words taken by English sailors direct from Spanish may be mentioned *binnacle*, *flotilla*, *stevedore*, *cargo*, and *tornado* and *embargo*. But the most interesting part of the Spanish element in our nautical vocabulary is composed of those words which were brought to England by the Elizabethan pirates and adventurers who followed and fought the Spaniards in the Spanish Main, and learnt from them the strange terms, *hurricane*, *hammock*, and *canoe*, which they, in their turn, had learnt from the native tribes of the West Indian islands. *Breeze*, too, is a Spanish word, and was used originally, the *Oxford Dictionary* tells us, for North-East winds, especially for the North-East trade wind in the Spanish Main. *Launch* is a name for a boat picked up by Portuguese sailors in the East (it is probably of Malay origin), and handed on by them to Spanish sailors, from whom it was borrowed into English. It is quite different in origin from the verb *to launch*, which is derived from the Norman French form of the verb *lancer*.

Thus we see how all the thalassocracies, or sea-empires, which have succeeded each other in the course of history, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Arabian, Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish in the South, and Teutonic, Scandinavian, Low German, and Dutch in the North, have left their deposit of sea-terms in the vocabulary of our English sailors, and how rich are the elements of historical association in these sea-borne words, washed to our shores from distant ports once flourishing but now decayed.

Of all these great sea-empires of the world, the most recent and the greatest is the British; and English sailors, since the establishment of their sea-supremacy, no longer borrow their terms from abroad; they form them at home,

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and impose them on foreign nations. The speech of sailors all over the world is becoming more and more English in character; and linguistic patriots, alarmed for the so-called purity of their native forms of speech, are beginning to make a protest against this invasion of British words. But we may be sure that their protests will be in vain, for just as Englishmen in the past borrowed from the languages of those nations who were superior to them in the arts of shipbuilding and navigation, so foreign nations will continue to borrow from English, as long as English sailors maintain their supremacy on the sea.

This export of English sea-terms assumed no great proportions before the era of steamships in the nineteenth century, although before that time a few of our words found their way into the vocabularies of French and German. The early English word *boat* (if indeed it be English) has already been mentioned; another apparently English formation, *flag*, is found in all the Teutonic languages; and the German name for pilot, *lotse*, is believed by German philologists to be derived from our early *lodesman*, which we abandoned for the Mediterranean word *pilot*. French sailors borrowed in the Middle Ages the words *haddock* (*hadot*) and *ling* (*lingue*); *shore* and *flyboat* reached them in the sixteenth century in the forms of *accore* and *fibot*; and in the next hundred years *ballast* and the Dutch *yacht* were taken from English, while *handspike* and *ketch* were transformed into *anspect* and *quaiche*. The next important English word to find its way abroad is *log*, for the log, or piece of wood fastened to a line to measure the rate of sailing, appears to have been an invention of English sailors in the sixteenth century, and the word is found in German, Danish, Swedish, and also in French, where it has taken the form of *loch*. Our seventeenth-century word *packet-boat* (originally a boat for carrying the "packet" of State letters and despatches) was also borrowed by the French and Germans, and is familiar to us in the French form of *paquebot*. *Brick* (*brig*), *lougre* (*lugger*), *cotre* (*cutter*), *sloop* and *schooner* are other names of sailing-ships borrowed into French from English. Curiously enough, at least three words, *cabin*, *mess* and *furl*, came on to England from France, and after English sailors had given them an English form and a nautical meaning, they made their way

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back again into the language from which we borrowed them.

During the nineteenth century English sea-terms were borrowed by foreign sailors in large numbers, and a protest has been recently raised in France against them; but the greatest sufferers from this invasion are the Germans, and the recent developments of the German navy and merchant-shipping have led to the borrowing of English sea-terms in a wholesale manner. An examination of any recent German dictionary of nautical terms will show the great extent of this borrowing, and how it has immensely increased in recent years, in spite of the efforts of patriotic Germans to counteract it. These efforts are led by the *Allgemeine Deutsche Sprachverein*, a society which was formed in 1885 to purify the German language, and which claims to have done much, with the help of the Government, the newspapers, and the educated classes, to replace borrowed terms by words of native formation. If we are to judge by the publications of this society, Germany is at present threatened by an invasion of English methods, English ideals, and English terms in all departments of life; in 1899 the *Sprachverein* passed, in the form of a resolution, a warning to patriotic Germans, urging them to resist the growth of English influence, and to fight against this invasion of English words. In the same year they published a tract, *Wider die Engländerei in der deutschen Sprache*, and ten years later this was amplified and republished, and the book is now before me. One section of it is concerned with sea-terms, and its author gives the following list of English words taken from German nautical vocabularies:—*Bilge, Brigg, Bunker, Centreboard, Dock, Donkey, Ekonomiser, Fender, Gig, Hiel, Hurricane-Deck, Jiggermast, Klipper, Kommodore, Kove, Krick, Kutter, List, Lugger, Messe, Pancakes, Pijacke* (pea-jacket), *Pier, Pitchpine-holz, Poop, Propeller, Shaping-Maschine, Skiff, Skylight, Skysail, Steerage, Stern, Store-keeper, Stringer, Surf, Tandem-Maschine, Tank, Tank-schiff, Tender, Topp* (of a mast), *Törn* (turn), *Track, Tramp, Transmitter, Trawl, Trimm, Trunk, Trysegel, Twist, Yellow-metall, and Yellow-pine*. In addition to this large and miscellaneous collection of nouns, the verbs *chartern, dippen, docken, jumpen, listen, loggen, pullen,*

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schiften, *trimmen*, and several others are mentioned, but the author has omitted the curious fact that the English surname of Lloyd has become a name for a steamship company, as in the Bremer Lloyd, the Norddeutscher Lloyd, and is also used in compounds like Lloyddampfer. We may leave our German neighbours to fight as best they can against this recent high tide of English words, which, our author says, is in danger of destroying the German language. It is possible, as some believe, that English is destined to become a universal language, and that the flooding of the languages of the world with English sea-terms is the beginning of this process. Or it may be that the English sea-empire is destined to share the fate of the great empires of the past, and to leave in the sea-languages of the world, as these have done, a deposit of English terms as a memorial of its vanished greatness and dominion.

But whatever the future may hold, there is one lesson which we may learn with profit from the past and from the present character of our sea-vocabulary. The English language is of a composite character; for many centuries it has enriched itself by borrowing terms from foreign languages, and this process will no doubt continue in the future. How should we treat these foreign invaders? Should we turn them into natives, or should we preserve as far as possible their alien character and sound? The modern tendency is to use these words in their foreign form, and to preserve the foreign spelling and the foreign pronunciation of the vowels and consonants. This tendency is to be regretted from many points of view, for words of difficult pronunciation put an unnecessary burden on English tongues; and terms, moreover, which we borrow, but do not naturalise, are apt to be short-lived, and to perish from our language, and thus our speech tends to lose expressions which would add to its richness and variety. In old days, when words were borrowed, not from books, but from living speech, little or no attempt was made to preserve their foreign appearance, and they soon were translated into English form and sound, and made thoroughly *mundartig*, as the Germans express it. It is owing to this old assimilative power that the English language, in spite of its polyglot sources, has been handed on to us with so native and genuine and English a character and sound.

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This assimilative power belongs not to the educated classes, but to practical and unlettered people; and nowhere can we study its working better than in the speech of sailors and fishermen, who are not troubled by any ideal of "correctness," and transform all their borrowings, gathered from almost all quarters of the world, into words which seem thoroughly native and at home. But sailors, like all true language-makers, carry this process of assimilation still further. They are often not content with translating foreign words into sounds congenial to English ears, and suitable to English tongues, but like, when possible, to change them to look like words with an English meaning. Thus *halier* was transformed by sailors into *halyard*, by association with the old English word *yard*, the Dutch *taffarel* (a little table or picture) has become *taffrail*, as if named from the rail above the carved or ornamented part of the ship's stern, which originally bore this designation; and the Spanish *bitacula* (from *habitaculum*) has, through *bittacle*, become *binnacle*, as if it was connected with our English word *bin*. This method of punning or popular etymology often leads to somewhat absurd results, for any kind of meaning, however inappropriate, will do, so long as there is a similarity of sound. The word, it is felt, must mean something, even if the meaning have no connection with the object or process which it describes. So the *houns* of a mast (a Scandinavian word) have been changed into *hounds*, *garland* has been turned into *gallant*, and the *jury-mast*, derived perhaps from an old French word *ajuirie* (*adjutare*), has been given a name which may well puzzle anyone who tries to discover its meaning. An absurd and recent pun of this kind is found in the phrase to *scandalize*, or reduce the area of the sail, for the origin of this inappropriate verb is to be found in the older word *scantelize*.

But the genius for language of English sailors shows itself not only in their power of assimilating foreign terms, but in their faculty of creating them when necessary. The native words which appear to have been formed in Anglo-Saxon times have already been mentioned; and *cod*, *haddock*, *prawn*, are first found in the medieval English; *jib*, *ripple*, *berth*, *awning* appear in the seventeenth century, while *bunk* and *capsize* and *burgee* are of more recent formation. These words have come into being

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in ways that baffle etymologists, and some at least of them look like fresh creations—living words, fresh-minted by the fishermen and sailors, who preserve that power of word-creation which belongs to the unlettered classes, and which, still active in spoken dialects and the speech of various trades and sports, provides that rich choice of vivid terms by which standard languages are nourished and replenished. The word *beach*, for instance, is a dialect word native to the coasts of Kent and Sussex, where it is still used with its original meaning of shingle or sea-worn pebbles, used for “beaching” paths and roads. One of the most important of our new nautical terms, *schooner*, has come from New England, and, like the nineteenth-century *clipper*, remains in our vocabulary as a token of that pre-eminence in the arts of shipbuilding which the Americans won and held so long. Schooners were first built, or at least first came into extensive use, in the American colonies, and the story is well known of the bystander at the launch of the earliest of these American vessels, who exclaimed, “O! how she scoons!” whereupon her builder answered, “A scooner let her be.” Etymologies depending on anecdotes of this kind are justly regarded with considerable suspicion, and there is no evidence that the Scotch dialect word, to *scoon* or *scun*, “to skim along the water,” was ever used in New England; but at present this explanation holds the field, as no better one has been suggested.

The home-made character of English sea-terms which has been so strongly marked since the establishment of the English sea-supremacy, is fully apparent in the more recent additions to our nautical vocabulary. *Submarine* is indeed from the French *sous-marin*, and *dinghy* is a word recently borrowed from India; but our terms connected with steam navigation, *steamboat*, *steamer*, *liner*, *paddle*, *propeller*, *screw*, and *funnel* are modern English formations, or the application of words long naturalised in our language; and those excellent compounds, *lifeboat*, *searchlight*, and *ironclad* are a proof that English sailors preserve that word-making faculty, and that love for simple and easily comprehended terms, which seems, if we are to judge by recent additions to the language, to be dying out in most other classes of Englishmen. The word last mentioned, *ironclad*, is a good instance of the happy exercise of this faculty.

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When during the Crimean War ships protected by iron or steel armour were first built in France, and almost immediately afterwards in England, a large number of adjectives, as the *Oxford Dictionary* tells us, were used to describe them: *iron-* or *steel-* or *armour-plated*, *-cased*, *-clothed*, *-sided*, and many others, and *iron-plated* was the official adjective until 1866. But among these adjectives *ironclad* had also been used; and as this term, unlike *iron-plated*, could be easily employed as a noun, the common sense of sailors (apparently first in America) adopted it, and it has now vanquished its competitors in this interesting verbal struggle for survival. This sailors' luck or inspiration has also added, in quite recent times, a magnificent new word to our nautical vocabulary; for when the first of the great new battleships was given the historic name of "Dreadnought," a name was chosen which could easily become a class-name, and is now used to describe a special class of battleship; and we have forgotten that the word was in earlier and humbler use for a thick cloak or waterproof. It is to be regretted that the *Mauretania* or the *Lusitania* had not a happier baptism, and have not enriched the language with a new class-name for these other monsters of the sea. The tragic fate of the *Titanic* will, moreover, put out of court a name that otherwise might have given us a fine descriptive term, *Titanics*, for these great liners. Another recent enrichment of the language is the great word *battleship*, contracted from the older *line-of-battle ship*, and this formation would appear to be a very new one, as *battleship* is not found in the *Oxford Dictionary*.

One trembles to think of what our names for these new vessels would have become, had their baptism been left to the learned inventors and men of science to whom, on land, we entrust the duty of providing us with new terms. If we are to judge by words like *cinematograph* and terms of aviation, *hydro-aeroplane*, etc., a steamer would have been called a *pyroscaphe* (like the Italian *piroscafo*), or an *atdmoploion*, after the example of modern Greek; for *battleship* we should have had a word like *polemoscaphe* perhaps; while an ironclad might have increased its formidable character under the name of *siderozone* or *siderochiton*, or if we preferred a hybrid, *ferropleuk*. That words like *steamer*, *ironclad*, *Dreadnought*, *battleship* are

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to be preferred to these Greek compounds, few would question; we ought indeed to keep them before us as models of what new English words should be; and as the safety and independence of the English nation is committed to the care of the English fleet, so we might also do worse than entrust the care of the English language to her seamen, in the confidence that they would preserve its national character and independence better than we on land seem to be performing that patriotic and necessary task.

The Tragedy of a Spirit

By Gerald Villiers-Stuart

Poor tragic shade from the hidden land.
Grey ghost ! Where have you been ?
Your eyes are seared with the woe of worlds.
Grey ghost ! What have you seen ?

UNTIL Audrey was nearly twenty-eight all the currents of her being had set towards a *cul-de-sac*. The world had been only a target at which to aim the shafts of her whimsical railleries, and though she had been as vividly conscious of its beauty as she was of her own, this very consciousness had merely added to her sense of waste and futility. Never the clouds crimsoned into splendour or the mountains performed their miracles but the girl experienced greater loneliness.

Many men had wished to marry Audrey, many women had told her that she was a fool to refuse, but some instinct had whispered that not one of these men could have broken down the barriers which stood between herself and the great explanation. She had allowed some of them to try, she wanted to be convinced, but the attempt had always ended in the realisation that there would be two lonely beings drifting in the *cul-de-sac* instead of one, and so she had laughed in self-defence.

Then Mernan had come into her life, and the very first day she had understood what it was she had waited for. He came to her with the key to all things in his hand, he was the being with whom she could share experience.

They loved each other with their brains, they loved each other with every tissue of their beings, with the last whisper of their souls. It was as though a God had said, "I will design one perfect love and see what comes of it." There was no friction of the world, no obstacles, both were well off and there were no relatives to be either considered or, as Audrey said, "reconsidered."

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Mernan had a small ancestral estate in Ireland—Mernan's Tower—it was there that he and Audrey lived after they were married. He was engaged on a very ambitious work, a book on transcendental philosophy. Before Audrey came into his life he used to wander about the mountains and bogs with a gun, which he rarely remembered to fire; now he wandered about with Audrey and they talked or sat down on boulders and looked at one another, or sat on the same boulder and kissed one another. The great work progressed amazingly and Audrey, though still the most whimsical of women, learnt to laugh with the world instead of at it.

They loved and laughed and worked for three years, and then a baby was born which never breathed, and then—well, it was as though a God had said, "I will smash that perfect love and see what becomes of the pieces."

* * * * *

Mernan knelt by the side of the great four-post bed and soothed the twitching hands with cooling fluids. The nurse stood at the foot sympathetically impassive, young, capable and extraordinarily healthy, as though she had absorbed the vitality of many patients.

All the splendid mental processes, all the whimsical brilliancies of the burnt-up woman on the bed had been reduced to one monotonous formula. Perhaps it was the chloroform of a kindly nature, a bandage over the eyes during the dread passage. Her heart no longer beat in settled rhythm; it stopped and started almost fancifully, but the monotonous formula going round and round in the tired brain never ceased, nor a great wheel of light revolving at the end of a tunnel of darkness. It was a catherine-wheel, brilliant in itself but shedding no light.

"There was a man and he was mad and he jumped into a biscuit bag." Dear, silly words which had been used as an anodyne in the prattling dawn of her life, were kind again in the dusk. She could not think of death or religion, because she did not know she was dying. She was simply a mechanism for hearing those words and watching the catherine-wheel revolve at the end of the tunnel. She had been doing it for thousands of years, she was getting weary, and each time the words swung round with the catherine-wheel a word was missing.

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"There was—what was there?" She fought hard for the knowledge. The catherine-wheel ceased to revolve for a moment and swung back, hesitated and made another revolution.

"There was! There was! There was!" The wheel died down into a star which moved away down the tunnel; at all costs she felt she must not lose sight of that star.

"There—" What did it matter, the vanishing star was important, nothing else.

"There—" Audrey made one desperate effort and managed to swing out after the star. She gave a happy sigh; she did not know where the star was leading, only that she was safe and happy and sleepier and sleepier; it was the rush through the air—sleepier and sleepier and—

The nurse looked close into the face on the bed, then she looked at her watch and touched the stricken man on the shoulder.

* * * * *

When Audrey regained consciousness she was still floating down the tunnel, but instead of the star which she had strained after in agony a light flowing in from the mouth of the tunnel caressed her sleepy eyes. She closed them again luxuriously and cuddled into her herself as when we cling to that perfect nerve balance between energy and inertia which sometimes visits us on awakening. She was conscious that she floated on water, or was it air? "How strange," she thought, "that a bed should float on either." Curiosity opened her eyes.

Evidently it was water, for she found herself clear of the tunnel and before her stretched a lake. Strange that she had always been fascinated by lakes, and all her life had intended that some time she would drift on one at the dawn—had often planned it with Mernan. "It must be dawn," she knew, "because the broken shore line was swathed in mist and the little islands looked dim; only here and there the columns of a temple on one of them rose through the incense smoke. How silly I am," she reflected, "to think of it as incense smoke when it is only a mist from the morning. Perhaps it is because—yes, it has the shadow of fragrance as though somewhere heliotrope grew, my adored heliotrope."

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The lake was the lake which she had always longed for; through the mist she could see the rhododendrons leaning out over the water, their blossoms showed like the distant lights of a city surprised by the morning. Through the rhododendrons, showing clearer and clearer as they rose upwards, the mauve trunks of fir trees bathed themselves in light. But though it was the lake of her dreams, its beauty far transcended them. There was a perfection in the contours of the shore line, in the arrangement of the draperies of the dawn, in the play of light and colour among the fir trees, in the melody of some birdnote singing one nerve-dissolving bar from the foliage of an island as she passed such as her imagination had never been capable of creating for her. And the sense of illimitable mysterious distances and the opal light in which everything floated and swooned and revelled, the light which was warmth, the light which was a caress.

Suddenly she sighed, then found herself wondering why, and the effort of wonder blurred the vision as though the mirror in which it was reflected had been breathed on by someone else. She closed her eyes.

When she opened them again she was climbing the steps which led up through a rift in the rhododendrons to one of the island temples. She noted with whimsical gratitude that the steps were not made of onyx or ivory or chalcedony or porphyry or alabaster, or any other of the nefarious building materials with which some poets deface their architecture. They were of very ancient cut stone such as she loved; they were moss-grown and little tendrils of ivy clustered about the joints and little drops of water trickled from the moss.

Audrey passed beyond the rhododendrons and through the fir trees. They grew tier on tier among pinnacled boulders, moss-grown and fantastic. As she climbed she kept on wondering why she had sighed and why the lovely vision of the lake had become blurred. A seat carved out of a boulder drew her down, not to rest—since there was no consciousness of exertion—but to meditate.

Far below Audrey could see the lake stretching away, island by island, into misty infinity. She longed to be drifting on it once more, to experience again that extraordinary sense of tranquil contentment. She had not fully

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realised at the time the happiness which had been hers; now she knew.

"Are you going to answer the call?" Audrey became aware that she was no longer alone on the stone seat.

"I do not understand. No one called me."

"You would not be going to the gate unless you had been called. They are very inconsiderate on Earth."

"I do not understand," repeated Audrey, "but I wish I was back on the lake, it was so beautiful. I was so happy."

"A lake, is that how it seems to you?"

"I do not quite know what you mean," said Audrey, rising, "but I feel that I must be going on. I want to reach that old temple. I do not know why, but I feel that I should like to see it—nearer."

"But memory will return."

"Why not?" asked Audrey.

"Cruel! Cruel!" said the voice from a great distance as Audrey climbed the hill. Twice she tried to turn back, but always the force which drew her upwards prevailed. The exquisite opalescent atmosphere which had saturated her with happiness wore thinner and thinner as Audrey climbed, the air seemed full of vague trouble, the fir trees grew stunted and gnarled themselves into threatening shapes. Suddenly there came a flash of darkness, and when it had passed Audrey found herself in a strange violet gloom in which all objects looked velvety black, but were outlined in thin electric auras which had no power of radiation. It was as though everything had been plunged beneath a phosphorescent sea. The atmosphere was overcharged with thought-waves alive with silent, tumultuous vibration. Audrey felt herself carried up and down the scale of emotion as if she were sensitive to some great orchestra whose music she could not hear. She flung herself down, putting her fingers in her ears to exclude the haunted silence. Then she heard the voice of Mernan wrung with agony. "Audrey," it called, "Audrey, Audrey."

Even now memory had not returned, only a wilder desire to answer the call. Audrey arose and with closed eyes went swiftly forward through that electric gloom.

"Stay!" A kindly, mournful voice had spoken and Audrey opened her eyes. She stood at the entrance of a vast canyon, two great pinnacles of rock reared up into

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infinity. Audrey wondered whether they were the columns of the Temple. Between them stood a great hooded figure like a statue of sorrow barring the entrance to the canyon.

"Turn back," said the kindly voice.

"Audrey! Audrey! Audrey!" called Mernan.

"Let me pass," pleaded his wife.

"Return to the lake which belongs to you both. Wait for him there."

"Audrey!! Audrey!! Audrey!!"

"I must go to him now, I cannot bear the agony in his voice."

"Were you not very happy drifting among the islands on the misty lake?"

"It was heaven."

"Of course."

"But I wanted to show it to someone to share it."

"Ah, the earth-stains. He would have come in time; he will come some day. Go back and wait."

"Audrey!! Audrey!! Audrey!!"

"Let me pass. Oh, please let me pass."

"If you pass, memory awaits you and a linking up with the earth sorrows, knowledge will come, and helpless wisdom. You will speak to deaf ears standing before eyes which cannot see. You will be linked up with an incarnate soul and hardly find your lake again until that soul becomes discarnate, and only then if you still share the same ideal. You will become a dweller by the gate, waiting to be called yet dreading the call."

"And if I go back to the lake how soon will he come to me?"

"I may not tell you."

"Oh, but I was happy on the lake," she sighed. "I will return."

"Audrey!! Audrey!! Audrey!!"

"Let me pass!" She flung herself at the feet of the figure, only to find that there was no figure there. Only a voice from a great distance crying: "Cruel! Cruel! Cruel!"

Audrey passed between the great rock columns into the canyon. The light was dim and azure, faintly revealing fallen rocks on either side, or they might have been fragments of statuary or fallen idols; in the wavering mauve

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twilight it was hard to distinguish objects. Only far away at the very end of the canyon one vast statue was revealed. The form of a woman crucified. Audrey moving towards it had a feeling that she drifted in a procession down one side of a street, and that up the other side of the street passed another procession.

The figure on the cross grew smaller and smaller as Audrey approached. Then recognition came. The woman was herself—yet against herself stood guard, barring the end of the passage, warning her to return. Again she essayed to retrace her steps.

“Audrey!! Audrey!! Audrey!!”

She passed straight through the crucified figure into the library of Mernan's Tower, and memory meted out her full share of agony.

Mernan was sitting at his writing-table in front of his great work; not a word added since the day his wife had been taken ill. By an almanack marked with many crosses Audrey knew that it was the anniversary of her death. There was a slate pencil in Mernan's hand, it rested on a slate marked with a few illegible lines; in his other hand he held her photograph and his eyes never left it. From time to time he moaned her name.

The most desolating moment in all her tragic martyrdom was when, standing behind the bowed figure she threw her arms about his neck. It was then that she knew why the voice had cried “Cruel! cruel! cruel!” and why the tears of the living are blissful compared with the tears of the dead. Her husband had called her to him across the universe, from the exquisite lake of the dawn, from drifting ecstasy, from the star of rest and oblivion to a planet pulsating with troubled thoughts, to the long torture of memory. Her arms were about his beloved form and he never moved, not even the pencil scratched on the slate; the pencil which was to bring him a message from across the universe. She knew all the agony of his mind, but could speak no word of comfort. She yearned to tell him about the lake, to implore him to leave this dreadful place of sorrow and drift with her about its misty shores, but the cruelty of it! The dead may not call the living, yet the living may call the dead. And the irony of it! She who had left Nirvana at his call, beating upon his breast with tortured hands,

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calling to him with frenzied words could get no answer; but when the footman, a smart servant once—she had trained him herself—but now of demoralised appearance, slovenly, dissipated, announced luncheon in a careless voice, Mernan rose wearily and entered the dining-room. He ate little; she did not wonder, like everything in the house, the cooking had deteriorated; anything good enough for the grief-stricken master, laughter and waste in the servants' hall. Poor Audrey, how angry she was and how powerless, for no one was conscious of her but the old red setter who whined and shivered and tried to attract his master's attention to her tragic presence.

Nerve by nerve the martyrdom of Audrey could be dissected and every agony laid bare. The consciousness of her beloved's mental torture, the sight of the great work which had also been hers lying derelict on the table—that book about the hidden land which could now be illumined by an explorer's knowledge—the dreadful impotence, the longing to comfort, the wasted caresses; why, a thousand pages could not hold the detailed story, but it is wiser to avert our heads in reverent awe from the tears of the dead. We know enough to understand, as Audrey herself came to understand, why she had passed back at her husband's call through the form of a woman crucified, why she always passed that cross on her journey. You see, she could not always stay in Mernan's house. When his will relaxed she had to return to the place of the electric gloom, the crackling violet darkness on which a landscape had been etched in delicate lines of flame. There she could wander tracked by the hounds of memory which by a loving, longing hand had been slipped upon her trail. Not always alone; sometimes one of the troubled thought waves of whose presence he was conscious would vibrate in harmony with her own and materialise. From one of these she learnt the dream-moment secret.

Audrey was not sufficiently strong, even after she knew about the dream-moment, to reach Mernan's consciousness, but the very effort seemed to saturate her with odic fluids from the crackling atmosphere. She grew as grows a new-born babe.

The dream-moment was so very brief. All through the night she lay beside him watching for it. She would see

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the blood-tide ebb from the brain and over it the spirit mind which had been in subjection all day would gain the ascendancy. Mernan's spirit mind knew that Audrey was there, but it seemed to distrust her, to feel that her presence would in the end work injury to the man. She could feel that it loved her, but because of that love wanted her to keep away. Alas! Audrey could not keep away.

All through the night she would watch beside the sleeping man until with the coming of the day the blood-tide would set back towards the brain. Higher and higher, filling the springs of faculty, higher and higher while the spirit mind comes down in the scale and the two approach a balance. That moment of perfect balance when the two minds are one and a shutter has opened and closed, that is Audrey's moment, the dream-moment secret. Often she fails and the picture which she has flashed on the film is blurred, but there are other times when she knows that Mernan has realised her presence, felt her caresses. What matter if next day he thinks it is a dream, for a moment at least it was true.

* * * * *

There came a time—about a year after Audrey's first return—when she felt herself dragged earthwards as though by violent alien hands; ignorant why she resisted, she struggled against the call. The face of the woman on the cross looked angry as she passed.

Always before she had come to Mernan's house or roamed the windy heather slopes by her loved one's side. They were deaf and dumb and blind, but at least they were alone.

Now she found herself in a grimy street behind one of London's glittering thoroughfares. Not a slum, mark you; it was more the servants' hall of that part of wealthy London—foreign servants. There was food in the shops, food of a kind, the bits which the rich don't much care for. By a gas flare, for instance, a patient-faced man, cleaver in hand, split the crimson heads of sheep with ghastly precision, or arranged their purple hearts symmetrically on a wooden slab. The smaller pieces were temptingly collected in a jellied mould. Next door an undertaker planed elm trees into coffin shapes, hammered or varnished or stained them black, according to the means and will of the mourning

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relatives. Cynical-faced assistants, black-garbed, red-nosed men stood about the door or crossed over to the glitter of glass and varnish, where fluids enabled them to forget the cheaper forms of death.

Between these two shops a doorway opened on a staircase leading up to low-priced flats. A card by the door announced that on the third floor lived Madame Mars, Medium and Psycometrist. An over-gorgeous motor stood at ease on the cobbles outside. The electric light—both the footman and the chauffeur on the seat without were too lazy to turn it off—revealed rich buff upholstery and the most expensive of fittings. The footman and the chauffeur were not feeling bored, they were the cynosure of many bright brown eyes peering round the corners of noses like interrogation points. Ringleted foreign brats, but well-behaved in the presence of wealth which some day they themselves expected to acquire. Then there is always music on that street; the Salvation Army is the best, except when some musical genius in the flats above sobs out his failures on his violin.

Audrey could not see all this squalor in detail, but she felt its atmosphere, and came, still struggling, into the parlour of Madame Mars, the medium. Mernan was there, one of a circle which sat about a table with fingers touching. He looked eagerly expectant, but rather shame-faced. On one side of him sat a pretty woman, a small, white, cruel face she had, hungry for new experiences to compare with those she had already tasted. Audrey recognised the type, which lives on her nerves till forty and then gets on other people's. The word "smart" applied to her, she jangled and she bangled, rich plumes quivered and diamonds would have flashed but for the subdued light. She belonged to the motor below as a snail belongs to its shell.

On the other side of Mernan sat a large, elderly woman with strong features cut on the square, ugly with deep-set eyes, dark and cavernous. A black sateen bosom, on whose surface floated a vast brooch, ornamented cabalistically, projected over the table. She struck one as possessing enormous vitality, unlimited will power; she breathed up all the air, and rather noisily. Mernan's thin, nervous hand rested on her shiny, plump one; it held a pencil over a slate.

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Into this awful personality Audrey felt herself being sucked as into a whirlpool. "No! No!!" dashed the pencil on the slate. Audrey found that she could write; she could write to Mernan; she no longer struggled against Madame Mars.

"Who is there?" asked the medium.

"Audrey," wrote the pencil.

"My God!" cried Mernan, for no one in that room knew either himself or his dead wife's name.

"Has anyone," asked the medium, "a friend on the other side of the name of Audrey?"

"Yes! Yes!" cried Mernan eagerly.

"You may ask her a question," said the medium.

"Why have you not come to me before?" asked Mernan.

Audrey wanted to cover the slate with wild words, to tell him how she had shared the silent agony in their desolate home, walked the mountains in dumb misery by his side, crouched all the night in his room watching for the dream-moment. How she had inspired him to proceed with the book, yearned over him, loved him, tried to comfort him, tried to tell him of the lake of the dawn from which he had snatched her.

She tried to tell him now, but her hand was imprisoned by the heavy hand of the terrible woman in black sateen. She felt like a little child whose hand is guided over the copybook by her nurse.

This was what she was made to write: "I cannot come to you. Develop and then I can come. In the home of this good medium you will develop; meet me often. Trust in these good friends."

"Ask her if she is happy," whispered the woman with the small, cruel face.

"Oh, so happy," wrote the guided hand, "them golden streets are true. I would not be back on earth for all the money in the Bank of England, and now, dear friends, I must go."

Audrey felt soiled, degraded, angry. She put forth all her strength, the pencil dashed furiously about the slate; she managed to write "Liar."

"Them evil spirits have broke through," said the medium, and lit a stick of incense. The circle broke up and began to talk excitedly. The woman with the small, cruel face

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talked to Mernan, her hand still resting sympathetically on his, for she had forgotten to remove it after the seance. He only saw the woman—being a man. Audrey saw through her—being a spirit. She was so gracious; she encouraged him to talk of his dead wife, of his work, and she was extraordinarily interested in his work. Such a marvellous subject, nothing appealed to her so much as transcendental speculations; she wished she could help him; she had been told that she was extraordinarily psychic, spirituelle, intuitive; she had a pale blue aura, and nine or any number which made nine was unlucky to her. Diamonds drew good influence about her, that was why she wore so many. She asked him to call, and offered to drop him anywhere in her motor. Mernan vaguely missed the warmth of her hand when she withdrew it, and Audrey understood better than ever about the woman on the cross.

Jealousy, as we understand the term, could no longer be experienced by Audrey, but the spirit could see the other woman as she was. She knew that those yearnings after the spiritual life, that interest in his work, were but the bait in the trap. It was the strange, romantic face of Mernan which the other woman wanted; the decadent epicurean desired to taste of a broken heart. Audrey tried to convey all this to Mernan by dream-moment flashes and messages on the slate of Madame Mars the medium, to whose noxious flat she was always being dragged.

Audrey knew all the time that her husband only came to the medium because he yearned so greatly to see herself, to hear the echo of her voice. That was the hideous irony of it; his very love was being used to alienate him. What made her most furious of all was this; the progress of the book was due to her dream-moment inspirations, yet the other woman attributed this progress to her own influence on Mernan's life, and the man believed. Long before Mernan realised that he no longer came to the flat of Madame Mars the medium to meet Audrey, the poor tortured spirit knew, and the woman knew and smiled her cruel little smile. Then came the night when Audrey was trying to warn Mernan on the slate that he might never find the lake of the dawn, that marriage with this woman might change his rate of vibration, to the everlasting destruction of their wonderful affinity. How she struggled

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with the gorgon in black sateen, by a superhuman effort she wrote the words "Lake of the dawn—our lake—lose."

"It don't make no sense," grumbled Madame Mars, licking her heavy forefinger and obliterating the words. Yet, curiously enough, she never obliterated them from Mernan's mind.

Weakened by the conflict, Audrey's hand fell an easy victim to the gorgon's. In spite of all she could do, it flew over the slate. Then the gorgon released it and giggled. "Well, I never! See what she have wrote."

Mernan and the other woman both leaned over to read. "Be not lonely, husband, I wish to see you happy, the friend by your side will help you. She loves you, *dear*."

Mernan looked with startled eyes into the woman's, her warm hand tightened on his. The lonely man realised in a flash that his world was no longer empty, had not been empty for some time. Afterwards, in the motor, he stammered out in his shy way, "Was—was it true—I—mean, what it said on the slate?"

The woman with the small, cruel face coiled her arms round and about him. "Yes, blind man, it is true," she laughed and kissed him, and he was no longer lonely.

Audrey saw less of Mernan now, for he called her no more, and the woman who had taken her place discovered that she was, as she put it, "fed up with seances." In a way Audrey was happier. No longer forced to vibrate in harmony with Mernan's misery, she was sometimes able to escape from the land of the violet gloom and the troubled thought waves. Once she lost consciousness and awoke to find herself adrift among the islands on her lake. One must have been the island of birds, for such music as she had never heard was pouring forth. She reached out her arms to the sound waves, she dived and played in them like a Rhine maiden, saw them take shape and form and colour—such colours. Then suddenly the hounds of memory bayed hotly on her trail. She remembered that once she had heard such music before, or rather the faint promise of it. Covent Garden, Siegfried and the bird, the Waldweben music, Mernan, her hand in his, sharing an exquisite delight.

"Mernan!" perhaps he needed her. As a mother

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suddenly leaves some place of enjoyment, struck by a swift uneasiness, so Audrey went back to the gate.

The great hooded figure spoke as she passed into the canyon. "You may soon be free," but the woman on the cross was quite dead. Audrey passed through her and into Mernan's house.

He lay upon his bed terribly wasted by fever, a trained nurse sat by his side. She had taken his temperature and was recording it on her chart.

Some poet hath said in his book, "Love feareth death," but poets are not always right. It is passion which fears death. Mernan feared death most poignantly. His passion was unfulfilled, his book was unfinished, his marriage only a month away, and Audrey knew that he was dying.

Audrey knew that he was dying, and the knowledge made her glad; after all, the woman with the small, cruel face had never really owned him. She herself and Mernan still vibrated in harmony faintly marred. She knew now why the hooded figure had said "You may soon be free," but she did not understand why the woman on the cross was dead. But the gladness brought a qualm. "Perhaps it was selfish of her to want Mernan to die, and where he was concerned she could not be that. What he wanted might be bad for him, and yet the instinct which drives a mother to give a child the happiness of the moment at the price of the future made Audrey wonder whether she ought not to try to save him. It was terrible how greatly he desired this other woman, but what he wanted he ought to have. She did not know whether there was anything to be done. She decided to ask the hooded figure by the gate.

She stood by the great rock pinnacles that pierced the dome of the violet gloom and pleaded Mernan's cause.

"He is so young, and his work, our work, is unfinished; he was soon to be married. I cannot bear his agony."

"You will bring him forgetfulness. Your lake is very beautiful."

"It is Paradise."

"Yes, it is Paradise. You can share it with him."

"He does not want it. He wants—that other."

"That is true," said the voice of pity.

"And I have always given him what he wanted. I could wait for him. Some day again he will want me.

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When the book is finished and when—oh, tell me how to give him a year more. Can nothing save him?"

"Only you can save him." The voice was very sorrowful.

"Tell me how," pleaded Audrey. "I would do anything."

"You will have to give everything."

"I would give the universe."

"You will have to give more. You will have to give yourself. Men are but wicks through which a fluid flows. The flame is life. The wick is clogged, the fluid cannot pass through. It will go elsewhere, the flame will burn on some other candle."

"Tell me how to save him."

"You vibrate in harmony with that man, where other forces cannot go you can penetrate. You can be the oil which makes the flame of this man's life. The wick will no more be clogged, the fluid can pass through once again."

"But then I should be burnt up, destroyed?"

"As the sacrifice on the altar."

"And never again see my lake of the dawn or share it."

"Never! You would cease to exist."

"And he would not even know what I had given."

"He would not know what you had given."

"It is a terrible price."

"It is the great surrender."

"If only he could know."

"It is the great surrender."

"He will think that the other woman gives him everything."

"It is the great surrender."

"Is there no other way?"

"He can die."

"But the book, that which represents his life and mine, is not finished."

"Only you can choose. There is but one price, and none but you can pay it."

"If he could only know; surely there should be some reward."

"There is oblivion, there is rest."

"It seems such waste."

"Not so, for something of a wonderful beauty will be

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adrift in the universe. Nothing of beauty was ever created but something was destroyed. There is no such thing as waste."

"I would be giving myself to Mernan absolutely?"

"Yes! It is the great surrender."

"Tell me how."

"You have but to will it." The sorrowful voice spoke from a great distance. Audrey was alone; she entered the canyon.

And now as Audrey passed to Mernan with her last gift in her hand, she knew the meaning of the broken things which strewed the pathway; they were objects which had been destroyed to make some greater beauty, and in that strange azure glow, like the gleam of a humming-bird's wing, they were beautiful themselves. And Audrey, as she passed down the canyon, with the ecstasy of the great surrender on her face, was so beautiful that the invisible procession stood at gaze, and so she came to the crucifix, but the woman was no longer on the cross.

The doctor turned away from Mernan's bed. "His vital forces are exhausted," he announced. "There is no hope." He whispered something to the nurse and prepared to leave. The woman of the seance intercepted him at the door and cried out hysterically: "Oh, save him, doctor! Save him for me, you must. I will pay you anything."

"Nothing but a miracle can save him, Madam, and I cannot work miracles. I have patients in need of my science. If there was a ray of hope, believe me, I would stay; the nurses know what to do."

Life for Mernan had been reduced to a formula of six words; they went the round of his burnt-out brain relentlessly, like a squirrel in a cage: "Lake of the dawn—our lake"; he had never known their meaning, but he had never been able to obliterate them as the medium's wet finger had wiped them from the slate. His eyes saw great space, space without limit, empty, had it not been for one whirling star, "Lake of the dawn—our—" the last word escaped him, he sought it querulously, "Lake of the dawn, Lake of the dawn." The star was growing smaller, revolving less furiously, soon he would be all alone in those terrible spaces "Lake of the—" "Lake—what lake?" His

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fingers picked the bedclothes searchingly. Then he abandoned the problem and gathered himself to resist some awful force which was sucking him out of the room, drawing him into the—

“Audrey!” he cried in a terrified voice, “help! Audrey!!”

The nurse bent over Mernan and nodded her head.

The star ceased whirling, and Mernan saw that it was no star, but the form of a woman on a cross, knew that the woman was Audrey, that she left the cross and fell through infinite space into his arms, felt one moment of shattering bliss, experienced the long anguish of a measureless loss, reached out his empty arms and was back in his own room watching through the window a falling star crossing the heavens, smaller it dwindled and smaller, disappeared at last like a clinkered coal flung away over the edge of nothing, forever and forever and forever.

The nurse, bending down lower to assure herself that all was over, gave vent to a startled cry. “Quick,” she called to the other woman, “call through the window to the doctor, he has not driven away. Tell him to come up immediately.”

“He will live, madam,” said the doctor to the other woman, “but I claim no credit, only a miracle I said, and I do not work miracles.”

Malthus and the Publishing Trade

By P. P. Howe

*Has Adeline read Malthus? I can't tell:
I wish she had; his book's the eleventh commandment,
Which says, "Thou shalt not marry," unless WELL:
This he (as far as I can understand) meant.
'Tis not my purpose on his views to dwell . . .*

DON JUAN.

"IN almost every country of the globe," wrote Malthus, "individuals are compelled by considerations of private interest to habits, which tend to repress the natural increase of the population; but Tibet is perhaps the only country," he went on, "where those habits are universally encouraged by the Government, and where to repress rather than to encourage population seems to be a public object." In the present over-populated state of the book-world—which none can be found to deny and few not to deplore—it is surprising that, while all sorts of remedies have been suggested, no one should have suggested that simple remedy, a repression of the natural increase of literary population. It is really very surprising that in a question of population (and this is in reality no other) no mention should have been made of the name of Malthus.

For Malthus, surveying the countries of the globe from China to Peru, and in particular his own, found universal in mankind a natural tendency to increase without reference to the limits of subsistence; and while he found in every country that stern Nature had recourse to the check of misery, and certain wise individuals to the check of prudential restraint, it was in Tibet alone (as we have seen) that he found a public opinion enlightened enough to be generally upon the side of repression and restraint, and generally against an indiscriminate encouragement of population. Happy Tibet, we may say; for if Tibet possesses a trade in literature (of which Malthus says nothing), assuredly her Government, and her organised public opinion, have solved the problem of the Superfluous Book. This we may not know; but, in regard to Tibet, or in regard to Charing

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Cross (within whose one-mile radius the books are published), we may adopt as our own the principles of Malthus in so far as time has proved them to be sound; and, when we find that literature has come in our own day to a point of production at which it is pressing too hard against the limits of subsistence, we may set ourselves, of determined purpose, "to repress rather than to encourage population."

For what, in its essence, was the Principle of Population enunciated by Malthus? It was, this "one great cause" that impeded the happiness of mankind, "the constant tendency in all animated life to increase beyond the nourishment prepared for it." From this arose at once the vice and misery of mankind, and that unequal distribution of the bounties of Nature which it is the unceasing object of the Philanthropists to correct. There were, said Malthus (faced by a poor law upon which one-fourth of his fellow-countrymen were dependent for the necessities of life), too many people; and in the teeth of a country that wanted only, at the moment, a plentiful population that might go down inexhaustibly before the French guns, he continued to say this, not caring for Beggar (who liked poor relief) or Bishop (who liked a high birth-rate) or for any man of them at all. He may have been wrong, as when he arrived at the estimate that the population of this country would be doubled in eighty-three and a half years, and at the opinion that it couldn't be done; the fact being, as we all know, that it *was* done, in a great many fewer than eighty-three and a half years, and that, at the present moment, with a population five times as large as it was in 1801, we are still alive as a nation to tell the tale—at what cost, it is no part of our concern to study here. The Economists may have been right, as when they have proved to their own satisfaction that Malthus greatly under-estimated the elasticity of the limits of subsistence—I have no doubt that they were, but they have unfortunately been unreadable, whereas Malthus, in his Essay that is still delightful to read, was in essentials incontrovertibly right. "In many parts of this Essay," he says, "I have dwelt much on the advantage of rearing the requisite population of any country from the smallest number of births. I have stated expressly that a decrease of mortality at all ages is what we ought chiefly to aim at; and as the best criterion of happiness and good govern-

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ment, instead of the largeness of the proportion of births, which was the usual mode of judging, I have proposed the smallness of the proportion dying under the age of puberty." In a word, he established the great principle that a country is not happy and good by virtue of the *quantity* of its births, but by their *quality*. We may all be Eugenists so far as to say this, that it is not more births that we want, but finer births. For that country is a truly happy country which secures from the smallest number of births the greatest possible contribution to the general happiness and to the general good.

Now the world of literature is not happy. It is not happy, and it is suffering from an excess of population. If there are two facts about the world of literature that are clear beyond demonstration, they are the fact of its unhappiness and the fact that it is suffering from too many births—which is as much as to say, from too many books. Malthus, at the very outset of his Inquiry concerning the improvement of Society, stated the mode of conducting the subject which naturally presented itself, to be :

- "1. To investigate the causes that have hitherto impeded the progress of mankind towards happiness; and
- "2. To examine the probability of the total or partial removal of these causes in the future ;"

and, in our own Inquiry, concerning the improvement of the Trade of Literature, we may fairly follow the same mode. I say the Trade of Literature; and by this I mean the whole of the persons whose concern is with the production and consumption of books—the Author, who writes them; the Publisher, who publishes them; the Middlemen, who distribute them; and the Reader, who purchases them: the whole of these persons, whose individual concern in the production of literature may be of one sort or another, but who together make up a society who have this in common, that their interest is in the happy and efficient working of the system upon which they are dependent for the supply of their needs. Literature, it is true, is an Art; but it is equally true that every art is, in its social aspect, a Trade.

The Trade of Literature, then, is not happy. By the mode of our Inquiry, which we have borrowed from Malthus, we

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are to look first into Causes. The cause of unhappiness in the Author, in the Publisher, in the Distributor, and in the Purchaser of the ordinary book is simple and not unexpected—each and all, *they do not get enough out of it*. The Author of a book, the Publisher of a book, the Bookseller or select Librarian who distributes a book, should each, if it be a good book, be assured of a fair and remunerative return for his labour; while if it be not a good book, the purchaser gets nothing for his money at all (or for his labour). Now before we proceed to inquire into the causes beneath this general cause—the Inadequacy of Returns—it will be well to be clear as to what exactly we mean by two of the terms we have used, and shall have occasion to use again. By the “ordinary” book I mean the book that may fairly be taken, in an average season, as the representative product of the contemporary literary system—neither the Conspicuous Success nor the Inconspicuous Failure. By the “good” book I may be allowed to mean, in this connection, any book which, produced in response to a genuinely existing demand, is successful in supplying it; or which would be successful in a literary system that was properly efficient. And let me now add that the books we are concerned with particularly here are the books for the “general” reader: the books for the “specialist” reader, for the Student, and for the Technician, are Good books in the sense that they are extremely unlikely to be produced except in relation to a definite demand, and they are consequently unlikely, under any system, to contribute seriously to the problem of over-population. I shall say no more about them.

Every year¹ there are published ten thousand books, mostly Ordinary. Of these ten thousand books we may fairly assume, at a low estimate, that one-half are for the General Reader; of which number fifteen hundred are novels, and the remainder are “heavy” books. (The “heavy” book is the usually accepted name for the book that is not ostensibly fiction; the reminiscences, historical

¹ 1911: 10,914. 1910: 10,804. 1909: 10,725. Ten years ago the figures were: 1901: 6,044. 1902: 7,381. 1903: 8,381. Note the “constant tendency to increase” (Malthus).

In regard to the figures for 1910, the *Publishers' Circular* remarked: “This is the highest total ever recorded for a year's publishing in the United Kingdom,” and added that it was very gratifying. In regard to the figures for 1911, the *Publishers' Circular* remarked: “This is the highest total ever recorded for a year's publishing in the United Kingdom,” but did not go on to add that it was very gratifying.

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memoirs, etc. In character—and morals—these are frequently light.) Now, the novel may be divided into three classes—the Ordinary Novel, the Successful Novel that is conspicuous, and the Unsuccessful Novel that is not. The “heavy” book may be divided into the same three classes. The Successful Novel is the novel of which from two thousand to one hundred thousand copies are sold at a nominal price of six shillings; but it should be clearly understood that the average sale of the Successful Novel is nearer the former figure. The Successful “heavy” book—the book of historical memoirs, let us say; *Ten Vicious Viscounts*, and so on—is the book of which from one thousand to ten thousand (or more) copies are sold at a nominal price which we may average at ten shillings and sixpence; but again it should be understood that it is only the exceptionally conspicuous book that reaches the higher figure. The Unsuccessful Novel is the novel of which from twenty to two hundred copies are sold at a nominal price of six shillings. Either figure may be reached. The Unsuccessful Heavy book is the book the sales of which may attain to one hundred and fifty copies, or fewer.

We now come to the Ordinary Book. We will take the Ordinary Novel, which is the novel that is written by the ordinary Author and published by the ordinary Publisher and for which the ordinary sale of from two hundred to seven hundred copies is obtained, some through the Booksellers, but mostly to the Libraries for circulation amongst their patient subscribers. The career of the Ordinary Novel may best be shown by means of the following little lapse into arithmetic:—

(i) PUBLISHER AND (ii) AUTHOR, IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ORDINARY NOVEL.

			(i)			
			£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
To Cost of Paper, Printing				By Sales: 450 copies at		
and Binding, cheaply	45	0	0	average price to		
Cost of Advertising				trade of 3/3 per copy	73	2 6
ditto	10	0	0			
Working Expenses,						
ditto	6	10	0			
Author's Royalties ...	16	17	6			
			£78 7 6			
			73 2 6			
			£5 5 0			
			Ordinary Loss to Publisher.			

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			(ii)			
	£	s.	d.		£	s. d
To Cost of Foolscap, Pens, &c.	1	0	0	By Royalties, say 12½ % on 450 copies at 6/- ...	16	17 6
Cost of Typing MS.: say 80,000 words at 1/- per thousand, and one duplicate ...	6	0	0			
Postages—to and from three publishers, to one publisher ...		5	0			
Cost of living, Ordinary Author, £1 a week for 26 weeks ...	26	0	0			
	33	5	0			
	16	17	6			
	£16	7	6	Ordinary Loss to Author.		

Note.—The Ordinary Author who is fortunate may get a sum of not exceeding £25 "in advance and on account of royalties"; in which case the result will be a slightly increased balance on the wrong side of the Publisher's account, and a slightly decreased balance on the wrong side of the Author's.

The career of the Ordinary Heavy Book, with costs a little higher on the one side and proceeds a little higher on the other, might be shown to work out at just about the same result in the finish. We need not trouble to do so here. There are hundreds of these Ordinary Books published every year. There are hundreds of Ordinary Novels published every year.

The Author and the Publisher, its producers, are not happy because they do not get enough out of the Ordinary Book. There remain the middlemen, the Bookseller, the Librarian, and the Literary Agent; and there remains the consumer, the Reader.

The Bookseller is not made happy by the Ordinary Book, because if he buys the Ordinary Book in the ordinary number, he gets very little out of those he sells, and out of those he does not sell, he gets the annoyance of seeing his stock of ordinary unsaleable books growing larger and larger, and climbing to ever higher and more dusty shelves; and when the Remainder Man comes to him and offers to sell him nice new copies of the same Ordinary Book at a quarter of the price he paid for the dusty unsaleable copies that are still in his shop, the Bookseller is very annoyed indeed. And if the Bookseller does not buy the Ordinary

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Book (as he generally does not) he cannot, it is plain, get anything out of it at all.

The Librarian is fairly happy about the Ordinary Book, because the Librarian's business consists in getting as many persons as possible to pay him a regular sum every year, in return for which he lends them a lot of books to read, and the quality of the books he lends them matters to the Librarian very little indeed, so long as they will go on paying him their subscriptions. The Librarian is, on the whole, very fairly well satisfied with the Ordinary Book; indeed, there are some people who go so far as to assert that he creates a Demand for it.

The Literary Agent is very fairly well satisfied also, because the Literary Agent is a clever fellow who acts as intermediary, not between the producer and the consumer, as the Bookseller and the Librarian do, but between the two sorts of producer; and since he draws a commission on every book that he is instrumental in getting published, irrespective of whether anybody wants the book, he is in favour of the Ordinary Book, and the more books the merrier. This is the explanation why the Literary Agent is often a rather cheerful sort of man, while the Author is very rarely a cheerful man, and the Publisher never.

Lastly, there is the Reader; and it is clear that the Reader does not get anything worth having out of the Ordinary Book, because the book which meets with a definite demand has already been dealt with as the Good Book or the Successful Book, and these are the only books out of which the Reader gets anything worth having. We may conclude that the Reader gets nothing at all worth having out of the Ordinary Book.

Then why is the Good Book obscured, and the Successful Book rendered less successful, by the flood of Ordinary Books that is poured forth every year into the Literary Market? That is the question that must be answered.

There is, at any time, a definite demand for Literature, and it is a demand that has its definite limits. The supply of Literature has increased, and is always tending to increase, beyond the nourishment prepared for it. "THE PRECISE REASON WHY I THINK THAT MORE CHILDREN OUGHT NOT TO BE BORN THAN THE COUNTRY CAN SUPPORT IS" (said Malthus)

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"THAT THE GREATEST POSSIBLE NUMBER OF THOSE THAT ARE BORN MAY BE SUPPORTED." For what is the life of the Ordinary Novel? Alas! if the Expectation of Life is thirty-six years at Southwark, and fifty years at Hampstead (as the Sociologists tell us), the Expectation of Life at Charing Cross, for the Ordinary Novel, is to be measured in weeks, and weeks only.

The Cause, then, of the Present Discontents is the excessive number of published books; and it is now our business, by the mode of our Inquiry, to examine the probability of the total or partial removal of this Cause in the future. If the evil is that there are too many books, there is only one remedy, and that is to ensure that fewer books are produced. It will be of no use, if that be our object, to bother our heads about the Ordinary Author, or the honest and struggling Printer or Reviewer, or other Tradesman who will be thrown out of employment; for "we cannot obtain incompatible objects" (as our exemplar reminds us). Nor will it be of the least use to direct our remedy, not at the chief evil, but at some minor seat of it, as those do whose talk is all of Adjusting the Relations between Author and Publisher, of Abolishing the Literary Agent, of Reforming the Reviewer, or of Setting the Libraries in Order. "It may indeed be affirmed with the most perfect confidence that there is only one class of causes from which any approach towards a remedy can be rationally expected; and that consists of whatever has a tendency to INCREASE THE PRUDENCE AND FORESIGHT of the labouring classes (*i.e., the producers of books*). This is the touchstone to which every plan proposed for the improvement of the condition of the poor (*i.e., the condition of Literature*) should be applied. If the plan be such as to co-operate with the lessons of Nature and Providence, and to encourage and promote habits of prudence and foresight, essential and permanent benefit may be expected from it: if it has no tendency of this kind, it may possibly still be good as a temporary measure, and on other accounts, but we may be quite certain that it does not apply to the source of the specific evil for which we are seeking a remedy." (Malthus' chapter, *Of the only effectual Mode of Improving the Condition of the Poor.*)

So far, so good. "I have expressly proposed moral

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restraint as the rational and proper remedy," says Malthus; and we, for our part, have expressly accepted his remedy. The question now comes, by whom is this Restraint to be exercised? If by the Reader, that will be an excellent thing; for the Reader who uses prudence and foresight in his choice of books, and restrains himself from dashing among them like a young pup in a warren, may contribute notably to the well-being of Literature. If by the Bookseller or Librarian, that will be an excellent thing also; for it is always good that a man should be prudent and farsighted in the business by which he lives. If by the Author—ah! now surely we have it; for is it not the Author that brings literature to birth? Prudential Restraint, how admirable a quality it shows itself in an Author! An Author who takes long and anxious thought before bringing one of these little things into the world, an Author to whom the existence of the Superfluous Book has a pathos deep as that of the Unwanted Child—he indeed is the best of Authors. In the Author prudence and foresight are shining virtues, we shall welcome them gladly. But is there not another that is guilty in a more exact sense of the act of birth? Is he not the Publisher, without whom the Book, conceived indeed and born of the Author's travail, comes not to actual and glorious birth? Here we part company a little with the analogy by whose aid we have come thus far, for in the sphere of the physical the act of birth is no such post-dated matter. Let the Author have, if he will, the moral victory; it is the Publisher, for our purposes, who must be awarded the actual glory, and the shame.

Nevertheless the Author, although we have condemned him to effective sterilisation (since he cannot, in our day, unless he be wealthy, make public his own books) may yet exemplify in private the beauties of Prudential Restraint with notable advantage. It is one of the regrettable circumstances of a condition of over-production that an apparent demand arises for labour which is not in reality fit for employment. In the literary system that prevails, we have over again the sad phenomenon of Child Labour which Malthus had all around him in the industrial system of his day. "In those parishes" (says he) "where manufactures have been introduced which afford employment to children as soon as they have reached their sixth or seventh year, a

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habit of marrying early naturally follows; and while the manufacture continues to flourish and increase, the evil arising from it is not very perceptible; though humanity must confess with a sigh, that one of the reasons why it is not so perceptible is, that room is made for fresh families by the unnatural mortality which takes place among the children so employed." It is just so with the maker of books who is not really competent; and the Unnatural Mortality which takes place among the books in the Ordinary class we have seen. It is very regrettable. It is to nobody's advantage that there should be so many Ordinary Authors, condemned to a life of penury; when by an exercise of Prudential Restraint they might write no books, but give themselves to the more advantageous employment of agriculture or manufactures. It is here that we shall be met, I expect, by the grand objection that was urged against Malthus, his denial of the right of the poor to support. There are those who entertain the opinion, and who apparently affirm in all seriousness, that it is a very nice thing that everybody should Write a Novel; and it is true that they may do so to their hearts' content, if we are never bothered with a word of it. But the moment their efforts are made public, the claim that these Authors have a right to support becomes untenable. We may find a perfect analogy with their case. "Let us for a moment suppose" (says Malthus) "an equal division of property in any country. If under these circumstances one half of the society were by prudential habits so to regulate their increase that it exactly kept pace with their increasing cultivation, it is evident that the individuals of this portion of society would always remain as rich as at first. If the other half during the same time married at the age of puberty, when they would probably feel most inclined to it, it is evident that they would soon become wretchedly poor. But upon what plea of justice or equity could this second half of the society claim a right, in virtue of their poverty, to any of the possessions of the first half? This poverty had arisen entirely from their own ignorance or imprudence; and it would be perfectly clear, from the manner in which it had come upon them, that if their plea were admitted, and they were not suffered to feel the particular evils resulting from their conduct, the whole society would shortly be involved

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in the same degree of wretchedness." It follows irresistibly, he says, that all cannot have a *right* to support. In the world of literature, at least, there is no such thing as *le droit de subsister*. A book can have no Right to subsist, but only a Power to subsist. And what power to subsist has the Ordinary Book, put out into a world that has no need of it, by an author who has married with the Art of Literature at the age of puberty, just "when he felt most inclined to it"? Yes, the Author also with advantage may practise Prudential Restraint.

But it is the Publisher, for reasons we have seen, who *must* practise it. In his own interest, and in the interest of the whole Trade of Literature, he must practise it. Authors may work, and Authors may weep—but it is the Publisher who has the power of giving life to their books, or of withholding it. And now I think it is that the question will be asked which has been hanging over us ever since the publication of that damnatory statement of his in Account with the Ordinary Book—Why does he *not* practise it? Why should the Publisher, who is a business man (but also the guardian of an Art) continue to deal in an article which leaves him time after time with a negligible balance upon one side or the other, but never with a considerable Profit, pecuniary or artistic? Well, in the first place (as Malthus says of the population question), "almost everything has tended to throw a veil of obscurity over this subject." The Publisher may not—I say he may not—have perceived the full beauty of the Principle, by which all the demands for population may be fully supplied with a small proportion of births. According to the Persian legislator Zoroaster (as Malthus reminds us), to plant a tree, to cultivate a field, to beget children, were meritorious acts; and I am not sure that the Publisher has not in some degree shared in the disposition of the Author to add to this list, "to produce Books." And then, with the harm of over-population once in existence, the veil of obscurity is firmly in position, for, up to a point, that supply will produce demand, as well as demand supply, is undoubtable. The Ordinary Book is supported—up to a point. In Malthus' day, there was the Slave Trade; and certain people thought this very regrettable. Why, they asked, does it go on? "As long" (replied Malthus) "as the nations of

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Europe continue barbarous enough to purchase slaves in Africa, we may be quite sure that Africa will continue to supply them. The state of Africa" (he went on) "as I have described it, is exactly such as we should expect in a country where the capture of men was considered as a more advantageous employment than agriculture or manufactures." When the Superfluous Author has taken to the more advantageous employment of agriculture or manufactures, and ceased to give himself up to the capture of Readers, the literary market will once more adjust itself. It will then be clear that the Publisher's true business is the supply of Books to meet the definite demand, and not the putting out of one hundred books and the creation of a demand by the use of magniloquent Adjectives. The wise Publisher will not, I think, set himself to rebutting our Principle (as certain people in Malthus' own day did) on the ground that it contradicts the original command of the Creator to increase and multiply and replenish the earth. "Which is it, I would ask" (he replied) "that best seconds the benevolent intentions of the Creator in covering the earth with esculent vegetables, he who with care and foresight duly ploughs and prepares a piece of ground, and sows no more seeds than he expects will grow up to maturity, or he who scatters a profusion of seed indifferently over the land, without reference to the soil on which it falls, or any previous preparation for its reception?" The wise Publisher, I think, seeing the cogency of this, will rather liken himself to the Prudent Young Grazier, of whom he may read for himself in his Malthus. "If a young grazier were told to stock his land well" (he may read), "as on his stock would depend his profits and the ultimate success of his undertaking, he would certainly have been told nothing but what was strictly true: and he would have to accuse himself, not his advisers, if, in pursuance of these instructions, he were to push the breeding of his cattle till they became lean and half-starved. His instructor, when he talked of the advantages of a large stock, meant undoubtedly stock in a proper condition, and not such a stock as, though it might be numerically greater, was in value much less." Just so, the Prudent Publisher, on whose stock will depend his profits and the ultimate success of his undertaking, will make every endeavour to gather around him the greatest possible number of Good

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Books (of books, that is, for which there is a plain demand); but he will not, in his necessity to form a "list," and his desire to outstrip his rivals, admit to the honour of his imprint a very great number of queer cattle whose destiny it is to appear lean and half-starved in the few short weeks until they die and are forgotten. He will read his Malthus, and he will give his agreement to the dictum, that "the prudential check is better than premature mortality."

There is always a New Publisher. It may even be indeed that the truly wise Publisher would practise Prudential Restraint in the matter of his own coming into existence. But be this as it may, a new Publisher with a Principle is better than an old Publisher without any. There is not always a new Author (I mean an author worth publishing); but the Publisher whose principle it is to wait for the Good book before he publishes it, will be the Publisher who will find the new Author when, in the goodness of Providence, he comes. The Prudent Publisher will be the Publisher who will be able to look into his list, and to give you, regarding any book, six good reasons why he published it; and when he opens before you his Publication ledger (as every Good Publisher does on demand), he will be giving you the best reason of all. Given the Good Book, in a good literary system, there will be something considerable to be got out of it, by both Author and Publisher. There will be something to be got out of it by the Good Bookseller (and I think the bad Bookseller, the kind who knows neither a good Book nor a good Reader when he sees one, will have to go under). There will be something for the Libraries, for the wish to read a book which you have not the wish (or the means) to purchase is a perfectly regular wish—indeed, I think there will be more for the Libraries than in their present occupation, which is principally that of preventing the Reader from getting the books he wishes to get. There will even be something for the Literary Agent, if he content himself with his proper function of attending to the business affairs of Good authors (who are not always, like Publishers, good business men), and abandon his present practice of giving circulation to a greater quantity of Ordinary rubbish in manuscript than the worst Publisher could possibly do between boards. I think there will even be more for the Literary Agent; for it

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must never be forgotten that the commission of the Literary Agent is based after all on the sales of the books he is instrumental in getting published, and at present too many of these have "no sales." Finally, there is the Reader, who will be able to see all the more readily the books he wants because of the absence of the oppressive mass of those he does not want; and the financial consequences of a decrease in the literary population need not worry him, for do we not read in our author, "universally it is true that, under similar circumstances, that article will come the cheapest to market which is accompanied by fewest failures"?

There remains the grand objection of the persons to whom there is something gratifying and beautiful in the thought that we are all nowadays sitting down and writing our books, and that all the rest of us are sitting down to read them. Put your hands on your hearts and write, they say—but they do not put their hands in their pockets to pay for the product. As Malthus found, "This beautiful fabric of the imagination vanishes at the severe touch of truth." But, said he, "IT IS AN UTTER MISCONCEPTION OF MY ARGUMENT TO INFER THAT I AM AN ENEMY TO POPULATION." The Good Book will always (give it time) be written, and there will always be a sufficient supply of Good Books to satisfy the demand that there will always be also. "To a rational being, the *prudential check to population* ought to be considered as equally natural with the check from poverty and premature mortality which these gentlemen seem to think so entirely sufficient and satisfactory; and it will readily occur to the intelligent reader that one class of checks may be substituted for another, not only without essentially diminishing the population of a country, but even under a constantly progressive increase of it." If the check on the output of books be a Prudent Restraint within the limitations placed upon this output by the genuine demand, who that has the well-being of literature at heart would not rejoice to see the number of Good Books progressively increasing? We are a nation of forty-five millions, Malthus forgive us, of whom perhaps one hundred thousand sometimes read a new book. If more of us come at some time to read a book, and even

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to buy it, who shall say what the future may hold? But the present is the present, and to publish books enough for a nation when but one-hundredth part of them reads books, is not the way to Prosperity, but the way to Carey Street (where the Bad Publishers go). One Thousand Five Hundred Novels, when no man in his senses could read one-twentieth of that number, and no woman out of hers read one half! Fifteen Hundred Novels—why, three hundred would give us all that we could possibly demand in art or recreation; and we must, by the nature of the facts, look to the Publishers to see that we get the Three Hundred Best. “I cannot help looking forward to a very decided improvement in their habits and tempers” (wrote Malthus, of the producing classes) “when their real situation has been clearly explained to them.” And now that their real situation has been clearly explained to them, I think we may look to the Publishers with confidence.

“Edge o’ Dark”*

By Gwen John

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

WILLIAM WAGSTAFFE (*a collier-overman*).

ESTHER (*his wife*).

TOM SYLVESTER (*once their lodger—a collier*).

ZACHARIAS BARKER (*a dog-fancier and rat-catcher*).

ALBERT (*a boy of seventeen or eighteen*).

CONSTABLE.

SCENE: *Derbyshire. The parlour kitchen of a two-roomed cottage in a rural colliery district. There are steep stairs at the back of the stage, leading to the bedroom, a low broad window right, fireplace left, and door left centre; table and chairs. China dogs on chimney piece.*

A woman is setting glasses on the table and tidying things up; she pauses now and then, sighs, and pushes her hair back from her forehead as if in trouble. Then she takes socks from a basket, sits down and begins to darn, but always restlessly and now and then with a disturbed movement. A MAN comes from the direction of the door to the window and looks in, pressing his face to the glass. Then he draws back, goes round to the door, knocks, and opens it himself without waiting. The WOMAN looks up, with some surprise, her face hardening, then goes on sewing, without looking at him.

TOM. T’measter’s not in yet?

ESTHER. No.

TOM. ‘E’s comin’?

ESTHER. ‘E’s comin’. But ye’re earlier whatten Bill is—fer per merrymakin’!

TOM. That’s all right. I’ve com ’n to ’ave a bit o’ a chat first. I’ve not been ’ere since you know when—thought I’d like to see you again, lass. ‘Ullo, ye’ve cleared the bed out o’ yon corner. ‘Ave you moved it for good and all? What’s that mean, eh? Where’s yer place for a lodger now?

ESTHER. We’ve done wi’ lodgers.

TOM. You don’t look much better for it, Esther.

ESTHER. You don’t need tell me that.

* This is the latest play to be banned by the Lord Chamberlain’s Office.

"EDGE O' DARK"

TOM. What's up wi' you, lass? (*ESTHER is silent.*) Whatten yer frettin' for?

ESTHER. I'm not frettin'.

TOM. Yer don't need be worryin'. (*No answer.*) I say yer don't need be worryin'. T'measter's in good work.

ESTHER. I've give up worryin' over t'measter.

TOM. Yer don't need be short o' money.

ESTHER. We're not short o' money—except for't public. That's the 'ouse where t'money goes.

TOM. But yer don't go short?

ESTHER. I wouldn't care if I did. It's only I'm fair stawed of it all. There's nowt left to try for. And these nights when 'e drinks at 'ome, too.

TOM. 'E's got to 'ave 'is glass—

ESTHER. It seems 'e 'as. I could give up, I tell you.

TOM. It's only nat'ral—'e wants 'is fun like the rest of us.

ESTHER. —You comin' 'ere too to-night! You might 'a known better.

TOM. A man's 'ouse is 'is own. 'E asked me to come.

ESTHER. And for why, Tom Sylvester? 'E doesn't care, or 'e couldn't. 'E only asked you to come to 'elp drive me further down— There you'll sit, Tom, the lot on you, you, Zacharias Barker, 'im and Olbert—Olbert a lad only—all drinkin' yourselves to 'ell. Me knowing and can't stop yer—'im knowing all about me.

TOM. What about thee?

ESTHER. About thee and me, Tom. Me, a married woman. It were shame. I were brought up to keep myself respectable, I was.

TOM. What then, Esther? That's nowt.

ESTHER. 'E must a guessed why I made you go that time back, Tom—you knew it yerself, you did—yet you can come. And you come early—you find it in your 'eart to come early too—o' purpose to see me! I wish to 'eaven you'd died before ever you come to see me again.

TOM. That's an ill wish. Now I wanted to see if you still looked t' same lass. There were kindness in that. I've been seeing you through 't winder before I come in.

ESTHER. You 'ave, 'ave you? Been spying on me down i't cabbage garden! That were fause! Yer might 'ave fallen int' well in dark, like as not. Oh, I wish as 'ow you 'ad.

TOM. There's a lovin' speech!

ESTHER. Whatten you expect?

TOM. I thought as you'd a-loved me. (*The answer is silence.*) Yer memory's short, lass. Yer've forgotten old times, I see. I thought per'aps as you really loved me—(*ESTHER crosses her arms before her face and gives a sighing moan.*) Whatten is it, lass?

ESTHER. Tha knows that's true.

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TOM. I don't know so much o' that. Ye're fause enough when yer want a thing, ye're lovin' enough then. But yer wish I'd fallen int' well, indeed! I 'ear what yer says right enough. Tha's a vixen, tha is. I'm glad I'm not married to thee!

ESTHER. Tha coward!

TOM. None so much o' a coward! Tha's too much tongue—tha's do best content thyself wi' th' own old man; tha's not everybody's money. (*Heavy steps outside.*) 'Ullo, 'ere is t'measter. Tha'd best be quiet.

(*Enter WILLIAM, ESTHER'S husband, with ZACHARIAS BARKER and ALBERT DOLPHIN. WILLIAM carrying two bottles. The two men are already ever so slightly intoxicated.*)

ESTHER (*To TOM under her breath*). Doan't yer drink, lad.

WILL. Tha didn't wait for me at t'Green Dragon, Tom. Oho, I see! Thou come along 'ere. Old friend o' yours, Esther. (*ESTHER doesn't reply.*) I say, Zach, Tom's a old friend o' Esther's. 'E was lodger 'ere once, yer know. Then 'e tired of it. P'haps 'e come to warm it up again!

ESTHER. We give up keeping lodgers a while back, so I sent 'im away.

WILL. And for why, I'd like to know. A good thing, a lodger—keeps your 'and in wi' a bit o' work. Let's 'ave one again, I say. I b'lieve in earnin' a honest penny; I'm none o' your shamed-to-work chaps. Why shouldn't your wife do a bit 'elp to make things 'appy? Eh? 'Oo's always askin' for money? Let you earn a bit o' your own. Not done much good to me, Esther, 'ave you? So why should I keep you? You've no brats to 'elp keep me in my old age. I work for everything as comes into this 'ouse. You do a bit for yourself, missis! Listen 'ere, mates, let 'er take a lodger again. That's fair. Now ye're single men, and I ask yer either o' you, or little Olbert 'ere, to come and settle down and let 'er earn 'er keep. (*Loud "Haw, haw" from ALBERT.*) You could anyone o' you pay 'er ten shillings a week for your keep, and you could pay it to me. I could keep 'er out o' that. I'm tired o' maintaining 'er sour face.

TOM (*Who has been edging further away from ESTHER during this speech*). It's the duty of a 'usband to maintain 'is wife.

ZACH. Why don't you take 'er, Tom, 'stead o' Bill? She's your old friend. Eh, Esther, what you say to that? It makes a man comfortable to 'ave a missis. And you know all about Esther, she's a good missis, she is. Pity she should go begging.

TOM. 'Ave 'er yourself!

ESTHER (*In a tone of sudden passion*). 'Ow dare you make light! Go on with your drinkin'! (*Flings away.*)

WILL (*Catches her by the arm*). 'Ave a drop, lass, to show there's no ill feelin'.

"EDGE O' DARK"

ESTHER. Curse you, no. I'll not stay with you and your fou' talk. Where's t'candle? (*She lights a tallow candle and goes up the stairs to the room above.*)

WILL. There's the more for us. Come, both o' yer. And Olbert, where's Olbert? (*They all sit and begin to drink.*) This lad's a rare un, Jim. 'E's only workin' on t'pit bank as yet, but 'e earns a good wage, and 'e can take 'is glass like a man. Can give a good tip, too. I can't keep pace wi' 'is knowledge. 'E can make a book as well as anyone. 'Ow are things lookin' fer Donc'ster, Olbert?

ALBERT. I'll tell yer more about that to-morrow, measter. I'm not stayin' wi' yer long. I've to go right down to t'station to-night t'get a "Evening Star"—t'special wasn't out when I come up—and then I must go back again and meet Ted 'Awkins at t'Dragon. I'm busy t'night. But I'll tell yer goin' ter work to-morrow and we'll 'ave a bit of a game on, eh?

WILL. Ou, ay, we will that. 'E's the chap to get on wi', Zach, and as 'ard workin'!—actually goin' those miles to t'station int' dark to seek t'latest news. I call that a example. 'Ave another glass, Olbert.

ALBERT. Thank you, measter. What's up wi' your missis, she seems a bit off!

WILL. She's a bit nasty, that's all. It's very 'ard on a man to come 'ome at night and find 'is wife nasty. Sem't as though I couldn't please 'er when I came in, didn't yer notice? She gets worse and worse. You go and brighten 'er up a bit, Olbert.

ALBERT. Aw, aw, measter, I'm not ser brazen-soft. I'm tew young.

WILL. She is 'ard to please, and no mistake. 'Ow did you find 'er when you was 'ere, Tom?

ZACH. (*With a wink.*) 'E found 'er all right.

WILL. I'm askin' 'im; I don't want your 'umble opinion. Did you find 'er a little bit too particular?

TOM. She was and she wasn't.

WILL. She's got a nasty temper on 'er.

TOM. She 'as that.

WILL. I like a woman to be quieter like than her. She's too much spirit. My first missis was gentle, she was.

ZACH. 'Er that went off with Bob Marples?

WILL. Aye; but she soon found out her mistake. She came back again very soon and said she were sorry, so I forgive 'er. It were soft on me, but I don't regret it. It 'appen makes yer 'appier when they're dead if yer've been a bit soft. Yer see, I'd 'it 'er a bit 'ard one night when I'd 'ad a glass; and she 'adn't quite learnt 'er place then, and she took on something cruel. Women 'ave to be learnt their place or there's no comfort i' marriage. Bob 'e 'it 'er 'arder than what I did, so she soon found out what was best for 'er. Then I 'ad 'er back, and she was never no more trouble. I missed 'er when she died, poor

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lass, that's why I married Esther. But she's different, she is, she's a disappointment, Esther is. She's proud.

ZACH. That's a sinful fault.

WILL. Oh aye, it is that. In a woman it's the worst. Esther's a trial. She wants learnin' something. But I'm not the man I was, and I can't get even with 'er. It's a bit 'ard for a man 'o's getting on in years to 'ave sour looks every time 'e gets a bit companionable; no loving care and attention when e's not quite 'imself. I call it going against 'er marriage vows. It's five years back Esther and me went to church, and I've not properly mastered 'er yet. I wish you 'ad the trainin' o' 'er, Zacharias.

ZACH. Thank yer, Bill, I've all I can manage wi' t' bull pups.

WILL. You could 'ave 'er and welcome; train 'er, the bitch. *(Roars with laughter.)*

ZACH. I don't want no missis. I know too much about it.

ALBERT. Zach's like me; 'e's shy. 'Aven't yer noticed it before? P'raps 'e's 'ad no luck—not 'ansome enough. So it's spoilt 'is temper a bit. I shall have to go, measter.

WILL. 'Ave another drink first, lad.

ALBERT. Not me. Yer've got to stop it i' time if yer want to be on the make. I shall 'ave my drink after t'Leger's run—You trust me—I shall 'ave a night! Well, goo' night, Zacharias. Goo' night, Tom. So long, you old picter-post-card.

WILL. See yer in t'morning, Olbert. *(Albert goes.)*

(WILLIAM and ZACHARIAS are steadily growing more intoxicated.)

WILL. As I was sayin', Zacharias, she needs breakin' in. She's too proud. I'm too easy with 'er, and it's bad for 'er character. So there's just an offer like, between friends—you may take 'er, and I'll be thankful.

ZACH. I don't want 'er.

WILL. Yer needn't keep 'er for good and all. But she wants bringin' down. I'd like to see 'er shown reason. So there's a bargain.

ZACH. I don't care about 'er. She's more i' Tom's line!

WILL. Don't you bother, Tom's 'ad 'er. *(Knowingly.)* Tom's lodged 'ere. I wouldn't be be'ind-'and wi' 'im if I was you.

ZACH. 'E's drinkin' quiet, isn't 'e? 'E don't seem to be troublin' 'isself.

WILL. Why should 'e? 'E's 'ad 'is innings. Wot are yer sittin' with your face in the fire like that for, Tom? Got toothache?

TOM. Noa, Bill.

WILL. What yer doin' it for?

"EDGE O' DARK"

TOM. I suppose I was thinkin'.

ZACH (*With the braggadocio of drink*). Ho, I suppose you was thinkin' of your sweet'earts past and gone. Thinkin' so sadly. Almost makes a man cry! Say, Bill, Tom's fancied hisself above a bit with the women. And he's gettin' to feel p'raps he fancies hisself a bit too much for 'is years. It makes 'im glum. Now I'm not ser much older than Tom, and I've not lost 'eart and 'ope. Tom's a poor spirit. I'm none so fond o' the women, but I dessay they'd do wi' me. I don't know as a woman 'ud mind me so much, eh?

TOM. I dessay some on 'em wouldn't.

ZACH. Ho, ho, there's Tom a-givin' 'isself airs.

TOM. I'm none so full of airs. I'm wishin' I was a different man.

WILL. 'Ow different?

TOM. Oh, I dunno; some'ow as I could start again fair and fresh.

WILL. And 'ow would you do that?

TOM. I suppose likely as not I'd marry.

WILL. That's no great treat.

TOM. I'd 'ave a 'ome o' me own and 'a done wi' drink and women. They get too strong a 'old. But I like a comfortable 'ome. If I began again I'd 'a done wi' borrowing and lending.

(*Unperceived by the others ZACHARIAS slips away, and climbs the stairs with a drunken swagger.*)

WILL. For why?

TOM. I wouldn't 'ave a wife as took men.

WILL. My missis isn't that kind you'd oughter know, Tom. Not reglar. No, she's too pertickler.

TOM. Happen she's easier than what you think. (*Suddenly noticing ZACH's absence.*) Where's Zach?

WILL. 'E's where I sent 'im.

TOM (*With disgust*). I suppose 'e's gone for 'is turn.

WILL. She's too pertickler; she's proud. (*There is a noise upstairs.*) 'E's only where I sent 'im.

ESTHER (*Off*). Who's there? What yer want?

TOM. What's that?

WILL. It's Esther; she wants to be 'umbled, she does. I tell yer I sent 'im. (*TOM leaps to the stairs.*) That's it, is it? 'E's only 'aving 'is turn same as you. Why shouldn't 'e? She's too proud, she is. (*TOM has disappeared.*) 'Oo cares for 'er? Wanting to pick and choose and comin' to me for 'er keep.

ESTHER (*Off*). Tom, yer'll kill 'im!

WILL. Let 'er be 'umbled.

(*There is the sound of a scuffle, and angry voices. Then after a struggle a heavy body falls and pitches head-long down the stairs.*)

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TOM (*Off*). 'E's fallen! (*Rushes halfway down.*) Zach, man, get up! 'E isn't movin', Esther!

WILL (*In slow comprehension*). 'E's 'urt!

TOM (*At the bottom of the stairs, staggered, bending over ZACH'S body.*) It was a accident!

WILL (*After plucking at ZACH'S clothes*). 'E's dead!

TOM (*In panic*). 'E can't be. It was a accident.

WILL (*Sobered, deliberately*). 'E is.

TOM. Shall I swing?

WILL. 'Oo knows.

TOM (*With temper*). It was all along o' doing your dirty work.

WILL. It was all along o' interference. (*ESTHER, hurriedly dressed, a shawl round her, creeps down the stairs dazedly. She pauses once or twice and peers down. Arrived, she stops, and bends over ZACHARIAS' body with a look of curious horror.*)

WILL (*Brutally*). This time yer've done it.

ESTHER (*With a groan of tense fear*). Oh, oh!

WILL. Tom may swing.

ESTHER. Oh, is 'e dead?

WILL. Whatten you expect?

ESTHER. 'E is.

WILL. 'E's dead right enough.

ESTHER. 'E can't be! (*She tries to rouse and revive him, then stands up frustrated.*)

TOM. What are we goin' to do?

WILL. Tell t'police, of course.

ESTHER. But Tom, what about Tom?

TOM. It was a accident.

ESTHER. They'll take thee, Tom, tha must 'ide.

WILL. 'E can't 'ide. Who'd 'ide 'im?

ESTHER. Nobody needn't know it was 'im did it?

WILL. 'Oo else? Olbert's seen us all 'ere.

TOM. It was nothing but a accident.

ESTHER. They won't 'ang for a accident!

WILL. P'raps 'e'll only 'ave to go to quod. Any'ow I'm going for t' slop. It's only respectable to put it in 'is 'ands. I don't want to 'ave nowt to do wi' it. You've done it this time. It was all along o' you makin' such a fuss. It's a nice thing for a man to 'ave the police on 'im.

ESTHER. It's you who's setting them on.

WILL. It's my duty. You and me's witnesses, Esther. You can tell them as it was an accident, Tom, and we'll swear to't too. 'As 'e any money on 'im?

TOM. What you going to do?

WILL (*Feeling in ZACH'S pockets*). No good t' slops getting 'old o' that. I must go at once. They'll see 'ow long 'e's been dead like as not. They're so cunning.

"EDGE O' DARK"

TOM. Esther can tell them as 'ow I did it for 'er. It was 'er fault screaming. I pushed 'im and 'e fell.

WILL. You oughtn't to 'a screamed, Esther. See what yer've gone and done. Zacharias was only 'avin' 'is fun, same as all of us, poor Zacharias. Keep up 'eart, Tom, and we'll do us best get you off.

(He goes out, full of the importance of the occasion.)

There is a pause; then ESTHER seats herself, her back to TOM, up C. TOM stands down L. watching her. She apparently is watching ZACHARIAS' huddled body. After a few moments TOM breaks silence, evidently feeling the tension too much. ESTHER at first does not look round.)

TOM. Esther—Esther! Say summat, for God's sake!

ESTHER *(Slowly without turning)*. Is there owt to say?

TOM. Esther, tha must speak! It's so terrible still.

ESTHER. It had ought to be still.

TOM. I didn't mean to 'urt 'im, Esther, it's a terrible thing to 'a done. To 'ave a man's blood on my 'ands, and me not hating 'im even. It's an awful thing to 'a done. I feel like as if I durstn't face the law. It were short and sudden for 'im, too. Poor Zach! *(A pause.)* It were 'ard on Zach.

ESTHER *(Violently)*. Curse 'im.

TOM. Esther, you wouldn't curse a dead man!

ESTHER *(Turning and speaking with concentrated rage)*. I wish my curse could follow 'im. I wish I 'ad killed 'im.

TOM. I wish you 'ad, lass, before ever I did.

ESTHER *(With a shudder)*. 'E was a ugly little man. *(Drops her head, as if in heavy thought, then raises it again.)* I told tha tha'd kill him.

TOM. I didn't think—it was so sudden like.

ESTHER. You'd 'a killed 'im if you 'ad thought?

TOM. No, lass, I'm no killer. *(Another pause.)*

ESTHER. Tom, tha did do it for me? *(With a note of passion.)* For me!

TOM. Yes; curse you.

ESTHER. You only think o' Zacharias now.

TOM. O' course I do; 'e's dead.

ESTHER. You oughter be glad.

TOM. I'd no grudge against 'im.

ESTHER *(Slowly)*. And you wouldn't 'a done it for me if you 'ad thought.

TOM. Noa.

ESTHER *(With a change of manner, as of one who embarks on a fresh subject)*. I'm witness to 'is fall.

TOM. Yes, you saw 'im go down; you saw like as though it was an accident them stairs being there.

ESTHER *(Thoughtfully)*. Yes, Tom, I saw—I could 'ang you.

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TOM. How, Esther?

ESTHER. It seems like I could 'ang you p'raps if I swore what might 'a been true.

TOM (*Angrily*). 'Ow could you 'ang me?

ESTHER (*Purringly*). I'm witness; I could swear you were jealous o' Zach.

TOM. I never were. Do you think I'd be jealous o' Bill's old missis?

ESTHER (*In a velvet voice, ignoring insult*). You might 'a been jealous, Tom.

TOM. Damn thee, might I? I wanted thee once—and I got thee. Doan't forget that. (*He seizes her roughly by the arm.*)

ESTHER (*In the same voice, drawing almost imperceptibly closer*). I could swear, p'raps, tha wanted me still.

TOM. Who'd believe thee? Tha could, but what's thy word. I've left—long enough back.

ESTHER. Tha didn't leave willingly.

TOM. Tha can't prove it.

ESTHER. Tha left because I made thee.

TOM. It were because tha were jealous. Tha wanted me to think o' nowt and no one but thee. And all t'village knows I liked other lasses better.

ESTHER. I made thee leave; for I felt the shame on it once, I did.

TOM. There's the shame on it still for thee.

ESTHER. Supposin' lad, I've forgotten the shame on it now, 'avin' 'ad so much I'm 'ardened. Supposin' now I don't care?

TOM. Thou'd never disgrace thyself in the eyes of all—just for spite, just to 'ang me!

ESTHER. Thou never loved me as I loved thee. If tha 'ad I'd have kept thee. I wouldn't have minded the shame. But I couldn't be as cheap to go then. I were a little proud, I s'pose. I wanted to do right by Bill, I did. P'raps I'm cheaper now. P'raps I'm a worse woman to-night. Supposin' I did want Zach. Supposin' I don't mind now that fook should know what I am. Supposin' I should say now as I loved Zach. Isn't that a likely thing?

TOM. I don't see as it matters to me. I wouldn't care if it were true. It's thee as'll be shamed.

ESTHER. Supposin' I said as thou loved me—

TOM. 'Oo'd care? I say tha couldn't prove it.

ESTHER (*Pointing to ZACH's body*). Tha's proved it thysen.

TOM (*In horror*). Tha wouldn't do it, Esther! Tha wouldn't do that? I should swing, Esther. Tha'd swear away my life.

ESTHER (*Without looking at him, twisting her hands*). 'Oo cares for 'is life?

TOM. I do, Esther, I do. What 'ave we but our lives. It's a little short thing at best, Esther, and easy gone. Don't 'urry it away!

"EDGE O' DARK"

ESTHER (*Looking at the body*). It's quiet like when it's over.

TOM (*Shuddering*). It's cruel quiet!

ESTHER. It's ser different from living.

TOM. It's like summut as we don't seem to know. (*A pause.*)

ESTHER. Tha wants thy life, Tom? (*He assents with a heavy nod.*) I've wanted mine, God knows—wanted it always. I 'ad it that once. But now——

TOM. What, Esther?

ESTHER. Oh, I want it now, and more. I want mine, and I want——

TOM. What?

ESTHER (*Passionately*). I want thee, lad, I want thee.

TOM (*Slowly*). That's done and over a year ago, lass, tha knows.

ESTHER. I want thee.

TOM. Thou were shamed then.

ESTHER. I say I'm a worse woman to-night. I'm sick o' this misery, it's same as I'm clammin' all my life, lookin' and finding nothing. I want summat as is real, as is 'appy—a life as is a life. I've never 'ad it, never at all, but that one short while—and then I minded it because it were wrong. I don't mind any more. I must 'ave what I want—or I can't live, I can't care to go on. What's my livin' been ever, Tom?

TOM. It 'as been a 'ardship.

ESTHER (*Quietly*). If tha'd killed Zacharias for me I should know as tha loved me . . . but tha didn't!

TOM. Noa.

ESTHER (*Bitterly*). Tha killed 'im because tha didn't think.

TOM. Aye; that were it. Accident.

ESTHER (*Fiercely and sharply*). Tha knows I can kill thee.

TOM. Tha's no sense i' that, lass.

ESTHER. No, Tom, but there's punishment. It's been so easy for thee—knowin' me and forgettin'—comin' 'ere as light as light. I've born the edge of it all. Thou's never been punished for me as I for thee. It's all come so easy—like natur'—it's come to thee, oh so kind. And now happen things is changed; now, Tom, happen I might hang thee.

TOM. I were soft on thee once, lass; I were fond o' thee once. Tha needn't fling it back i' my face. Tha ended it thysen.

ESTHER. Not for my own joy, lad. I gave far more'n I got.

TOM. 'Ow was I to 'elp that? Thou shouldn't 'a done.

ESTHER. I shouldn't do it twice, never fear. I'm done wi' givin'.

TOM. See 'ere, Esther; supposin' I wanted thee, that's not all—there's other reasons—there's Bill.

ESTHER. Tha didn't think o' that before.

TOM. But thou did—and thou's 'is wife.

ESTHER. I'm done wi' Bill now. He's not my measter. I'll have nowt more to do wi' 'im.

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TOM. 'E's done no 'arm. That were a joke o' his only wi' Zacharias. It were nowt.

ESTHER. More shame to 'im then!

TOM. Listen, Esther. I can't keep a missis. I'm not i' good work enough.

ESTHER. I'm not so nesh as I'd mind——

TOM. But what about me?

ESTHER (*After looking at him slowly.*) Oh, I wouldn't 'arm thee, Tom. But 'appen after all we're best apart. But it's a pity thee come 'ere to-night—a pity for Zacharias. It 'ud be a pity for thee, but tha doesn't care, that's the truth. Anyone 'oo doesn't care isn't easy 'urt, I see. It's 'appy not to be too easy 'urt. (*Almost a moan.*) Is there anyone cares like me, I wonder; is there owt i' the world as cares?

TOM. Tha's too restive, Esther, tha doesn't let a man 'ave no peace.

ESTHER. Wot's peace!

TOM. Thou'll find it's summut as most on us have a fancy for.

ESTHER. Thou shalt 'ave it and to spare! (*She looks towards the dead body.*)

TOM. No, lass, not that! I didn't mean that! Tha wouldn't do it Esther?—tha wouldn't hang me?

(In his agitation he has gone on his knees and seized her by her dress. She bends forward and kisses him suddenly and savagely.)

ESTHER (*With a kind of fierce anguish.*) Thou shall 'ave peace fro' me! (*Wrenches herself free.*) I shan't break yer quiet, Tom! (*Backs towards the door.*)

TOM. Don't go, lass, don't! 'Ave pity! (*She has half-opened the door.*)

ESTHER. I 'ave none.

(She slips out.)

TOM (*Stands dazed.*) She dursn't do it. She wouldn't. She wouldn't swear false to 'ang me. She wouldn't make me swing. Oh, Lord! (*He covers his face with his hands, overcome with helpless fear.*)

(A woman's figure flashes past the window. There is a rattle at the latch and WILLIAM enters with the village policeman.)

WILL (*To Policeman.*) 'Ere you are! 'Ere's everything. There's Tom, and there's pore Zacharias; me and my missus is witnesses. You'd best go quiet, Tom, we'll do us best. (*There is a sound outside.*) Wot's that? Where's Esther?

TOM. She's gone, this minute. You must 'a met her?

CONSTABLE. We didn't. She should ha' stayed. Which way did she go?

“EDGE O’ DARK”

TOM. Down’t path I think, to meet you. She sem’t as though she meant to speak to you.

WILL. Wot was that noise I ’eard? (*Goes to window.*)

CONSTABLE. ’Ow far would she ’a got? I heard nor saw no one.

TOM. Only just down’t path, unless she’s still i’ t’ garden.

WILL. Happen—might she ’a fallen i’ t’well?

TOM (*With dawning comprehension*). Happen that might be!

CURTAIN.

Fause	.	.	.	.	Cute, cunning, sly.
Nesh	.	.	.	.	Tender, Sybaritish.
Clam	.	.	.	.	Starve, perish (?).
Happen	.	.	.	.	Maybe, probably.
Punishment	.	.	.	.	Pain, suffering.
Brazen-soft	.	.	.	.	Silly-impudent, or impudent-silly.
Summut	.	.	.	.	Something.
Edge o’ dark	.	.	.	.	Dusk.

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August Strindberg

By Austin Harrison

Autobiography

"The Bondwoman's Son"	} 1849-1888
"The Development of a Soul" or "The Author"	
"A Fool's Confession"	
"Divided" or "Fairhaven and Foulstrand"	1892-1894
"Inferno"	} 1894-1898
"Legends"	
"Alone"	1899-1900
"A Blue Book"	} 1907-1908
"A New Blue Book"	

NOT long ago I was walking on the sands thinking of the problem, the sanity of genius, and in particular how far a man was or was not to be considered sane, who could deliberately write in a work of serious autobiography that he "hated dogs, because they were the guardians of cowards who lacked the courage to defend themselves." And as I pondered upon what I considered to be evidence of the insanity of Strindberg, I came upon a little friend of mine, a sailor-suited boy of eight, with whom I fell into innocent sympathy and conversation. Presently a dog came along, heading straight for us, and when he saw it, my little friend clutched my hand and said these words, "O, here comes an old guardian dog. Look out! I hate dogs, don't you? They bite to defend their masters."

The identical thought, almost the same words, of Strindberg, even as I was doubting the possibility of his sanity! Here, then, was a normal little English boy of eight, agitated at the sight of a dog, precisely as Strindberg was, the man who, at the close of sixty years of the most stupendous intellectual activity, proclaimed (1908) as the *summa summarum* of life and its truth: "I do not know

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... life is a journey; there is a truth, but only in one place, with Him who is Himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

There is no truth. That, it would seem, was the conclusion of perhaps the most combative intellect and the greatest seeker after truth of modern times. Truth, Strindberg wrote, is "relative and may lie on both sides. Doubt, criticism, experiment—these are the main things; they alone are useful and help us, for they give Freedom: Formula, Programme, Certainty, System—these are the negation of Freedom, therefore they are foolish. But a man cannot even be a logical doubter, so long as he swallows Truths 'proven on conclusive evidence,' while class passion and the struggle for life and position corrupt his judgment."

Again, in "The Bondwoman's Son" he writes: "Why do men hate the doubter? Because doubt is development, and society hates development, for it disturbs its peace. Only the fool is certain; only the ignoramus believes that he has found the truth. Peace is happiness, doubt gnaws at a man's activity. Not to think, not to consider consequences—so the beasts and savages act, following blindly their lusts and instincts; and in this men are like to them."

Doubt, then, as he himself said, was the predominating trait in his character, with its inevitable characteristic and weakness, extreme "sensitiveness to pressure." It is well to understand this, for otherwise much in the man must remain unintelligible, and to the casual reader of such a work as "The Confessions of a Fool" utterly bewildering and incomprehensible. "To be or not to be?" Yes, it is the old tale—the tale of all knowledge, which is uncertainty. Strindberg was a Hamlet *plus* the robust conscience of Ibsen, a fighter unto the death, and again weak, morbid, naïve, a prey to vulgar visions and hallucinations, the *jetsam of modern life*, yet always a giant striking at the falsity and humbug of the world, and at himself the most relentlessly.

Three things strike one about Strindberg and his work. The problem of genius and sanity. The prodigious range, depth, and variety of his production. His dualism, the incessant struggle between his æstheticism and moral sense; the contrast, the astonishing paradox presented by the man held always in the grip of his own physiological rhythm, and his art, which, though springing

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from ethical and critical rather than from purely æsthetical inspiration, yet remained always true and intact. Thus we find him at fifty, after five years of despair, silence, illness, and unproductivity, when all Sweden thought the "fire and gall and soul" had gone out of him, blossoming out into ten years of literary activity, positively amazing in scope, quality, and quantity. The man was crushed—his creative power rose anew unimpaired. In those five years of mental suffering and prostration, Strindberg must have been as near to insanity as a man could go, yet when he began to write again his art was finer, softer, maturer, and some of the most beautiful and powerful things he produced were written after his recovery.

When he died he was only 64, compared with Goethe, who married again at 73, a young man. Yet he left some sixty plays, having destroyed others during a time of depression; fifteen volumes of short stories; seven autobiographical works; three volumes of poetry; four volumes of history; five volumes of science; nineteen volumes of studies, critical, literary, social, scientific, ethical and philosophical—a life of Protean achievement.

No man was ever more misunderstood, wronged, and belittled. He was attacked and persecuted, on the ground of religion, morality, and his attitude towards women. In Sweden, till quite recently, he had the reputation of being the most immoral man of his age. Rumour gave him wives, concubines, and illegitimate children by the score. He became ostracised, the victim of scandal, malice, and legend. To-day—now that he is dead, Sweden hails him as the "national conscience," as the very prophet and "symbol of the modern age."

That he was odd, intractable, domineering, headstrong, rebellious, inconsequent, impossible, is certain, as the most cursory facts about his life reveal. At the age of eight he seriously contemplated suicide, because of some precocious feeling of love towards a little girl he did not even dare to speak to; and throughout his life he seems to have made up his mind to kill himself on quite some half-dozen occasions. Again and again he left home, the University, his friends and his country. He was three times married and three times divorced. Driven on always by an intense intellectual curiosity, he studied almost everything, took

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almost every part in life open to a man, fighting all authority and always grappling with poverty. At one time he was a telegraphist, a journalist, a tutor, an actor, an official in the Royal Library, and even a painter. He studied Chinese and wrote a monograph which was accepted by the French Institute. He studied medicine and surgery; geology and astronomy, botany and natural history, philosophy, sociology, ethics, economics, astrology, Assyriology, mathematics; all kinds of languages, dead and modern; music; almost all forms of science; he experimented with the laws of perpetual motion, and in chemistry he actually made an important discovery. Starting from Romantic leanings, he became a materialist, a sceptic, a Symbolist. From robustious affirmation he passed on to negation, to mysticism, ending with co-ordination, to use his own word. In his calvary, his restless search after the truth, he accepted and rejected most religious dogmas and 'doxies, through freethought to mysticism, as in turn he was an individualist, a Socialist, a mystic, a Pietist, an agnostic; a rebel, a sociologist, an outlaw raging against the whole social fabric, a Symbolist, a preacher all his life—in the wilderness.

He never tired or stopped. He has himself in his autobiographical works—the most complete, truthful, and daring confessions of a man's life and suffering ever penned—told us that his life was a Hell, almost from the beginnings when first conscious of the poverty, the squalor, the misery, the hopelessness and the injustice of existence in his own home, he realised that he was a bondwoman's son. All his life he seems to have been haunted and oppressed by the idea and memory of it: his father's beatings; his infantile struggles for truth, sympathy, expression; his own sense of strangeness from his brothers and sisters; his love for his mother, who died when he was thirteen, leaving him with a void so full that he could never after look on a woman without seeing in her a mother.

In "The Bondwoman's Son" he has left a picture of his early life at home which will remain a testament for all time. "Life," he wrote, "received the child with duties, only with duties, never with Rights. The child could not touch anything without hearing that it was wrong; couldn't move without being in the way; couldn't utter a sound

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without being a nuisance. Its highest duty, its highest virtue, was—to sit on a chair and keep still."

The tragedy, of course, of genius in narrow and commonplace environment. In all literature there has been nothing written more pathetic, at once so revelatory and pitiful, as this account of Strindberg's early life, as later in "Inferno" and "Alone," the tragedy, sorrow and humiliation of a tortured human soul have never been so hideously portrayed. The real facts and faults as he could see them; the exact process of his development; the precise nature, cause and effects of his mental and moral torments; his striving and doubts, the psychology of the inner man; in short, complete, unashamed, faithful revelation—that is what he has set down in these autobiographical studies, and without question, taken as a whole, they form the most extraordinary human document to be read in any language, far surpassing the confessions of Rousseau, which no doubt inspired them.

He had the faculty, carried to an almost uncanny degree, not only of judging himself, but of being able to write about himself as of another soul, objectively. No doubt there are exaggerations, distorted views, bogeys of the mind and the imagination; no doubt, too, he sometimes mistook a truth for the truth—his spirit was too active for the detachment of the philosophical attitude; he was too prone to generalise, to assert rather than suggest—yet no man can read this exposure of a human mind, this baring of the very soul and shrine of life, and not realise their unconquerable honesty and significance. If only as a picture and criticism of life, of the mental sufferings of a sensitive child from infancy to middle-age, they must take a place in literature. As an observer, Strindberg was admitted to be a master. But they are more, much more, than that. In these books we see the implicit workings of a soul, as clearly as we probably ever shall know it, just as we may watch bees in a hive through a glass case. In a word, Strindberg, in revealing himself, has revealed also a new form of literature.

To the English mind, cribbed with artificial standards and conventions, these autobiographical studies may appear coarse and even repulsive, especially "The Confessions of a Fool," which Strindberg himself described as a "terrible

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book," and which was originally published without his assent and without his knowledge in Paris. It was written in French, conceived in a state of mind bordering on madness. We have Wilde who said "the moral life of man forms part of the subject-matter of the artist, but the morality of art consists in the perfect use of an imperfect medium." Ethical sympathy in an artist, therefore, is a "mannerism." The question is debatable, of course. The object of art is not photography: it is recreation, and this Strindberg himself laid down as axiomatic. To write, as he did, about a woman who had been his wife for thirteen years and borne him children, was brutal, in bad taste, unpardonable from any point of view of chivalry; but to suppress the facts, to depict his sufferings and obscure their cause was, from his point of view, equally wrong, unjust to the great cause of truth, for which his whole life and expression were sacrificed. There is obviously rancour in the book, hatred, a somewhat bilious outlook: it is distinctly unpleasant. But the book was not intended to be read singly. It is the complement to "The Soul's Development"; its personal complement, whereas the other is the objective and creative side. They are to be read as one. To use that book as a text to hurl anathemas upon Strindberg is unjust. As well single out the bawdy talk of Hamlet to Ophelia as conclusive evidence of Shakespeare's immorality. Its literary significance lies in its account of an intellectual man's emancipation from the obsession of sex.

That, however, is what happened to Strindberg, who, with his book "Marriage," had incurred the frenzied hostility of the feminist movement in Sweden, ending in a trial on a trumped-up charge of religious impiety, from which he issued triumphant as the leader of "Young Sweden."

But women rule mankind, and they never forgave him. From that moment he was a marked man. To understand the virulence, the ferocity, and the power of his traducers; one must remember that the woman's movement in Sweden was then in the full blast of sway and popularity. Most women were would-be Noras then. The light of Ibsen's revolting doll radiated from every petticoat in Scandinavia. It was against this feminism—emasculacy, as he called it—

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that Strindberg, the egocentric male, revolted. His own married life had been terribly unhappy. Biologically, he regarded women as the intermediary between man and the child. He would have none of it, and because he wouldn't his countrywomen turned round and rent him.

To accuse Strindberg of immorality, to stigmatise his work as amoral, as has been the fashion in Sweden, is not only grossly unjust, but demonstrably absurd. Strindberg was naturally, temperamentally, and instinctively a moral man, as his whole nature was deeply, if somewhat morosely, religious. That he was three times divorced means nothing—in Sweden marriages are dissolved with the same reckless ease that they are entered into. From the lips of one of his wives I have it that Strindberg was an absolutely "healthy, clean-thinking man, deeply affectionate, enormously fond of children, highly sensitive and sympathetic; a man who all his life loathed vice and riotous living and all forms of perversity. The man was as good as a child, and, like a child, spontaneous and somewhat irresponsible."

In all his works there is not an immoral thought, not a word, I do not hesitate to say, that was written frivolously, suggestively, basely or commercially, as so much of our modern fiction that passes our Libraries' standard of morality most certainly is. His love for his mother, for the eternal idea of motherhood; his feeling for nature and animals—and no man has written more intelligently and charmingly about them; his sketches of children—see his *Fairy Tales* and *Symbolic Plays*, the character of Eleonor in "Easter"; his sympathy—he has told us how as a boy he used to weep when his brothers and sisters did a wrong or foolish thing, how once in church he covered up his face with his coat because the choir were singing out of tune; the whole tone and purpose of his life's work—his insistence upon motherhood as the supreme function of woman; his plea, reiterated again and again in play and novel, for the sanctity of married life; his lifelong battle for the children, who are the "normal and indestructible link" between both parents—this is not the furniture of an immoral man. Read "*Sylva Silvarum*," "*Swanwhite*," "*Easter*," "*The Dream Play*," the great trilogy, "*To Damascus*," "*Christmas*," "*At the Edge of the Sea*," "*Little Studies of Plants and Animals*," "*Fisher Folks*,"

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"The Nightingale of Wittenberg," "The Link," "Inferno," "Legends"—the fact is, the morality of Strindberg was of too stern a stuff: he was essentially a Christian, sincere, original and courageous always.

The truth is that Strindberg must have been rather a bore with his furious truth and morality to women, always more apt than men are to accept as to break the standards of morality current and stereotyped, and if only Strindberg could have accepted his teacher, Buckle's, assurance that intelligence was a far higher thing than morality, which was a convention because not susceptible to development, he might have found some woman in the world who was unworldly and enjoyed the conjugal bliss he so passionately extolled and coveted. That is where his philosophy failed him.

The question of morality brings us to Strindberg's attitude towards life, and especially towards women, which was the cause of his intense unpopularity.

The keynote of his whole life was frankness, an absolute and brutal frankness. As a boy he was always seeking, intolerant of all restraint and authority. At school he fought a bigger boy who had bullied his little brother. Early in life he discovered that men were automatons, the slaves of routine, authority, and system; that philosophers considered their own special works as the only wisdom; that Idealists were mostly wild men or children; that poets were dreamers; that religious natures, with their perpetual fear of the unknown, were tyrants and ignorant. He read the old text-books of the professors and scholars, and found them to be out of date, many of them puerile, useless, reactionary. The standardisation of modern education and life offended his sense of justice and truth. Looking at the social state, his soul rebelled against the cant talked about the progress of society while the individual degenerated, becoming more and more a part of the machine, nervous and unhappy. How can a civilisation, he reasoned, which consisted of individuals, be happy, if its whole philosophy was to destroy its own parts, which are the individual? How can a civilisation be tolerated whose members are perpetually divided among themselves by class differences, class interests, and the inevitable misunderstandings which arise from them?

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The philosopher does not understand the economist, the economist does not understand the thinker, and neither of them understands the statesman. And this led him to his attack on culture, on the State, on punishment, on the whole conditions of modern society, on the Faculties and the Professors, and his early enemy, the wooden teaching of Latin. Looking back on life, he writes: "Thinking of my old home, I see bankruptcy, engagements broken off, unhappy love affairs, religious railings, a divided, quarrelsome household, want of sympathy between the children, unhappy and unwillingly-borne marriages, disease, evil times, poverty—all perfectly normal conditions." Of his teachers at school he writes: "One hanged himself, four went mad, two died of tuberculosis, some of them went to the devil, others disappeared; of the hundred school comrades I knew many are dead, some of them dying in prison, many had terrible afflictions and accidents, some of them ended in the streets as workmen and even lower."

This, of course, is Gehenna. Yet life is so—a battlefield of interests and conditions. It is a question of attitude, of truth, of the conception of what is progress, for, as we know, all is vanity in this world, and we are but the puppets of our own illusions. A man who saw life like that, who was congenitally incapable of believing or accepting what he held to be wrong, unjust, false or degrading, was not of the kind that bows down before inevitability or any law or dogma of tradition and privilege. The almost superhuman courage, aggressiveness, and earnestness of the man revolted against the grand sham of life and its thralldom. Life, he saw, was a network of contrast, contradiction, inconsequence, vanity, falsity, oppression and make-believe. The arch-rebel within him rose up against it. To attack, to be of some use, to help modify the wrongs and sorrows of life, to point out our weaknesses and failings, to insist upon the truth—such was his life's purpose. If he failed, he failed magnificently—perhaps chiefly because in this world of conflicting interests and forces it is not man's purpose to proclaim the truth, or, for that matter, even to discover it.

It may be granted that he suffered constitutionally from what the Germans aptly call *Gemütskrankheit*; which is to say that he was a pessimist, a bit of a grumbler, a chronic neuropathic. It is the sickness of the North. The dreari-

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ness of winter, the great forests, the distances between village and village, the loneliness, and again the long, white, neurasthenic nights of summer, conduce, no doubt, to the introspective nature of the Scandinavians, nearly all of whom are given to "a little Troll-ery," and a playful affinity with the supernatural. Strindberg, in his dual capacity, was both mystic and realist. This quixotic seeker after the truth, this man who could diagnose the morbid symptoms or aberrations of his mind with the accuracy of a physician taking his own pulse, yet fell a prey to psychic "experiences," which very nearly sent him out of his mind. At the crisis of his life he fell into the power of Nietzsche, Hartmann, Swedenborg, and even the French mystic, Sar Péladan.

It drove him to alchemy. He sought to solve the problem of the transmutability of elements. Paris, whither he went to find peace and understanding, gave him nothing, not even Bohemianism; he found there only—occultism. He saw things—lemurs, little people, strangers, grey ladies, faces. He had visitations; he saw portents; heard noises; things happened; his martyrdom in the Hôtel Orfila must always be one of the curiosities in literature. He became a subject to persecution mania. He would lie in bed with the sweat dropping from his brow in agony of repentance, introspection, self-torture, morbid imaginings. His life in Paris reads like the spookiness of Faust's interviews with the "Devil." He lived for five years, as he has described it with such infinite pathos in "Inferno" and "Legends," wandering in a very Hell of self-torture, despair and delusion. As he wrote in "Alone"—"Faith is a condition of the soul and not of the mind." Perhaps the really astonishing thing is that he recovered, that sense prevailed over sensibility. No doubt it was the fighting nature of the man that proved stronger than any physical or psychic condition. "Before all, I must hear and see," he wrote in one of his last books. That he was able to "see," able finally to drag himself out of the frightful mire of occultism into which he had sunk, is surely the most splendid tribute to his sincerity as to the man's intrinsic sanity.

His attitude towards women, which called forth such a vitriolic storm, and led to a veritable crusade against him in which all manner of utterly false insinuations and accusa-

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tions were made, is very definite, and is to be explained readily enough by the extraordinary trust, amounting to religious veneration, with which he started out as a young man to regard women, but which was continually shattered by his own unfortunate experiences and observations. Woman, to him, was the greatest illusion of his youth—it is an illusion common to many artists. As a child he loved woman as an ideal, and he grew up to manhood expecting to find it. Women were to have all the human virtues—honesty, truthfulness, etc.—all the intelligence and nobility of man. He stood thus on the same ground as Ibsen—the ground of common rights and equality. That he came to be a misogynist, that his plays and writings abound with such tigerish souls of women, is therefore perfectly logical. A passionate lover of truth such as Strindberg could never become what is called a “man of the world”: he could not take women lightly. He wrote about the types of women that he knew and saw, and he wrote about them so because they invariably fell short of the æsthetic illusion of his youth, because, like many an artist, he had himself so much of the woman in him.

There is no doubt, too, that what he called the “Norwegianism” of Ibsen goaded him, both as man and artist, to opposition. “There is a mental sickness in the Norwegian character,” he writes. He resented the intrusion of Norwegian literary ideas into Sweden, the invasion of Ibsen and Bjørnsen. He considered their ideas “provincial.” Sweden, he said, has no need of them.

But it was from the depths of his own delusion, disappointment, and bitterness that the animus grew. The Nora of Ibsen was leading, he felt, to a matriarchal system, to the subjection, in short, of man and his posterity. All the passion of æsthetic and moral injury blazed out in the man. From that time he wrote on an *idée fixe*. In his attitude towards women he was, no doubt, splenetic; he mistook a type for the type; whereas, of course, woman has as many types as she has faces. His central idea was the biological inferiority of women morally, mentally, and artistically; that, therefore, there could be no permanent platonic friendship between man and woman. The sexes, he held, were naturally antagonistic, and must remain, therefore, in opposition. The social state assigns different

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views, duties, interests to the sexes, whereas true friendship can only exist on the basis of similarity of interests and views. That being so, marriage is the only condition of friendship between man and woman, and that "only so long as the woman devotes all her interest to the family which the man works to maintain."

It began in the year 1872, when Scandinavian Feminism was everywhere breaking out, with the play "Olof," in which he showed that man and woman were incommensurable forces. But already (he was 23) the idea of the child as the bond between man and woman to which all personal parental differences were to be sacrificed, was the groundwork of his attack upon Matriarchy, the idea, that is, of the mother as the quintessential, the children being only of secondary importance. And with this idea as the *leit-motif* of his crusade, he aimed blow upon blow at "those selfish wives and mothers" who would put themselves before their natural function with its sublime responsibility to the family. "Frau Margit" was written directly against Ibsen, and failed in consequence. The storm broke out finally on the publication of "Marriage."

Strindberg's plea for the family was perfectly moral, even old-fashioned. Many people hold his views in many countries, probably the majority of married men do at this moment throughout the civilised world. But the ferocious counter-attack which ensued lashed him into frenzy and gave him a somewhat jaundiced perception. To us, his criticism of women has a peculiar and topical interest, for Strindberg in reality only stood up for what he considered to be the superior moral, creative, and intellectual force which is the male. He found that women did not tell the truth, that subterfuge, artifice, a natural pettiness, frivolity, superficiality, characterised most of the women that he came across—the results of centuries of bondage. Like many artistic natures, Strindberg had the naïveté of a child. He expected so much—he found women so frail; the man was pathetically, almost amusingly, unworldly.

It is always dangerous to tell the truth, and so Strindberg discovered. To the attacks he responded with a whole gallery of wives—the vampire woman, the bluestocking-cocotte—and again and again they are depicted in his plays and novels. All the same, the man was always an artist.

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He never transcended the limits of verisimilitude. His women are monotonously vicious, it is true, but such was his power of creation that they live in the memory like Lady Macbeth or the stupendous figures of Ibsen. The women in "Father," in "The Dance of Death," in "Comrades," in "The Stronger," "Fräulein Julie" herself—these are people who live with the actuality of life. To deny the reality of these portraits is to ignore and deny life.

In extenuation, in explanation, his love for his mother and for children must be insisted upon. There is a little passage in "Inferno" where he describes his meeting with his child, after he had been divorced, which shows how deep, how pathetic his love was. Yet it was his fate to deny himself. Though he attacked matriarchy, woman, he always held that no child should be taken from its mother. Thus he lost all his own children. So evil meets evil, as he himself admitted, "There is always and ever a punishment."

It was Strindberg's ferocious sense of truth and justice, and of a higher morality that brought him into conflict with women whose very "femininity" proclaimed their inferiority. Disillusioned, he wrote about women like George Gissing—he was essentially a woman reformer. To bring his ideal about, he held it necessary to tear off the cloak that has enveloped civilised woman since the chivalry of the Middle Ages.

Broadly speaking, the significance, the office, of Strindberg in his day was diagnosis and purification. No man ever described the life and conditions of his time more vividly or discerningly. His historical works may not contain any new data; from the German dry-as-dust point of view they are poor stuff, but they are extraordinary pictures of the times. His versatility was a weakness, no doubt, while good judges have deplored his incursions, based chiefly on intuition and speculation, into the labyrinths of scientific specialisation. The works he called "Blue Books" are none the less monuments not only of astounding industry and criticism, but unquestionably of real and enduring value. Here are a few of the subjects he wrote upon: spectral analysis, mathematical certainty, Radium, the physiology of plants, the Queen Bee, the Mesopotamian language, a Korean papyrus, hieroglyphics, the chemistry

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of cholera, meteorology, the sources of the Bible, Hegelian Christianity, night-owls, larvæ, King Lear's wife, the symbolism of water, snow-flowers, indigestion, accumulators, day stars, anthropomorphology, telepathy, projection, ghosts, witches, biological analogy, the magnetic needle, indigo, the composition of iodine, the formation of atoms in crystals, quicksilver, electro-chemical equivalents, chess, the paw and the human hand, serum-plants, morphia, jungle fever, black science, insects as botanists, the unknown influence of quinine, optical illusions, organic fermentation, materialisation, Hebraic research, subjectivity, molecules, the cries of birds, the laws of Hammurabi, and what not—certainly the most curious collection of jottings, apophthegms, scientific pronouncements, speculative and polemical *obiter dicta* to be found anywhere.

As dramatist he must surely rank in the modern world second only to Ibsen, in "The Dance of Death" perhaps even surpassing him. He gave a new art to the theatre in the one-act play, and founded a theatre where there were no footlights, and, in place of scenery, curtains.

That he raised the Swedish language to the utmost potency of power and beauty is generally admitted by his countrymen. But as much even as artist, Strindberg must be regarded as a prophet. Unerringly he laid his finger on the weak spots in the social community, unflinchingly he revealed them. He tapped the body politic and the souls of man something like Bernard Shaw, only he was a Shaw in bitter earnest, whose weapon was a flail. In England, possibly, he is never likely to be widely read, but then neither is Ibsen nor, for the matter of that, is our own great writer, Conrad. Yet his influence must simmer through despite our censorship and trade tutelage, and when it does it cannot leave things as they were. Both on our drama and our fiction the work of Strindberg will have its effect: has, in fact, consciously or unconsciously, in the new form of revelatory novel, such as "Tono Bungay" and "The New Macchiavelli," by Mr. H. G. Wells. He stood, like a Biblical Hebrew seer, for the male; in these days it is perhaps as well that there should be such a man. Throughout Europe already his influence has been long felt, his greatness universally admitted.

If we are sadder, we are also wiser when we lay him

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down. He is the herald, unquestionably, of a freer and probably truer attitude to life, as in art he has been an innovator, a builder, and a reformer. Not long before the end Gordon Craig told me he saw him, a figure of "extraordinary grief—for it was not mere gloominess or sadness, but positive grief—strolling about the most disordered room imaginable like a fine lion, with this difference, that he was calmer." And when Craig said to him, in reply to a question, that he knew no one in Stockholm, the old man smiled and his face lit up with fire. "Ah," he said, "you are like me—nor do I."

Freethinker, atheist, fatalist, half Catholic, half theosophist, and again a Christian, a symbolist rather, hopeful, yet doubtful to the end. His attitude towards religion at the close of his life may be epitomised, as he would seem to suggest, in the last pages of "Alone" in the simple formula, "I say nothing. I know that my Redeemer liveth."

The fact is, Strindberg lacked the calm necessary to philosophic reflection. His wisdom was a perpetual will-o'-the-wisp—he saw like Hogarth. In this world doubt, carried to its logical extremity, leads inevitably to negation; without Faith there can be no rest and no happiness. And Strindberg could never accept. His was the very spirit that always denies, and so the spirits that he conjured up consumed him. He paid the penalty of all universality. He tried to know everything, too much; he found that there was no exact knowledge, that things were never what they seemed. The very truth that he set out to find, that he spent all his life seeking and winning to, turned out to be in itself a chimera, a hydra of confusion and illusion. Perhaps he was too much in earnest—his work is conspicuously lacking in light and shade, in humour, though not in wit, as on the other hand it is free from all sentimentality and all concession to artificiality and popularity. No man ever wrote with a more splendid honesty. But always he saw life dramatically, critically, tragically. As he would take no knowledge as proven, nothing handed down for granted, so, too, he could not accept even the frailties of our poor humanity. Laughter holding both its sides was a conception foreign both to the man and to his art. With his enormous ambition, vanity, and lust for knowledge, he could see nothing in the world that was not serious. To

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the very last he seems to have regarded life as a punishment, as a "Hell"—this thinker with his stupendous industry, learning, intuition, and critical faculty, apparently oblivious to the fact that the great majority of men and women are happy, and that the riddle of this life is our optimism.

Characteristically, he writes of humour, "What is it? Is it serious or a joke? Then what is a joke? It is man's weapon to cover up his thoughts. In humour the double nature of man is reflected: the natural indifference of his being as against artificial codes of morality, Christian sighs over immorality. Humour speaks with two tongues: that of the Satyr and of the Monk. . . . It is transitory, an artifice. The great minds of to-day have put by that wand and dissemble no longer: they say now what they have to say straight out."

Well, that was practically what Bergson said the other day, some fifteen years later, about Laughter, which he described as a "social gesture." We laugh, tragically, almost every day of our lives—to hide our sorrows, ourselves. The smile of woman is her natural armoury of deception and dissimulation. We in England may be wise in refusing to grow up, in our worship of laughter, but it does not follow that therefore Strindberg is wrong. It is a matter, again, of attitude. Strindberg the sceptic saw life grimly. Intolerant of all humbug, falsity, convention, and slavery, he was as the very High Priest of earnestness and morality. And because he could not accept, could not cackle and fawn with the multitude, could serve neither Man nor God nor the Devil, life mocked and trampled upon him. He is one of the great tragic figures in the world's literature, epic in his battle and the Nemesis which overtook him. And if we are to seek a reason we can find it readily enough. It is this very blindness of his own intense earnestness. He who delved into almost all the problems of this life, who in his plays and writings has depicted men and women with a truthfulness only rivalled by the greatest masters in literature, who fretted the whole gamut of wisdom and knowledge, failed precisely there where life is simplest and noblest—in the possession of his own soul. The foremost individualist of the age was the victim all his life of illusion and delusion, and

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at the end bowed down to Symbolism. The ego failed him, materialising into a spirit that was his own Fury and tormentor. *There is no Truth. There is no Superman.* That would seem to be the lesson of his life. What he could never see, what he never attained to, was acceptance. Happiness, even as an idea, he hardly seems to have understood. Yet it was not Love that failed him. In one of his last plays he wrote: "I love my fellow-creatures; therefore I fear them"; and the saying is characteristic. It is a contradiction: in love there can be no fear. Probably the good exceeds the evil in this world, just as the sum of human happiness exceeds its misery. For there is happiness always, everywhere, otherwise there could be no life. To deny happiness is to deny oneself. Goethe, at any rate, was surer in his wisdom:—

"Lerne nur das Glück ergreifen
Denn das Glück is immerdar."

NOTE.—This paper will be followed in December by an appreciation of Strindberg's plays.

For Cross or Crescent

ONCE more war has broken out, just when nobody was expecting it, and if ever war had an ethical, national, or political justification, assuredly this crusade of Western Christianity *versus* the anachronism of Mahomedan rule in Europe has such a morality, and must fain elicit our sympathy. It has been foreseen, talked about every spring, become an inevitable issue ever since Gladstone's challenge to the Turk in the name of humanity, words which till the eve of the Boer War re-echoed in Europe to the honour of England, and Bismarck characteristically replied to with his cynical remark about the Pomeranian Grenadier. This war is the logical conclusion of Abdul Hamid's Oriental *régime*. It is the purging of a system that was antiquated and evil in civilisation, prior to a fresh start in the interests of no less than four peoples, who for a whole decade at least have deliberately and religiously prepared themselves for freedom.

Not that it is our business to rail against Mahomet. We English like the Turk individually, because he is a fighter, a picturesque fellow, a man we get on very well with; moreover, politically, he is useful to us. We like his country, his Constantinople, and we sympathise with the fez, just as we abuse Americans for lynching negroes and, ourselves, preserve the colour line in India with a severity that is quite unknown in the States. But there we stop. Ethically, there is no nexus between our civilisation and Islam, which in the past two centuries has produced no work of art, or any other contribution human, spiritual, æsthetic, or intellectual, for the Turk cannot even claim the Greek E of Hagia Sophia, and the only part of his capital which is habitable is the European portion, which is less Turkish than Belgrade.

Dispassionately, critically, humanly viewed, no Western people can have the smallest reason for supporting Turkey

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in her struggle with the Christian Allies, except on the purely materialistic ground of political interest, which in this case would be craven. All statesmen are agreed that Mahomedan Turkey has no right of rule in modern Europe, as that if civilisation has any meaning at all, it is therefore entirely fitting that European nations who have the will and the means to govern themselves should be at liberty to do so. Technically, no doubt, the Italians were wrong in attacking Tripoli, but humanly and morally they were right, because the Turkish occupation of the country denoted stagnation both economic and ethical, whereas Italian colonisation carried with it at any rate the assurance of some attempt at progress and prosperity, which doubtless will shortly be as happily demonstrated and so justified as has been our occupation of Egypt.

The Italian war was the first step towards the overthrow of Turkey in Europe, and had the Turks only grasped the elementary lessons of that warning, they would have immediately granted the reforms demanded by the small Powers in the Balkans, and thus for a while have postponed the shock that has now fallen upon them, and must inevitably lead to their complete expulsion and defeat. Unfortunately it is the doctrine of Islam to "do nothing." What is inevitable is inevitable; that being so, procrastination was no longer even a policy. The one thing the Balkan peoples could do, and have been preparing to do for years, they have now done, and it only now remains to be seen how quickly they will accomplish their task, for that Turkey will be able to hold her position is scarcely even to be reckoned as a possibility, considering the chaos of her government within and the unflinching determination and preparedness of the opponents she is now compelled to meet from without.

It is, of course, absurd to vaticinate about war. This, however, can be said. The Turks have not been preparing for it, have not foreseen it, have not recently taken any special military measures or precautions in European Turkey to repel attack or invasion, have neglected their

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defence, just as they neglected to reply to Italy before her war and to the Balkan States before theirs. So much is certain. On the other hand, with the Christians the war is a crusade. For years Bulgaria has been preparing for war. Her officers have been trained for it in Continental armies; the whole country has systematically and collectively fortified itself for the solution; it may be said that the whole army is inspired with religious and national enthusiasm, and that they are out to die or win. Much the same spirit exists in Serbia. In Montenegro the men are natural soldiers, and they have a long score to wipe off. So has Greece. In a word, the Allies are fighting for religion, home, and country, not for any merely military symbol of honour and patriotism, conquest, or artificial halleluiah. Every man of the Allied Forces who has taken up his rifle understands, believes in, is proud of his cause; knows, too, that defeat means ruin.

It is not a question of mines, boundary, dogma, princely grievance, or financial advantage. The Allies are fighting for everything that men are taught to hold dear—their God, their nationality, their language, their civilisation, their flag, their liberty, and the very colour of their skins. It will need a lot of Turkish strategy, bravery, and leadership to roll back an army fighting with a spirit such as that. Those who know the chaos of modern Turkey cannot expect it. In all probability the Turks will be swept back into Constantinople, and there probably the business will end.

There, without a doubt, diplomacy will step in, for the question of Constantinople presents difficulties and possibilities of European magnitude. For the moment that need not concern us, though probably, in the event of Turkey being driven back into Asia, the wisest course would be to neutralise Constantinople, giving Russia free access through the Dardanelles, which is a right long due to her, the Powers guaranteeing to maintain a neutral zone running up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea open to all nations and capital. The war, certainly, will not leave

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things as they were. The overthrow of European Turkey must raise new conditions, new interests and complications, among them, from our point of view, being the defence of Egypt, which will have to be very much strengthened, and the whole question of our Mediterranean strategic policy as to whether we are to maintain a force in those waters able to cope with the offensive of any two-Power combination, or rely upon the strategy of corking it up, which, with Gibraltar, of course, we are very well able to do.

Then there will be the German point of view, the Austrian interest, and lastly the Russian interest, for with the establishment of a powerful Balkan military Federation in the middle of Europe a new balance of power will have been created, which cannot be regarded as a fresh stimulus to the idea of European brotherhood and peace, and may yet bring about a reshaping of the European grouping of Powers. This war has once more shown the danger of a halting policy, the suddenness with which modern war breaks out, and the conspicuous want in Europe of the big diplomatic figure. Thus the curious paradox was seen of the Christian Powers seeking to restrain the smaller Christian Powers from attacking Turkey: so pusillanimous is modern diplomacy, so far has England, at any rate, drifted away from the great times of Gladstone and the grand tradition of English statesmanship.

In Persia we have allowed Russia to possess herself of all the Northern territory, including all the fat parts, the big towns, the fertile portions, reserving to ourselves merely a zone in the South, which is a desert. To those who remember the attitude of England in Gladstone's days the apathy of our public men and very notably of the Church in the presence of the war that has now broken out is significant and not altogether reassuring. Either we don't care, or we have no longer any statesmen who can make us care. The shame of Turkey's maladministration in Europe has long been admitted, deplored by all cognisant of the conditions in the Balkans, yet for a moment just

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before the outbreak of hostilities there were ominous signs of English hostility to the Christian cause, as when, in the grip of greed and commercialism, we, the Puritans and Protestants of the world, poked pawky fun at President Krüger because he read the Bible.

The only thing that can be said for it all is that as no other first-class Power seems to show any particular initiative or to possess any strong man, perhaps no great harm is done if we are as timorous and as unenterprising as the rest. The real fact is that as idealism dies out of civilisation—and it is vanishing almost as rapidly as Turkey out of Europe with the Churches and a great many other ideas and conventions—diplomacy becomes, and perhaps must become, more and more material, sordid, and commercial, as at the same time less the expression of the people's will as of a small and secret authority. Very few Englishmen knew what the Crimean War was about, or even the Boer War, which was accepted as the revenge for Majuba. Hardly a Russian peasant knew why he was sent out to fight Japan, but every soldier in the Balkans knows why he is fighting the Turks.

In many ways this war is a lesson in the cause of civilisation, proving yet again the truth of the old French saying that the more things change *plus c'est la même chose*. Turkey's sole claim to rule in Europe was the right of force, the power she established there by conquest. Her presence in Europe was a perpetual wrong, anachronism, and incentive to intrigue and rebellion, and, as a fact, Abdul Hamid lived, it may be said, on the former, while counting on the timidity of the European Powers to prevent the outbreak of the latter. Yet in spite of the timidity of the Powers, the growing apathy of peoples, and all the diplomatic nightmare talk of European conflagration, the little peoples have at last taken the fatal step, and at once the illusion of what is called the Balkan imbroglio vanishes into a world's admiration for their courage and achievements. From Berlin not even an epigram has come. Russia, who never prattles, is, as

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usual, biding her time. Paris is "mad" about the male chorus of some English musical comedy performing there, and not at all seriously concerned about the Balkans; as for England, only one Bishop has spoken on behalf of Christ's soldiers in the Near East, though some clerics made a terrible noise when an English pugilist wanted to box the nigger, Johnson.

All that political, diplomatic part of the illusion has gone quite flat. Once more we see that the will to live invariably enjoins the right to live, and that nations, like individuals, who have the power have also the justification to enforce it. These recent years the big Powers have taken little heed of the progress, the preparation, the steady ripening, of the little Balkan States, and now suddenly Europe is confronted with a new and unexpected military force which most certainly has come to stay. We see once more that preparation for war is essential to a nation's being and continuity, just as we shall probably have to confess soon that the lack of it in Turkey has led to her discomfiture.

We see, too, that despite the commercialism of the age, the growing love of luxury, the selfishness of modern life, ideals are still infinitely more powerful than institutions, as to our great surprise we find the somewhat despised little States of Europe uniting in one supreme effort to throw off the yoke of Turkey, which the big Christian Powers have all these years, to their enduring shame be it said, assisted to maintain and perpetuate. It is the lesson of youth and of life. The big Powers, the older men of Europe, are timorous, look only at themselves, pay little heed to those beneath them, to the youth growing up at their feet, hoping that things will remain as they are, whereas in life things never do remain as they were, and never even are what they seem. So the mighty European condominium which the civilian has been given to understand watches over peace and war and sits primarily to keep the little peoples with their awkward policies and ambitions in check, looks on, says and does nothing, and, moreover,

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can do nothing without lighting the sparks of international jealousy which might set Europe by the ears.

The big condominium, in fact, looks rather small in the face of this Christian crusade, feeling itself to be, what it essentially is, a mere convention of authority which in practice is impotent. We hear that Paris and London are agreed, that Austria and Russia are in complete accord, that Germany is resigned, while the fact is they have to be. Beyond diplomatic identical notes, they can do little. Peoples who mean to fight will always fight, like individuals. The only way to subdue force is greater force, and that is perhaps the last thing the condominium collectively is minded to employ. Besides, from any human point of view, it is no business of theirs if the Christian Powers wish to try a throw on the mat with Turkey. What, on the other hand, is quite certain is that, if one of the big Powers was to intervene, a situation would arise in Europe chaotic enough to stagger even the genius of Napoleon.

Another lesson we may draw from this war is the dramatic swiftness of the unexpected, as we saw it in the Russo-Japanese outbreak of hostilities, and in our crisis following on Krüger's offensive, and in the Italian descent upon Tripoli. We never thought the Boers would dare to fight us, nor did the Russians think the Japanese would dare, nor did the Turks think the Balkan States would, so prone is mankind to optimism, so little-wise and short-sighted are most politicians, and, for that matter, most military authorities. There is always the rut, the "leave it to me, old chap," of the man in power, the curious inadaptability of men to consider and weigh up new conditions and potentialities and to admit the force of the unknown. Yet every Empire known to history has fallen and dispersed; the greatest military nation that the world has knowledge of deteriorated into luxury and effeminacy, overthrown finally by a horde of savages. No State, no knowledge, no Power has ever yet been permanent. Though change, renovation, is the law of life, men still persist in admitting only the present, so that he who is the ruler of the hour is

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to-morrow a mere beggar, like the fellow in the play *Kismet*.

Against the rust of Turkish fatalism, the Allies are pitting the whole force and preparedness of hope, which is the great well-spring of this life's endeavour, whether of the mind or of peoples. The fatalism of Islam knows no hope. As an ethical and mental power, it has stopped the clock of life's development for a creed which recognises only existence. That it has been allowed to stay in Europe all these years is only another proof of the pettiness, the cowardice of men; yet now that it has been challenged, it is hardly conceivable that fatalism can strike back the march of progress, can stem the hope of civilisation that has at length been roused and must now attain to realisation.

There is no need to abuse the Turk, of course; still less to shriek Christian platitudes that few people seriously entertain to-day and that most of us feel to be hypocritical. But if war has any philosophic justification at all, this must be held a more moral one than any that has taken place since Wellington led the Allied Forces to put an end to the rapacity of Buonaparte. As the issue of it we shall probably be confronted with a new and powerful Balkan State Federation, which, sooner or later, must gravitate towards one or other of the Great Nations in a way calculated to upset the present balance of power and so again jeopardise the peace of Europe. Another great military people will be established in Europe, a stratocracy like Germany, who will be driven closer than ever into the Alliance with Austria. For even if the Allies fail themselves to drive the Turks back into Asia, it is impossible that the *status quo* can be restored. The sway of Turkey in Europe ended with the advance of the Bulgars into Thrace. Whether victorious or defeated, the Allies must win now to their autonomy and ambitions, for to reimpose Islam upon Christianity after a struggle such as this is not a policy within the competence of even the commercial condominium.

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A truly wise Turk would see this, make an honourable peace, and clear out, thereby giving testimony to the world of a courage and nobility that would endear the Crescent to all the peoples of Europe as a worthy pendant to the Cross; but so "young" a Turk is not destined to appear. Our big Powers' trouble will begin at Constantinople. We have certain interests to safeguard there—the military defence of Egypt, the land way to India, &c., &c. : as a fact, Russia holds the key to that situation, and the question will arise as to whether she is to have it. The best plan would be to hand it over to America, who would, no doubt, transform the Bosphorus into an Arcadia of cosmopolitan wealth and gaiety, and so give the Americans a port and coaling station in Europe, which they are much in need of. Failing that, the alternative is to hand it over to Russia, in which case we should have enormously to strengthen the Mediterranean Fleet and, at once, set about building a special naval arm for those waters independent of the force it is now imperative for us to keep in permanent position in the North Sea.

The prospect is not altogether consoling, but there it is, and it has arisen because, having no Army we could use in Europe, and practically being the only nation who would face war for an ideal not our own, we have stood by until the thing has happened "of itself," and must now take the consequences. It is not to be supposed that Russia would permit the Allies to take Constantinople, so that when the contingency arises our Foreign Office will have to be a little more venturesome and successful than it was over Persia, or we shall suffer another diplomatic defeat, which is a joke we cannot afford.

We may be quite sure of this. At the conclusion of peace there will be established a new homogeneous military Power in Europe, with all its attendant interests and potentialities, turning Europe into a continent of armed nations, not one of whom, singly, we could even venture to oppose on land, thereby throwing us more and more back on the defence of our Navy. The new force will alter the balance of power in the Mediterranean, Italy, for one thing,

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having now the coast line of Tripoli, and Italy being still a member of the Triple Alliance. We talk of war dying out, but if we remember that within the last twelve years England and Russia have had the greatest struggles in their history, that Italy has been at war, and that now again all the Balkan States are at war, while three times France and Germany and England and Germany have stood on the very brink of hostilities—it would seem futile to place much hope in humanitarianism or any idea of general disarmament. This war will bring us once more before the problem we refuse to face—conscription or an enormously increased Navy. If we decline to grapple with it, then, when the hour comes, we shall have to say with the Turk who is now being whipped out of Europe, “Allah, Allah, there is no God but Allah.”

Mr. Lloyd George and the Country

By Lisle March Phillipps

WE must all agree that, with the opening of the land and housing questions, the main action between the two parties, beside which all contests hitherto have been mere affairs of outposts, commences; and we must all be agreed that with this action it is necessary to take the whole Liberal strength. Shall we do that the way we are going to work? The only effective strength of the Liberal Party is the popular support it can count on in the country. What steps are being taken to secure that support? Various conferences and controversies of a more or less official character have taken place in London among the leaders and prominent supporters of the party, and a secret inquiry, in the conception of which the official intelligence is portrayed to the life, is, we are given to understand, being conducted in the villages. So far it looks as if it were intended to rely on official inspiration and official machinery. No one seems to ask what part the people are to play in the business, or whether and by what means their interest is to be enlisted. Yet, after all, that is the vital question. Presumably the Government thinks it has been sent to Westminster, not to carry out the will of the people at all, but to legislate "for the people's good." It was in that spirit that it went to work with the Insurance Act, passing it first and explaining it afterwards. A little more of that sort of thing, and the Party will be irretrievably ruined.

The position of the Government is this: it is as full of energy and as full of worthy schemes as ever, but its vitality is impaired owing to the fact that it has undergone, or is undergoing, the usual transformation which awaits all Governments—the transformation from a representative to an official system. Quietly as it comes about, this is a change subversive in its nature of the very idea of self-government, and utterly destructive of the whole theory of

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Liberalism. For it must be remembered that Liberalism is far less a question of the substance of laws than of the origin of laws. We are apt to think of laws of a certain kind—laws enacted for the benefit or enfranchisement of the people—as Liberal in their own nature, and they are so in that they tend to promote and further the cause of Liberalism. But even though tending to promote Liberalism, they need not be Liberal in essence. Liberalism is a matter of origin. A measure originating in a popular demand is what we call a Liberal measure. Its Liberalism is determined not by its own contents, but by the fact that it expresses the people's will. This ideal of liberty translated into terms of politics means the right of the people to govern themselves, and Liberalism, in so far as it is true to its own nature, is the political expression of that right. To the extent only, therefore, that a measure expresses the popular will is it Liberal. A law limiting the franchise passed by the people would be a Liberal law. A law extending the franchise passed by a despot would be an il-Liberal law. In a word, the Liberalism of a measure is to be gauged by the volume and extent of the popular demand that went to the framing and conception of it, for to that extent only does it embody the self-governing instinct of the people. Here lies the common, fatal error of official Governments. Such Governments always incline to the belief that Liberalism consists not in the origin of a measure, but in the measure itself. The Insurance Act, we are told, is a Liberal Act because it tends to promote the welfare of the people. The answer is that the Insurance Act is an il-Liberal Act because the people had nothing to do with the conception of it, and because it was not even explained to them until after it became law.

No point in politics is more curious and subtle and needs more careful watching than the gradual change in the character of a Government consequent on its forgetfulness of the fact that Liberalism is a matter of origin. Fully persuaded that the Liberalism of a measure consists in its contents, it never occurs to it to doubt that it can itself originate measures genuinely Liberal in their nature. You would astonish it considerably were you to explain that the endeavour to enact Liberal laws in such a manner was a totally absurd and inconsistent one. You would exas-

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perate it still further were you to go on to point out that any Government adopting such a method of legislation had become an instrument of tyranny. Yet this is actually the case. Governments which enact laws on their own authority are despotic Governments. It makes no difference of what character the laws are. There have been plenty of benevolent despots. It matters not that such Governments speak in the name of liberty, and have all the old appeals and watchwords on their lips. The determining fact is that they originate laws themselves, and that those laws are in no sense the expression of the people's instinct for self-government.

This is how we stand at present. The Government has undergone the transformation common sooner or later to all Governments, and has petrified into an official organisation and an affair of what is called political "machinery." It concocts a new law for the electorate in much the same spirit that a nurse prepares a dish for a fractious invalid. It was thus that the Insurance Bill was evolved, and apparently it is to be thus that the even more important land legislation of the near future is also to be developed. The people know nothing of what is in preparation. The Government is evidently quite prepared to go on producing "Liberal" measures without end, as a conjurer produces guinea-pigs out of a hat; but, unfortunately, these measures, though Liberal enough in themselves, yet, not being Liberal in their origin, excite little popular interest. In proportion as the Government becomes automatic and official in its procedure does the public become listless and indifferent to its designs. The spectacle is curious and full of instruction. At every political meeting political orators extol the performances of the greatest of Governments. Its achievements are interpreted in every tense, and what it has done, is doing, and is about to do is described and extolled with inexhaustible fervour. Oddly enough, the one small, all-important fact is always overlooked that all this so-called Liberal legislation, being in its nature official and not the expression of the popular will, is not really Liberal legislation at all. The people, however, with the instinct which never fails them, are more awake to the situation than the politicians. Without being aware of the nature of the evil, they pronounce by the cold indifference of their demeanour

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their verdict on its effects. To the official mind their conduct is only explicable as one more example of popular fickleness and short-sightedness, but to anyone who has the capacity to fathom the nature of the national ideal, it provides another instance of the depth and truth of the judgment of the people.

Is there any remedy for this estrangement which is taking place between the electorate and the Government? Can this lost contact be restored? The evil will not be met by denying its existence. It is idle for Liberal newspapers and orators to make light of bye-elections and talk optimistically about the future of unimpaired usefulness which the Government still has before it. The fact that the popularity and prestige of the present Administration are waning is known to all those to whom facts are capable of appealing. What it has to fear is not the hostility of the opposition, but the indifference of its own adherents. No enemy is in the field against it. The Tory forces are still wandering about looking for a policy. The criticisms of Tory speakers and the Tory Press, conducted in the style of their new leader, which combines a maximum of verbal energy with a minimum of intellectual substance, is really of the kind which strengthens rather than weakens the body at which it is aimed. The new Tory gospel of lawlessness is odious to a people who, not always averse to a little dignified tyranny, has a horror of the disreputable. It is the legislative methods of the Liberal Party itself which are quietly working their fatal effects on the Government, and not the blows of the enemy. For reasons that are dark to itself, its strength is ebbing away. If there is a remedy for this state of things it is obvious that it must lie in re-establishing communion between the electorate and the Government, and in conveying to the people the consciousness that the Government is the instrument of the national will.

This is the task to be undertaken, but who will undertake it? Under ordinary circumstances the outlook would be hopeless, for it is the custom of ordinary men to drift along in company with their surroundings, and so much a part of them as to be incapable of detached criticism and action. But when the quality we call genius has to be reckoned with the case is otherwise, for it is the characteristic of genius that, possessing within itself its own sources of energy, it can

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at any moment wrest itself free from the conglomerate of events in which it is embedded, and from a detached standpoint recognise the tendency of the currents of thought and action of the day. It is, I think, conceivable that Mr. Lloyd George may yet save the Party. The caste of his intelligence is different from that of any of his colleagues. His opinions and political principles are nourished, not by intellect only, but by imagination and sympathy. Human nature is the argument which appeals to him above all others. His inspiration and eloquence are derived less from abstract reflection than from a passionate consciousness of the realities of life. Highly endowed as a speaker, he rarely rises to the kind of eloquence which subdues by its sincerity, save when he is dealing with the lot and the fate of the millions of his fellow-countrymen. It is not in the House of Commons that he is heard to most advantage. Wit and mental agility are there the gifts he most frequently relies on. Only when he confronts the masses of the people does he speak in the accents of one of the greatest of orators. In truth, Mr. Lloyd George's great public speeches are most distinguished, not, as is vulgarly supposed, by invective, but by passages of that kind of eloquence which springs from the fusion of clear thought with lofty emotion. He is pre-eminently a speaker whom contact with the public mind ennobles. His own best gifts are drawn forth by that contact. It is in such hours that he feels himself inspired, and that the powers of his intelligence rise to their full height. Had he not been a statesman he might, one imagines, have been a great popular preacher, a Wickliffe, a Wesley, a Dr. Clifford, for he is essentially one of those who derive from humanity the inspiration which they in turn impart. But as I hope, and sometimes think, he more nearly resembles a lost leader of the Liberal Party. "The orator's material," Mr. Gladstone once wrote, "is cast in the mould offered to him by the mind of his hearers. It is an influence principally received from his audience (so to speak) in vapour, which he pours back upon them in a flood." Such an estimate of oratory may seem to some too subjective, as if it were the business of an orator to be an echo merely of his audience's sentiments. But the truer conception is to figure him as one able to recognise

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sentiments which are latent and to voice emotions which otherwise were inarticulate. The sentiments and emotions exist in those to whom he speaks, but they exist subconsciously, as yet unutterable and indefinable. Through him they speak. The public measures all men. To the shallow nature it is shallow, to the deep deep. One will tell you that he knows the people perfectly, and that they are incapable of thought and care for nothing but sordid and selfish ends. It is himself he is describing. He has taken his thimble to the well, and, carrying off the drop he can hold, says, "this is all." "Yes," one is tempted to retort, "all of you." But ask one of unquestioned eminence and he will tell you that his deepest thoughts come to him from the people, and that his sublimest eloquence is but the utterance of the emotions of his audience.

Gladstone's name is still a living power in the land. The mere mention of it draws a cheer at every Liberal meeting, and in every Liberal committee room his portrait holds the place of honour on the wall. Yet greatly should we be mistaken were we to suppose that this grateful recollection had anything in common with a memory of benefits received, or was offered in acknowledgment of any specific measure or reform. Not one in a thousand of those who applaud connect Gladstone's name with the passing of any particular law. But what all are dimly aware of is that he had the real Liberal greatness in him, in that he always felt himself a spokesman of the electorate, and never for a moment degenerated into the head of an official system. The source of the law was to him greater than the law itself. The silly and trivial notion that a great reform can be initiated, can operate, and can bear fruit without ever the public having recognised its significance and pledged themselves to its support never received countenance from him. That the people should will and desire the reform, and that out of their will and desire (uttered by him but flowing from them) the demand for the law should proceed—that was his ideal of Liberal legislation. It follows that in nothing was the quality of his Liberalism better shown than in his high faith in the public judgment and his instinctive recognition, not of the people's right to self-government only, but of their capacity and fitness for the task. Hence in great political crises his impulse was to turn direct

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to the people, to lay his case before them and to await their sanction or their instructions. It was then, in those moments of public consultation and appeal, that he, too, was seen at his greatest. Lord Morley, speaking from his own recollections, recalls "those thronged halls, those vast progresses, those strenuous orations," in which the fate of a Government was submitted to the public judgment. He describes the enthusiasm which drew men from their beds that they might see the lights of Gladstone's train go by, which crowded and packed whole streets and cities with their living thousands of citizens, which brought tired wayfarers from the far-off Hebrides to hear him speak in Edinburgh. And then we are told of the quality of the eloquence which had this magic power, how it was no appeal to blind sentiment or passion, but was made of the very best stuff Gladstone had in him; how he "kindled throngs by the breadth of his survey of great affairs of life and nations"; how he used all the resources of his mighty eloquence to stimulate "the whole spirit of civil duty in a man," and how, out of his own high integrity, he appealed steadfastly "to public law and civil right and the conscience of a free and high-minded people." And then, finally, we are shown the statesman in the privacy of his study, committing to his diary his inward thoughts, humbly expressing the faith that God had been with him through this ordeal, and that the word given him to speak "was a word for millions, and for millions who for themselves cannot speak."

Which, in days like these, when disbelief in the people is so rife, is most solemn and full of warning—the vision of those millions thronging to hear the greatest man of the age speak to them, or the vision of the man himself humbly praying to be made more worthy of such a task? These are the moments that still dwell in the public recollection. That high and confident trust in the people was, and still is, returned by the people. It was because the Minister entirely believed in the doctrine of popular self-government and acted up to the full spirit of that faith that "his hearers," as Lord Morley says, "gave him long spells of power and a practical authority that was unique and supreme."

The spirit that moved Gladstone is the spirit we have

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need of to-day. The object of Gladstone's great progresses and public orations was to strengthen the bonds of sympathy and understanding betwixt Government and people. That is what the present administration needs. It is languishing because it has been divorced from the only source of vitality which can maintain the vigour of a Liberal Government. And not only is the crisis upon us, but it would appear that the measure which can save us is in the act of being forged. Of all questions which can engage public attention there is one which above all others appeals to the imagination of the people. Throughout the rural districts of England the question of the land is the question of life itself. Moreover, not only is it of supreme importance in its practical bearing on life, but it is impregnated with a profound national sentiment. Every man who calls England his country must feel, or be capable of feeling, how profound and inalienable is the common claim upon the soil, and how superficial is that form of reasoning which reckons the land on a par with "any other investment." There are rights which are conferred by nature, and rights which are conferred by man, and sometimes it happens that the two clash. Yet the natural right never can be eliminated. Even though superseded by a man-made right it exists. It works within the structure of society, and sooner or later it asserts itself and forces the man-made right into conformity with its demands. Of such a kind is the instinctive yearning of the people towards the land. It is a natural instinct working in conformity with Nature's designs. The development of national liberty, the evolution of a free and independent breed of citizens, the very idea of a well-founded and rational spirit of patriotism are incompatible with our present system of land tenure and the alienation it entails between the English people and English soil. The man-made laws which secure that alienation must therefore be modified to permit the exercise of more primitive rights and a profounder justice. That such modification will rouse the fiercest opposition by all whose self-interest is identified with the present system goes without saying. The most formidable of social and class influences will array themselves as one man against any kind of land legislation designed to benefit the community. Yet none the less the

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support which such legislation receives should be greater even than the opposition it excites, since it operates in harmony with the racial instinct.

Here, then, lies Mr. Lloyd George's great opportunity, and here also lies the test of his greatness. To turn such a crisis as this to account, to wring from it the possibilities of devotion and enthusiasm which the situation contains, there needs one who is in sympathy with the profoundest ideals of the British people. If handled the right way the land question would resuscitate the Liberal Party. But let us make no mistake about it. Not in dealing with this question can the Government afford to ignore the difference we were just now pointing out between measures Liberal in themselves and measures Liberal in their conception. Anyone can pass laws. There needs no exceptional genius to realise the evils of the present land system. Scores of politicians are sufficiently versed in the subject to draw out an indictment and indicate the line of reform. The staff of any Liberal newspaper could formulate in a week the clauses of a Bill which we should all find as comprehensive and statesmanlike as could be desired. Nothing is easier than to draft a "great measure," and if virtue consisted in the law we should legislate ourselves into Elysium within a year. But it does not. Laws are milestones which mark the national progress. They mean nothing unless the nation has got thus far. The important matter is not to draft or pass a Bill, but to rouse the people to the need of such a Bill, and brace them to the overcoming of obstacles necessary to secure it. Unless the Bill expresses the national resolution, it is not worth the paper it is written on. It is not enough for a Minister to rise to an occasion, he must teach the people to rise to it. If he does not, if the people fail themselves in the strength and determination necessary to securing the end, then, far from emerging into a larger independence, they will have lost virtue as free men. They will have gone, not over, but under the wave. The very instrument that was to deliver them will make their bondage surer. A statesman by his own action can no more save a people than one individual can save another. But he can help them to save themselves. All real reforms are from within.

We know well what Mr. Gladstone would do in a crisis

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like the present. He would be among the peasants of the southern counties, admonishing, reminding, exhorting. On all sides he would be discovering latent resources which it needs but adequate leadership to render invincible. Perhaps Mr. Lloyd George intends to take the same line. But here lies the doubt—a doubt which makes it difficult for a looker-on to stand by and watch the fateful moment approaching and keep silence. It is understood the measure will soon be outlined. Then will be the time to go to the people. Then, with all the help Ministers and the Government can give us, we ought to thrash the matter out on every village green in England; not explaining only, but consulting the people; asking their opinion, considering their necessities, and taking their votes by a show of hands at the end of the debate. This act of explanation and consultation should be a genuine “appeal to the country,” and into it every Liberal should throw all the zeal and energy which he usually reserves for a General Election. Not only in such a campaign would every declared Liberal rally to the side of the Government, but the inspiration of the Liberal idea would spread rapidly throughout the rural population. Such a movement need not fear the opposition it would undoubtedly excite. Though the instinct of the official mind is to shrink from an open contest, and endeavour to screen its ends by surreptitious means, yet in reality the frank enlistment of popular sympathy in the projected legislation is a counsel of prudence. We know already that the slightest interference in a Liberal sense with the conditions of rural life will be taken by the Tory Party as an act of war. To open war we must therefore come, and in war actions are won not by dodging the enemy's troops, but by inspiring your own. I have pointed out what possibilities of inspiration the land question contains. In these days of capitalists and syndicalists, of town-bred strife and sordid rivalries, who would not turn with relief to the settlement of that larger national issue? We are playing at politics till we deal with that. Moreover, the peasantry know it. It is impossible to engage their attention on any other matter. Instinctively they feel that the great moment has come, and in characteristic dumb expectation they await a captain of the same calibre.

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If ever that tide were really making which, taken at the flood, leads men on to fortune, it is with Mr. Lloyd George to-day. Two courses are open to him, the popular and the official. He may handle the land question openly and democratically, going to the people to inquire and examine, calling upon the people to suggest and decide. Framed on such a basis, the measure finally evolved would have the public sympathy behind it from its very inception. It would be sure of triumph, and in its triumph it would restore the popularity and prestige of the Liberal Party. Or he can proceed officially—that is to say, he may concoct his Bill in the seclusion of a Government office, and then, having fashioned under expert advice what will no doubt be a very admirable measure, he may produce it before the country and await the country's applause. The fate of such a Bill will be widely different from that of its predecessor. Though its provisions are all that can be desired, it will excite no enthusiasm. The Liberalism of the countryside will have had no hand in it, and will not be pledged to it. The staunchest supporters of the party will look upon it with the coldness and suspicion with which a born Liberal must always regard despotic legislation. The furious opposition it will encounter from the territorial interest and the whole Tory Party will be met by nothing more formidable than the grudging support which a free people lends to a measure of State aid. Thus conceived and thus formulated, the Land Bill will finish what the Insurance Bill began, and the present Government, having forfeited the last vestiges of its representative character, will fall, not because it did not imagine great things for the people, but because it too easily forgot that for the people to participate in legislation is of the essence of the Liberal idea.

I will not believe that possible. Mr. Lloyd George has been in office six years. For six years he has been accustomed to the influence of official routine, and to the co-operation of that kind of intelligence which thinks it has accomplished something remarkable when it has "digested" a mass of statistics; which exults in organisation and cherishes an implicit faith in its own power of pulling all strings and dictating all tactics, to which politics are mere mechanism, and which, indeed, has become so much a part of the machine itself that it ignores the existence of any

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other source of energy. All men are apt to be assimilated by their surroundings, and when all the office spiders who haunt the precincts of Westminster have been at work for six years upon a man, spinning him into their official estimate of the universe, it is scarcely to be expected that he will remain entirely a free agent. Few Liberal statesmen are worth much after six years of office.

Yet there are grounds for hope. It is of the essence of genius to be aware of the occasions and causes which stimulate its own vitality; to seek out these; to rebel against the benumbing influence of all official and mechanical systems, and breaking from their clutch to renew its contact with living forces. Mr. Lloyd George, owing to his feeling for the people and his intense sympathy with life, has always been the mainspring of the present Government. Three-quarters of what it has accomplished is expressly his work. He has probably the power, if he has the will, to do what is necessary at the present juncture. Will he not take stock of the situation? Our needs, after all, are very simple. We are a self-governing people, and we are not prepared to accept any Bill, however salutary, from any autocrat, however sympathetic. We want not laws but a leader, one whose confidence in us shall give us confidence in ourselves, and who will so hearten and inspire us that a strong and courageous measure of land reform shall be the national expression of our own resolve. Which is Mr. Lloyd George going to do—draft a Bill or lead the people? We shall know shortly, for the crisis is upon us, and an opportunity which will not recur is even now knocking at the door. Will not he justify the silent expectation of democratic England and take a great occasion by the hand?

Higher Education in Scotland

A Comparison and Contrast

By S. M. Murray

THE ENGLISH REVIEW clearly interprets its mission in its widest sense when it invites a patriotic Scotsman to add something essentially Scottish to the discussion of certain educational problems the solution of which will go far to make or to mar the future of an Empire which is neither English nor Scottish—not even Irish—but which is the resultant product of a series of factors of which the Scottish is not the least potent. As I interpret the English language to include the Scottish, the less to include the greater, so do I welcome the discussion of educational problems affecting every component part of the British Empire. It is the boast of Empire that with every successive degree of longitude the rattle of the morning drum hails the advent of a day which for twenty-four hours will shine over one or other of the widely scattered portions of that Empire “upon which the sun never sets.” When the great part successfully undertaken by Scotsmen in the building up of that Empire is duly considered, a prejudiced Scotsman may be excused for expressing his desire that in place of exercise on the morning drum there be substituted a recitation of portions of the “Shorter Catechism for those of Weaker Intellect.” Upon the “Shorter Catechism” has been framed the traditional school and home training of Scottish boys and girls. Let it not be alleged to the discredit of the present age that its young people feel bound to recognise that what was mental pabulum suitable for those of weaker intellect in the year of grace A.D. 1647 is almost too strong fare for the intellectually fit in A.D. 1912. I am not a believer in the rigid Calvinism of the Shorter Catechism, yet I cannot but recognise that the attitude of mind which deliberately permitted the acceptance of a narrow and intense—intense

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because narrow—outlook on fundamental human problems, has had much to do with the success of men and women reared in the strenuous, even meagre, environment of the common schools of Scotland, Secondary and Primary, when Scotsmen were asked to tackle matters of importance in the wider fields of Colonial administration or in the restricted but more intensive spheres of banking and general commerce.

Recent issues of THE ENGLISH REVIEW have contained notable articles on what is alleged to be the failure to meet the necessities of the times of what has come to be known as the English Public School System. Well-informed critics, *pace* "Custos" in the September number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, condemn the English Public School System root and branch. Mr. A. C. Benson's contribution to the September issue is, to my mind, not so much a defence of a system, much of which he feels constrained to condemn, as a piece of constructive criticism suggesting improvements on present practice. I cannot pretend to take sides for or against the English Public Schools. That must be left to those who have either inside knowledge of their working, such as is possessed by Mr. A. C. Benson, or first-hand experience of their product as is evidently at the disposal of "Custos." My immediate purpose is informative rather than controversial. "A plague on both your houses." England, after all, is not Britain, and the English systems (alas! too numerous and too diverse) are not the only ones obtaining in the British Isles. I claim that in spite of the hampering traditions of a great educational past, traditions which are both a stimulus towards action and a warning not to meddle too lightly with what was good enough for our forefathers, the educational system now obtaining in Scotland respects the past and satisfies present requirements.

To show how the Scottish system of education is an evolutionary product of the broader history of the nation, fitting into the changing conditions of past centuries and meeting all the necessities of a truly national system, a short historical statement may be permitted. In presenting this brief statement I ask readers to note the complete absence of "social" caste from a system which encouraged the son of the laird, of the parish "minister," of the doctor, to sit

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on the same bench, to receive the same course of instruction, given the necessary brains, to undergo the same stern, sometimes Draconian, discipline as the son of the fisherman or of the ploughman. It is true that we have to some extent departed in recent years from that truly democratic ideal: yet not wholly. The spirit that guided our forefathers still pervades the best features of modern education in Scotland.

When James IV. was king, the Scottish Estates enacted that, under a penalty of twenty pounds, "all barrones and freeholders that ar of substance put their eldest sonnes and aires to the schules, fra thay be six or nine zeirs of age, and till remain at the *Grammar*-schules quhil they be competentlie founded and have perfite Latine. And thereafter to remain three ziers at the Schules of art and jure, swa thay may have knowlege and understanding of the Lawes."

Under the stern guiding hand of John Knox, the Reformed Church concerned itself keenly with national education. Knox laid down the policy of having a parish school planted in every parish, so that the "lad o' pairts," be he the son of the laird or of the ploughman, would have his due opportunity of profiting by education. While Scotland had to wait for many years after the death of Knox before the Reformer's ideal materialised, I venture to think that in the matter of even the most advanced modern ideal we cannot do better than adopt the following extract from the Act of 1567:—

"Forasmeikle as be all lawes and constitutiones, it is provided that the zouth be brocht up and instructit in the feare of God and gude manneris; and gif it be uthewise, it is tinsel baith of their bodys and saulis, gif God's word be not ruted in them," it is enacted "that all Schules and Burghs," &c., &c.

Just one more historical reference to illustrate a fundamental difference between English prejudice and Scottish practice. By the Act of 1696 it was ordained that a school should be established, and a schoolmaster appointed in every parish not already provided with one, by the advice of the heritors and the minister of the parish. The heritors were bound to provide a schoolhouse, and a salary not above 200 merks (£11 2s. 2½d.), nor under 100 merks (£5 11s. 1½d.). Each heritor was allowed relief from his

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tenants to one-half. The heritors might be forced to do their duty by the Presbytery applying to the Commissioners of Supply. By this Act Parish Schools were established.

In that last paragraph is embalmed a principle which I believe to lie at the root of a system of education which, while distinctly national and religious, was at the same time absolutely independent of clerical control. The minister and the dominie were both *concurrently* endowed, each financially independent of the other, and each blessed with a tenure of office *aut vitam aut culpam*. How much Scotland has owed to this practical independence of its Schoolmasters in its Burgh, Grammar, and Parish Schools it is impossible to estimate, but I am profoundly convinced that as this cherished independence attracted men of scholarship and character to the schoolhouse, it has throughout the centuries reacted directly and favourably on the development of those national traits upon which Scotsmen legitimately pride themselves.

Be it observed that during the period of Scotland's greatest predominance in the world of administration and of commerce, what is now called "higher education" was given almost exclusively in the common schools. There was no segregation of "classes" and "masses." With the exception of certain endowed hospitals, such as George Heriot's Hospital School, Edinburgh, there were none of those richly endowed schools to correspond in Scotland with England's splendid system of endowed Grammar Schools. Fettes College—the *H-Eton* of Scotland, as I have heard it described by a parent hailing from the far South—Loretto School, Merchiston Castle School, Edinburgh Academy, Glenalmond School—none of these had been established, and Scotland did not regret their absence. "The good old rule, the simple plan" of absolute equality of educational opportunity, as exemplified in the Burgh and Parish Schools of the centuries that have elapsed since the time of Knox, was good enough, was very good indeed, and thoughtful observers are, to put it mildly, by no means convinced that the changes, mainly social, of the past twenty years spell educational progress. On the contrary, such evidence as is available points to quite a different conclusion.

Note further, by way of contrast, that with the exception

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of the schools mentioned in last paragraph, with possibly one or two more of no great importance, there are no institutions in Scotland corresponding to that great system of Preparatory and other schools which are sufficiently indicated by the term Boarding-House Schools so common to England. Rightly or wrongly—I firmly believe rightly—the average well-to-do Scottish parent has a deeply-rooted objection to devolving upon Headmaster or Housemaster those parental responsibilities, those opportunities of developing character and of inculcating the necessary moralities, great and small, which are best discharged by father and mother in the gracious intercourse of the family circle. He is not an admirer of a system which, to take a comparatively favourable example, permits of the evolution of “Stalky and Co.” He does not believe in the extraordinary devolution of parental responsibility and discipline, already one place removed, from the teacher to the “prefects” and “monitors” of whose indeterminate functions he has but the vaguest ideas gathered from reading examples of that type of Christmas or prize book illustrative of boarding-school life and beloved of publishers. He is a profound believer in the necessity of fulfilling all that is implied by the phrase “parental responsibility,” and he shares with “Custos” a lack of admiration of the educational output of such Scottish schools as have followed the English model. It therefore follows that characteristically Scottish schools developing along the lines that have made for success in the past have practically command of the whole field of Intermediate and Secondary Education in Scotland. It is the exception to find the ordinary well-to-do Scottish parent choosing a residential institution such as Fettes College or Loretto School rather than, say, the Royal High School or George Watson’s College, Edinburgh or the High School or the Academy, Glasgow. If his choice rests on the former type, it may at once be taken for granted that “social” rather than educational considerations have ruled. If his boy is successful in such ways as Fettes spells “success,” that unfortunate youth will go to Oxford or Cambridge maintained partly, but quite inadequately, by the proceeds of a school or open scholarship, but mainly by frequent recourse to the parental purse, to emerge ultimately with a useless

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academic degree, and with the almost certain prospect of swelling the ranks of the unemployable.

A distinct factor contributing to the success of the Scottish School System is that school games do not figure so prominently here as South of the Border. Cases are not unknown in which a class master has been appointed because of the expertness of his feet rather than for the alertness of his brain—this in the few exotic schools to which reference has already been made—but such appointments would be quite impossible in the ordinary Scottish Secondary School. In the case of the pupil, much encouragement is given to the cultivation of one or other of the typical school games, but always within reason and with due regard to the claims of the other subjects included in the school curriculum. In short, games are kept in due subordination, and there is no sacrificing to the fetish of athleticism. Boys are always too apt, even without pedagogic encouragement, to magnify the school hero who shines in footer, soccer, or cricket, and in his wisdom the Scottish teacher, while giving games an adequate recognition, tries to keep them in their proper place.

It seems to me that this, more than any other single consideration, differentiates the Scottish from the corresponding English school. I do not minimise the necessity for or the importance of games in a well-balanced curriculum, but I would limit, severely, the time and attention devoted to them just to that proportion of both time and attention which is necessary for physical development, leaving the greater share of both for the school class-room. I do not minimise the moral lessons inculcated by certain games, but I believe claims of this nature made for games are ridiculously inflated. A case in point is the much-quoted saying that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, a statement as untrue as it is snobbish. How many, one may wonder, of the officers of the Highland Brigade had even a nodding acquaintance with the playing fields of Eton! I believe in games for all, not the glorification of a chosen and assiduously trained eleven or fifteen, but games in which all who are physically fit may usefully participate. Such is the practice of the Scottish Secondary Schools, and it is justified by the result. If it were possible to arrange for a match between a crack Scottish School Rugby fifteen,

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such as "Watsons" or Glasgow Academics, and a similar combination from a typical English secondary school, the "Games Theory" upon which so much of the English Public School System is based would, I believe, receive a "good hard knock."

What is true of the Scottish Schools is also true of Scottish Universities. Thanks to the fact that Edinburgh University and, to a lesser degree, other Scottish Universities attract Colonial students who are not infrequently great players, Scottish Universities are able to stand up against the Rugby teams of Oxford or Cambridge. But be it noted that, with the exception of certain few distinguished representatives drawn from typical secondary schools such as the Royal High School of Edinburgh, the large majority of a Rugby side representing a Scottish University would hail from either the Colonies or those "social" schools typified by Merchiston Castle School, which is excellent of its kind, but its kind is not Scottish.

I venture to suggest that the aims and ideals of English public schools are in quite wrong perspective, and that as an inevitable consequence harm is being done to those who cannot protect themselves. While both the English and the Scottish schoolboy should "Play up, Play up, and Play the Game," they should not translate Newbolt's stirring stanzas to mean that the game is everything. The game is only a means to an end, and as such has a distinct educational value. But the end should be magnified far above the means. That end is not to produce an athletic marvel, but a good, honest, straightforward, reliable boy, English or Scottish, who will be equal to the humdrum responsibilities of life and to the unexpected crises which may on occasion meet all of us.

Moderation in all things is a good working policy; it is particularly to be desiderated when a schoolmaster is allotting precious hours of school-life to school games. He should ask himself certain searching questions as to what he believes education to be, what is its goal, what are the methods best to be adopted. If he does so there would rarely be cause for such criticism as Mr. Benson's regarding an ill-balanced and defective curriculum, which at once contains too much and too little, and which magnifies things unimportant at the expense of others of vital importance.

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Games must have a place in the curriculum of every properly organised school—we in Scotland possibly err in making that place unduly inconspicuous—but other interests should take precedence.

It may be asked what is the curriculum of a typical Scottish secondary school. To enable readers to institute a comparison between that and the curriculum of an English secondary school, it is necessary to make a certain amount of explanation.

About thirty years ago the Scottish Universities for the first time instituted a Preliminary Examination in General Knowledge, to be passed by students who intended to proceed to graduation. From that momentous time it has been no longer possible for a second George Buchanan to graduate or a second John Stuart Blackie to matriculate in Edinburgh University at the precocious age of fourteen, or for a prospective student of Greek Language and Literature to make his first acquaintance with the Greek alphabet in a Scottish University class-room. The consequent exclusion from the Universities of the educationally unprepared gave a great stimulus to secondary schools, whose function as being preparatory to the Universities was henceforth more clearly defined. While there is much to be said in favour of the practice of former generations in allowing free access to the Universities, it is generally agreed that the Preliminary Examination has raised the standard of secondary and University education, and has thus reacted favourably on secondary schools.

Almost but not quite coincident with the establishment of the University Preliminary Examination in General Knowledge came the Leaving Certificate Examination of the Scotch Education Department. What the Department is to Scottish education it would be difficult to explain to English readers, who are naturally better acquainted with the futilities of the Board of Education in the matter of guiding and developing higher education. Let it suffice to say that the Department, through its general regulations and through the readily given advice of its skilled and experienced officers, has under its control practically the whole fabric of higher education in Scotland. Not only secondary schools under public or quasi-public management, but also schools under wholly private management,

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readily accept Departmental control and inspection—this mainly through the operation of the Intermediate and Leaving Certificate Examinations. In this way the curriculum of the several types of schools is practically standardised, due allowance being made for special cases.

In brief, there are in Scotland three essential grades of schools—Primary, Intermediate, and Secondary. For present purposes it is only necessary to say that before a pupil can be enrolled in an Intermediate School he must have passed a "Qualifying Examination," which guarantees that he possesses a good working knowledge of the ordinary subjects of Primary instruction. This examination is, as a rule, passed when a pupil is between twelve and thirteen years of age. Thereafter the "qualified" pupil enters the approved Intermediate Course, which lasts for at least three years. Not only is the Course "approved," but the school itself and every member of the staff must be "approved" by the Department before official recognition is accorded. The "Uniform Intermediate Course" must include:—English (with History and Geography), Mathematics, Drawing, Science, a Language other than English, Physical Exercises, Music, while permission is given to take a second language other than English. As a rule, the first of such chosen languages is French, taken by all pupils, while Latin or Greek or German is taught to certain selected pupils who show ability to profit by such additional instruction. It is claimed, with reason, that there is both stability and elasticity in such a curriculum, which, by the way, goes far to meet Mr. Benson's suggestions, and it is to be said that the experience of the past decade has proved that it is essentially sound. Yet it would be wrong to omit saying that there is a considerable body of opinion not yet convinced that Drawing and Science are essential elements of an Intermediate Course. In many parts of Scotland, especially in the north-eastern counties, there is still a profound belief in the efficacy of Latin Language and Literature as the best bit of apparatus for the class-room.

After the "Intermediate" comes the "Secondary" Course. No pupil can enter the Secondary course who has not proved his fitness to profit therefrom by possessing the Intermediate Certificate, which is granted partly by formal examination, and partly by the scheduled estimate sub-

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mitted by the teacher of the pupil's work done in the classroom. The Secondary course must extend over at least two years. In most cases it takes three years to prepare pupils adequately for the Leaving Certificate Examinations. There is thus a period of five, probably six, years during which "qualified" pupils are following Intermediate and Secondary courses—courses which, taken together, would be for all practical purposes fairly termed "Secondary," especially in England.

As the Intermediate Course is held to be sufficient to lay down broadly and firmly the basis of a sound course of general education, a certain amount of specialisation and concentration is permitted in the Secondary Course. Drawing and Science may be dropped. Another foreign language may be taken—for example, selected girls in Edinburgh Ladies' College take German in addition to Latin and French. Pupils of a mathematical bent can concentrate in Mathematics. The same with those gifted with aptitude for Music or Drawing. In short, the school has an almost free hand in mapping out courses for its pupils in order to prepare them for the University, the Technical College, the Art School, or the world of industry and commerce.

So much for the schools. What of the Universities? Broadly speaking, Scotland can offer no counterpart to Oxford and Cambridge. Scottish Universities are not residential in the sense applicable to the Colleges on the banks of the Isis or the Cam. Corporate life, while not wholly unknown, is not a particularly potent factor in the scheme of existence of the Scottish student. That student comes up with little or nothing of what is known as the "Public School" attitude, spirit, tradition—call it what you will. To him school has been a time of strenuous preparation for an equally strenuous time at the University. To him the University is but a means to an end—that end being the entrance to a career in divinity, arts, law, medicine, or commerce. He does not object to take part in such mild dissipations as are open to him in the Musical Association, the occasional "dances" in the Students' Union, the German Symposium, the Botanical Excursion. If qualified, he may even sacrifice a Saturday forenoon on the football field. But these are merely embroideries on the

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serious work of his student years, and are kept in proper subservience to a very well-defined course of preparation for the work of life. Hence the Scottish student who began his University life without the handicap of the "Public School" tradition is under no temptation to cultivate the Oxford or Cambridge manner, and thus escapes a second (and even heavier) handicap when he is called upon to run his race. Thoughtful observers of things academic in Scottish Universities are convinced that something valuable is lost in the training of the Scottish student just because of the lack of opportunities for social intercourse such as are afforded by Oxford and Cambridge, but I believe that were Scotland to sacrifice something of the essential solidity of the present educational fabric merely to secure what has come to be known as the "English University and Public School" manner, the loss would indeed far outweigh the gain.

If I might venture to sum up an estimate of the causes, immediate and proximate, that have led to the acknowledged, and frequently envied, success of Scotsmen at home and in the Colonies, I would, of course, put first and foremost the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, that peculiarly national characteristic which is well summarised by calling it the faculty of "sticking in," of not being afraid of work, of facing responsibilities, of being prepared for opportunities, of making opportunities when these do not come along, of never being content to be, say, a bank-clerk at £250 a year when there is the possibility of a managership at £2,500.

He has further the inestimable advantage of having been born in a country where education is taken seriously. I have heard many a parent say to his son in presence of the teacher, "I cannot leave ye much money, Sandy, but I can gi'e ye a gude eddication and put ye in the way o' gettin' mair." This sentiment, common everywhere, was and is especially strong in the north-eastern counties, which have contributed to the higher positions in Colonial Administration and to the highest positions in the professions and in commerce a quite disproportionate number of distinguished men. Higher education in Scotland has never been a preserve for the wealthy, and the nation has gained enormously by exploiting for national purposes the

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brains of those who were fit, whether they were the sons of peers or of ploughmen. The Universities themselves were always open to the son of a poor man, given that he had the necessary brains. "Meal Monday" is still a February holiday in Edinburgh University—an interesting survival from the times when students went home on a week-end pilgrimage to replenish the oatmeal bag with which they had courageously begun the session in the previous October.

In conclusion, it seems to me somewhat hopeless to expect an early and drastic change in the present practices of English Public School education. You must first clear away the befogged atmosphere which clouds and distorts everything. You must create a public opinion in favour of education. You must call in to your aid the experiences of other countries in order to widen the national outlook and to put the influences of "tradition" in their proper place. You must, some way or other, shock England out of her present foolish self-sufficiency. What was bad in the nineteenth century is supremely dangerous in the twentieth. In short, England requires an educational revolution. I am therefore glad that THE ENGLISH REVIEW has definitely and seriously started a campaign of attack against past and present educational errors in order to hasten the day which will bring in the "good that is to come."

Play of the Month

Triple Bill at the Duke of York's

THE triple bill which Mr. Frohman presents at the Duke of York's provides an amusing evening's entertainment, even if the reputations are rather scotched of England's three leading dramatists, Bernard Shaw, Sir Arthur Pinero, and Mr. J. M. Barrie; and I omit the Mr. in the case of Shaw as he is a Socialist and a European celebrity. We learnt through the Press that there had been a hitch, some trouble about "too much ghosts," but it was a surprise to find that two of the playwrights had apparently written the other man's play.

That is what it amounts to—and the pity of it is that Mr. Frohman was not bold enough, when the duplication of ghosts arose, to give Shaw's play to Sir Arthur, and Sir Arthur's to Shaw, just as the manager in the *Kill that Fly* ballet at the now redecorated and, alas! atmospherically utterly spoilt Alhambra calls Kitchener in to write the lyrics and Sir Edward Carson to play dumb Crambo.

"See now right here," Mr. Frohman ought to have said to Shaw. "Your little piece about two married men who are each in love with the other's wife is all right so far as forty minutes' talk and pleasant fooling goes, and all that, but in the necessitous condition of the British drama we cannot afford waste, and what you've written there is just what Sir Arthur has won a knighthood for writing all his life, namely, the problem matrimonial play, which you yourself, Bernard, in the most brilliant dramatic criticisms that have ever been written in England, wittily and mercilessly exposed as the artificial Victorian play. Why, that's a full, four-act, Mrs. Patrick Campbell play, that is, modern enough to *épater* the stalls, steep enough to entice the suburbs and the young men, deep enough to be a first-class servants' hall draw! To tabloid Pinero in that way—No, really; well, you'll have Mr. Walkley after you, with

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Aristotle and Strindberg, mind me! Why, see here, just look at this!"

It is with real gusto that I picture here Mr. Frohman handing over to Shaw the MS. of Sir Arthur's playlet; Shaw standing, as usual, silent and crestfallen. "Here" (Mr. Frohman would now look very important and imperious) "we have a play about Ghosts, a costume play. Gee! a George the Third play, you know—stilted language, 'Sirrah, quoth she,' 'By my faith, sir,' kind of business—those things that Ibsen, Archer, and you yourself blasted out of the box-office to make way for musical comedy. To breathe life into a stage mummy of that kind one must have plausibility, or, if not that, then wit, fun, paradox; some quality, at any rate, that will inspire confidence in the players, and prevent my audiences from wishing they had gone to the Cabaret Theatre Club in Heddon Street. I quite see the joke of Fred Kerr as a ghost. I agree that Miss Margery Maude is dandy sweet; but it's awful dull, Bernard, awful artificial, and in these days of realism—see Gaby, the bear's hug in *The Winter's Tale*, and the Grossmith *Revue*s—one must pay some attention to art, which they tell me now is best seen in the photographic realism of the Cinema.

"Now, here's the stunt! Let Sir Arthur elaborate your thing, which, if you'll allow me to say so, is not your line (besides which you've funk'd its treatment), for people do have passions and sex—at least we people in the Theatre do; and you get on to Sir Arthur's Georgian ghost, who might be made into a really amusing personage, especially if Lester were to play it, and you make the wife do the proper, the modern, and unconventional thing, which is obviously to go back to her husband, precisely because he is a Ghost, and would not incommode her with family responsibilities. That is essentially the modernism that you were aiming at in your little bit, but it won't do after *Hindle Wakes*; you see, that Manchester play has given us London folk the hip; you must have some bottom to your art. What the public wants nowadays is husbands who are ghosts, ghosts who are people. No more of your skeleton horrors who are to be found in every parlour, pantry, drawing-room, and public-house—which is the reason why the Halls are so popular and *Fanny* enjoys so

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long a run. Wing your thing, I say, Shaw, and you materialise his ghost. Then, why sure"

"Sure! Who says sure? I'm afraid you haven't read my play, Mr. Frohman."

It was Mr. J. M. Barrie who interrupted the conversation, which, as a critic, I regret to say, never came to anything, with the result that Nos. 1 and 2 of the programme are so far less entertaining than they might be.

In his tender, gossamer way, Mr. Barrie does amuse, and the little moral that *Rosalind* sends us out to supper with is pleasingly antidotal to the tired negativism of its forerunners. It is old, dreadfully old, as a theme; Somerset Maugham did it admirably in *Lady Frederick*. Yet, as we are never sure, so there is always another way, another point of view, another treatment. The youth who loves an actress to find out, coming by chance across her in her stayless, dressing-gown seclusion, that she is forty, a woman of "the dangerous age," a little furrowed about the neck and eyes, she whom he has only had eyes to see through the glamour of the stage and the supper-room—well, of course, the thing has been done before. But it is life. We would not stand upon points about it. And Mr. Barrie's treatment is so artless, so romantic, so deft, so convincingly nice, that who, who indeed but a Weininger, a Wedekind, or a Scandinavian, would care to unfrock it?

Not I. Nor would I have missed for worlds the really delicious presentation of the part by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who here achieves to greatness. Away with the "critical attitude" of Ford Madox Hueffer! We must keep some illusions about ourselves and—women. Before this, we critics bow and smile, and there are some really witty lines to smile at too. If it is not the real thing, the art we want in England, it is Barrie. I did not want to have to say it had the "charm" of all his work. Yet I fear I must, or shall I suggest that it is Kensington Gardens? I wish I had a boat to sail on the Round Pond. Yet I do wonder sometimes why all our big playwrights always depict the young Englishman as such an innocent, dear, and ingenuous youth, with such a capacity for love? For if that is so, why in the name of Wales and Scotland are the women of to-day making all this pother about facilities for divorce, the selfish, manly male, the tyranny of marriage, the gross-

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ness and materialism of man? Is our theatrical art so entirely divorced from life? And if that is so, is it then despair with fact that drives us thus to the fruition of theatrical unreality? I enjoyed my triple bill evening, to be sure. But reviewing it seriously, I must accept my lady-companion's verdict that Mr. Barrie's play is a "dear, ducky thing," and that Bernard Shaw's is artificial.

S. O.

Books of the Month

ART

EPOCHS OF CHINESE AND JAPANESE ART. By ERNEST F. FENOLLOSA. Two vols. Heinemann. 36s. net.

It is impossible here to review a work of such magnitude as this. We can only say that it is not only a work of enormous learning and artistic perception, but of very first-class value for its history and criticism as for the numerous and admirable illustrations, which are a delight and an education. The author was a Spaniard, whom chance brought to Japan, where he attained to high State honours as the great authority on Japanese and Buddhist art. He starts with primitive Chinese art, 3000 B.C. to 250 B.C., following it down to modern times, including the distinctive arts in Japan. Alone for its illustrations this work is worth having. They form a most complete and characteristic compendium, which merely to look at is an education, useful alike to young and old. They are the results of years of research, drawn from all parts, native and foreign. The "book" itself is a mass of learning, delightfully set forth, so that its learned technicality does not stereotype it into a work of specialisation intelligent only to connoisseurs. It is really a charming history, story, and criticism of art. Though he never lived himself to finish and bring the work out, his wife has executed the task for him with admirable care, taste, and exactitude. Again we say—this is a book to buy.

ART. By AUGUSTE RODIN. From the French of Paul Gsell. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.

As we have published already a criticism of this illuminating and curiously interesting book, we need only here emphasise our appreciation. It is a really valuable work, well translated by Mrs. Romilly Fedden, and containing admirable prints of Rodin's work. As guide and criticism it is admirable, deserving wide recognition.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

SHAKESPEARE'S RICHARD THE SECOND. Edited with Introduction and Appendices by Henry Newbolt. Clarendon Press. 1s. 6d. net.

As the first volume of the new Oxford Shakespeare, this was probably scarcely the wisest of possible choices for a beginning. It is not quite clear if Mr. Newbolt's Introduction is to serve as a larger preamble to the series, in addition to succeeding introductions to the several plays; and if, therefore, his comments on Shakespeare as a dramatist in general, over and above the closer comments on the play in question, are a kind of pronouncement to the series. For ourselves we are inclined to think that 121 pages of introduction and notes to 103 pages of *Richard II.* is altogether a wrong proportion.

Yet it is the introduction and notes that chiefly engage us now. A good part of the introduction is given up to historical elucidations of the various characters of the play, in which a great deal of careful information is given us, such as Shakespeare himself surely never dreamed of. In fact, this historical aspect of the play is insisted on quite disproportionately. Mr. Newbolt declares that "Shakespeare did not conceive of himself as an

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artist, but as a playwright." What a playwright is other than an artist is not quite clear. Apart from this, however, if it is meant that Shakespeare did not feel himself entitled to reconstruct the historical combination for dramatic purposes (which is not at all the same thing), then why did he turn Richard's queen, who was a child of eleven at the time of his deposition, into a grown woman in order to accentuate the pathos? All through the histories, it is pretty clear, Shakespeare never paid too scrupulous an attention to historical details.

In the Notes, for the first time in any edition of Shakespeare, an attempt is made to follow the play under the conditions of Shakespeare's own stage-management. Not altogether successfully, however. In these Notes Mr. J. C. Smith, the general editor of the edition, has collaborated with Mr. Henry Newbolt; and to us it seems that they both have neglected to observe what was undoubtedly Shakespeare's main principle in his stage-management; and that was an unbroken continuity of scene succession. On their device, we imagine, there would have been a plethora of property on the outer stage in more than one moment of the play; and that is just what Shakespeare was always so careful to avoid. As for the rest, one scarcely needs to be informed when "fire" and "power" are used as dissyllables. Surely the verse was enough to show that. Or that "worthy" means drowned; or that badges are tokens of service.

We shall look forward with interest to the succeeding plays of this edition; but we suggest that they should be more sparing of unessentials.

GEORGE GISSING. By FRANK SWINNERTON. Martin Secker. 7s. 6d. net.

The figure of Gissing is rather like a shadow in our literature: strange because in the Victorian epoch he was the pioneer of what may be called realism in our fiction; strange, too, because so little is known about him. Mr. Swinnerton, however, is to be congratulated. His is certainly the best critical estimate of the man that has appeared, and the most reliable biography, though the real one has certainly yet to be written by Gissing's lifelong pal and co-writer, Morley Roberts. The author has shown a highly capable discrimination. He has honestly sought to re-create the lonely pessimist who delighted in the sorrows and sufferings of the nether world, and he has been successful. It was not an easy job either, owing to the legend surrounding the subject and the difficulty of getting at, still more of revealing, the real facts which, in themselves, would make a novel rivalled only by a work of Strindberg, with whom, notably in his attitude towards women, Gissing was curiously alike.

Critically, Mr. Swinnerton has wiped the slate. The truth is—and Mr. Swinnerton has grasped the fact—that Gissing was by nature and predilection a recluse, a scholar, whose interests lay in the classical times of Greece and Rome. He became a writer by stress of circumstance—a novel-writer, that is. His imagination was poor. His gift lay chiefly in analysis, in exposition, not in artistic re-creation; moreover, though, by industry and natural taste, he learnt to write fine English, it was only as the result of hard work, as his early novels (in some ways the best) show in the most palpable way; for they are written so crudely as to appear almost the work of an uneducated man. It is one of the omissions in the work that Mr. Swinnerton has not pointed this out. Again, it was not Balzac who inspired Gissing, as H. G. Wells has said, but Turgenev, and later Dostoevsky. The idea that Gissing set out to rival Balzac, is pure fiction. Gissing never read much French till his name was made, and he went to live at St. Jean de Luz. Mr. Swinnerton has well shown that Gissing's best books were those of temperament, when he felt personally, when he let himself go. He was always a laborious writer, and often in despair to find types; indeed, his characters were so limited that they occur again and again in his works. Mr. Swinnerton refers to the absence of all mention of animals in Gissing's books. Yet Gissing loved cats. He could grow quite sentimental about them. He had an old tom which he loved dearly. The author's tribute to Gissing's work on Dickens

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is generous and just. Dickens was Gissing's bible—and largely because of the vitality and exaggeration of the types which were so temperamentally alien to his own attitude and power of creation. As said already, this is a good piece of work, a brave and penetrating criticism, and it is so because Mr. Swinnerton has brought to bear upon his matter the only true and valuable qualities of criticism—disinterestedness of motive with the honesty of professional acumen, knowledge, and judgment.

OSCAR WILDE. ART AND MORALITY. By STUART MASON. Frank Palmer.

This reprint of the letters and reviews of the controversy which ensued on the publication of *Dorian Gray* is worth reviving, and we recommend it, if only as a curious commentary on humanity. Who would call *Dorian Gray* to-day "disgusting," as Henley did? Only the other day that old lady, *The Spectator*, attacked THE ENGLISH REVIEW on grounds of "immorality," and made itself publicly ridiculous. Reading this controversy, especially the base attack of Henley on Wilde, one cannot but see how misleading contemporary literary estimate often is; how uncharitable and mean those who should direct so frequently are.

A TRAMP'S SKETCHES. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. Macmillan and Co.

This is another volume by the author of *Undiscovered Russia*, a charming tour of a tramp, a real tramp's life, along the Caucasian and Crimean shores. Mr. Stephen Graham admits frankly that he is a "wanderer" by predilection, a rebel against modern conditions of commercialism which threaten not only to destroy art, but the very perception for artistic creation. It is a delightful book, redolent of the open air, of the night, of the great silences of expanse, and yet full of incident, of *aperçus* into Russian conditions and the minds of peasants, revealing a real spiritual and material sympathy, both with the "black earth" and the monks of monasteries, whose hospitality he enjoyed, and with his fellow-comrades of the road. It is life that interests the author. Here we can get it, and it is like splashing about in a clear pool on a warm summer's day, spontaneous in inspiration, mature in philosophic contemplation. This sort of book gives a man honest pleasure. More, it sets his heart beating in unison with the author, in harmony with the awe and beauty and simplicity of Nature.

STUDIES AND ESSAYS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By S. J. MARY SUDDARD. Cambridge University Press. 6s. net.

Miss Mary Suddard's *Studies and Essays* will be the first revelation to most readers of an exceptional power and a great loss. The author died in 1909 at the age of twenty-one, and she had apparently published nothing. Half of these studies of Keats, Shelley, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Sidney, Addison, Swift, Wordsworth, Rossetti, and J. H. Shorthouse are translated from her French original; the rest are from the manuscript of her lectures or talks. Some of them are rough in the mere writing, and contain such elliptical suggestions as could, and probably would, have been amplified. But all are exquisite in thought. The penetration into the artist's mind and the analysis of what she found there show that Miss Suddard was a critic without an equal to-day. No one could suspect her age, the most unsympathetic would not suspect her sex, had she been anonymous and had the brief chronological table been omitted. Her one weakness, as she is here revealed, is that she is too quick in her perceptions, too much at home with her subject, for readers to follow her without continuous effort. Her words, though now and again distinguished and always vigorous, are scarcely more than a shorthand which is "a whetstone for the dull intelligence," and a temptation only to the most eager and robust of students. Very rarely does she finish the form of a thought so far as she does when she says that the influence of a certain allusion, "more subtle than any acting on the memory of reality, stirs in the glimmering shades of the memory of imagination the remembrance of the never seen."

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Not that she is dull. She is keenly alive in all her ventures into what other critics would have made technicalities. But it is hard, without possessing it, to describe her understanding of style, and especially of what is organic in style. She attends the development of Keats's style with a sensitiveness fortunately equalled by her sense. She is always bold and clear; her difficulty is never obscurity. At times we differ from her in the choice of a word: we do not, for example, think it true that it was Keats's object to "freshen up English, so as to bring back its primitive vividness and depth of colour," unless she means simply a vividness, such as the word may be supposed to have had in its first use—of the same degree, but not the same kind. Sometimes perhaps her vigorous delicacy makes her impatient of something in Keats, so that she seems to think he might have been Spenser and Keats in one; she exaggerates the wrongness of some of Shelley's looser writing because her intellect perceives it instantaneously, or too much in isolation. Her danger was logic. But it does not drive out or conceal her other powers; it braces and sharpens them, giving to the whole by this wonderful book the quality of an east wind—an east wind that has travelled through innumerable orchards.

LETTERS OF GEORGE MEREDITH. In two volumes. Compiled and edited by his son. Constable. 21s. net.

In one of his letters to his son Arthur, Meredith writes:—"My aim, and I trust it will be yours, is never to take counsel of my sensations, but of my intelligence. I let the former have free play, but deny them the right to bring me to a decision." "Ah, what a fruitless breeder is this heart," he sings in his ode "To the Comic Spirit." One might well wonder what manner of letter-writer this would be who lived so continually on the heights of intellectual æstheticism; who decreed so severe an issue with those sensations from the plenitude of which some of the richest interchanges of men take rank, and which therefore create the notabler kind of correspondence. One thinks, in England, of Shelley's letters from Italy, Keats's letters to his brothers, and even the exalted Browning letters. And, indeed, in these two volumes virtually the only letters that flow to any length are those to Mrs. Janet Ross, Captain Maxse, and Arthur, with each of whom his life moved far more in emotional play than in the equable interchange of intellect.

It was this that he meant when he wrote to Mrs. Ross: "I have not thought less of you because I withheld my pen. The truth is, my experiences are all mental—I see nothing of the world, and what I have to say goes into books." Temperamentally, one imagines, the emotional play meant less to him than to many. It is doubtless partly owing to what one must consider an excess of reserve in the editing of those letters (assuming that the decision to publish them had been resolved), yet, save in certain rare and valuable moments, it is not altogether easy to find a letter swinging its portals forward to let us within the heart behind it.

For example, the editorial veil has been drawn resolutely across the whole episode of Meredith's early marriage. It must have had mention in at least some of his letters of that period; but none of them find an entry within these pages. It is not for us to wonder at this. There can be no doubt it is as Meredith himself would have had it. He always repelled allusions to it. Yet it is more or less a matter of common knowledge that the story is conveyed, with some faithfulness, in "Modern Love," and a human curiosity has been stirred as to who "My Lady" was who enters with the fourteenth "sonnet," and of whom the husband sings, "I live again, and a far higher life, near her." It is one of the perpetual problems in biography, epistolary or factual, to know how far truthful revelation is consonant with a reserve of candour. Yet the early letters included to Miss Janet Grant-Duff (subsequently Mrs. Janet Ross) give a tantalising twitch aside of the curtain. We remember that Evan Harrington's parents were George Meredith's grandparents; that Evan loved Rose Jocelyn; that Miss Janet Grant-Duff was the confessed original of Rose; that "My Lady" is addressed as "my golden-crownèd rose"; and

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we wonder how far all this may be the various criss-cross play of man's autobiographic instinct.

But these letters bend to no satisfaction of natural, or unnatural, curiosities. In his brief preface Mr. William Meredith tells us that they are "brought together . . . first and foremost for his friends," which seems a little wilful, and that they are not "meant to form a narrative of his life." Yet, as they flow on from his early hours, full of hope and ambition, to his middle years of disappointment, bitterness, and readjustment, and so on to the evening hours of stoic serenity and acknowledgment, one may keep pace continually with a changing mood that is also a development of personality. Though his emotions may not often break through to find their own direct and absolute expression, yet in his intellectual expression it is not difficult to hear their echo quite clearly and decisively. For example, Captain Maxse writes to ask what Tennyson may mean by the "bar of Michael Angelo" in a stanza of "In Memoriam," and he says:—

"Great poets attain a superior lustre by these obscurities. If I had written such a line, what vehement reprobation from Ploverfield! what cunning efforts to construe! and, finally, what a lecture on my wilfulness! In Tennyson it is interesting. In Browning you are accustomed to gnaw a bone, and would be surprised to find him simple. But G.M., who is not known, not acknowledged, he shall be trounced if he offers us a difficulty—we insist upon his thinking in our style. Very well, Ned. I am used to it."

Having read these letters through with some care, and balance of values, it would be possible almost precisely to tell the date of such a passage as this by its emotional value, its ring, its note in personal development. Which is another way of saying that, despite himself, and despite the excess of reserve in their editing, these letters flow and swell in response to his emotional life, and in them, for all their occupation with the business in hand, his life, his personality, take a definite course and shape.

For example, he thought poorly of Dickens as of Tennyson. But in his later years, when Mrs. Meynell had written an article in praise of Dickens, he writes to her, brimful of humour:—"Portia as advocate is not to be withstood. . . . Shylocky critics are confounded, and she carries the Court—though growls are heard of her as a dealer in plums. But if she restores his Homer to the cockney, what matter the means? I will confess that I am won by her. She hands me a plum, and I must own her client to a lord outside cockaigne. It was very handsome pleading." In his middle years he writes to Captain Maxse of Tennyson:—

"The 'Holy Grail' is grand, isn't it? The lines are satin lengths, the figures Sèvres china. I have not the courage to offer to review it! I should say such things. To think!—it's in these days that the foremost poet of the country goes on fluting of creatures that have not a breath of vital humanity in them, and doles us out his regular five-feet with the old trick of the vowel endings. The Euphuist's tongue, the Exquisite's leg, the Curate's moral sentiments, the British matron and her daughter's purity of tone:—so he talks, so he walks, so he snuffles, so he appears divine. I repeat with my Grannam—to think!—and to hear the chorus of praise, too. Why, this stuff is not the Muse, it's Musery. The man has got hold of the Muse's clothes-line and hung it with jewellery."

So it is always possible to find the changing temper of the man. It is this gives the chief value to the letters, not so much what they may contain of passing opinion on passing matters. He lived his life like a man, and thrived in spirit; and we may come near him as he does so. Their very occupation with the matter immediately before him only assists the more in this, for it keeps us steadfastly on the road before us. The passion, and note of lament, in the early letters to Mrs. Ross, the irresponsible letters to William Hardman, where the laughter bubbles in the lines, the long series to Captain Maxse, where the intellectual difference in warm friendship awakes a variety of keen issue, the calm, strong

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philosophy of the letters to John Morley, love in thoughtfulness, the kindly temper of the friendship with Leslie Stephen, the letters to Mrs. Meynell, where the roll of the clouds from the south-west and the smile of flowers from the earth tell of a pageant joy at the end of the day—all pass in steady array to convey the growing man to us.

And what a man it was! Take one of his letters to Arthur Meredith: "We have been long estranged, my dear boy, and I awake from it with a shock that wrings me. The elder should be the first to break through such divisions." Or the manly dignity of the letter on page 224 (obviously to Swinburne, as subsequent letters make apparent), in reply to a letter telling him his "society is baneful." Or the breezy manliness of the letters on pages 278-9 to the "silly sulky Taffy." Somewhat stoical, a little over-severe, as his books show him to us; but keen for life and full of courage. In the very mystical quality of some of his letters (noteworthy those that circle about the sorrow of his second wife's death) this note is emphasised. "I have learnt to live much in the spirit and see brightness on the other side of life," he declares to John Morley; yet he hesitates to attach too much to such a hope for fear lest it should loosen his hold on life—or lest it make him wear that appearance before the eye of others. It was this quality of manliness that he so much admired in Carlyle; and on pages 332-3 there is as wise a summing up of the temperamental misfit between the Carlyles as any that we know.

Unhappily the volumes are not provided with an adequate index. Even what they purport to give they do not give completely, some of the references to contemporary writers in the text being only partly traced through. Nor do we quite see the point of heading a letter "To F——J——s," with a sentence in the letter that says, "Every Cambrian is not a shaggy inveterate in suspicion, susceptibility, thin-skinnedness, and malice. Why must you be, Jones?" Yet they convey the breathing warmth of a very rare personality in its buffetings, battles, and growth. They not only take their place with Meredith's "Works"; they even supplement them.

AMONG MY BOOKS. By FREDERIC HARRISON. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

There are some who speak of Mr. Harrison's prejudices. Well, it seems to me that a man who has disciplined his mind with unrelenting ardour and brought his synthesising faculty to bear upon a vast array of facts and thoughts must—if his mentality be homogeneous—have come to certain definite conclusions. These conclusions are apt to be his "prejudices" in the eyes of facile mortals who have not submitted themselves to this refining process. Every man of intellectual honesty acquires such *prejudices*; their characteristic is that, right or wrong, they are always stimulating. Darwin's theory of sexual selection, now exploded, was a prejudice of this kind—and so was that other one, still in vogue, of Galilei.

Whether he lingers lovingly among the volumes of his library, or leads us further afield, as professional *cicerone*, to explore the labyrinthine byways of early Byzantinism; whether he criticises modern history or Rodin's æsthetic failings, or relates, in a bland vein of reminiscence, travel experiences of many years ago—his is the same voice throughout, harmonious, self-consistent; the voice of a man who has pondered, who has deliberately remained in contact with what is best on earth. To my mind, the charm of these pages lies no less in their learning than in their spontaneous sincerity, and in the sanity which pervades the author's outlook.

The key-note is struck early. "I care for Plato's metaphysics as little as I care for the rhapsodical gammon of Professor Bergson." There you have it: this is one of Mr. Harrison's "prejudices." Now, whether consciously or not, we are all of us disciples either of Plato or of Aristotle—we either dream or reason. Mr. Harrison allows us to cherish no misunderstandings on that point; from beginning to end, his book is a frank plea for rational methods, and in so far, no doubt, will offend the susceptibilities of certain good folk. Is his prejudice unsound? Like others, I passed

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through a period when I would have yielded to none in my enthusiasm for those amiably-hazy old doctrinaires whose teachings infected philosophy up to the days of Kant; it seems to me, now, that we take them far too seriously. I have been re-reading Plato's *Republic*. What marvellous utterance and—what an orgy of crooked thinking! To sit in marble halls and have a fair and fondly-ardent *jeunesse dorée* reclining about your knees while you discourse, in rounded periods, concerning the salvation of their souls by means of transcendental Love—it would suit many of us, no doubt. But how did it all end, this virtue-rhetoric? Ask Nikias!

It were well if other men of Mr. Harrison's authority took up his virile attitude in these days of mawkish emotionalism. The study of those ancient obscurantists is an enthralling pastime; but to profess, as some of us still do, to draw genuine spiritual sustenance from their divine yearnings and quaint preoccupation with other people's morals is a sign of arrested development, or, at best, an academic pose, hallowed by tradition. They have nothing whatever to teach us, these golden babblers, save as warning examples. Aristotle has won the day, and one is glad to think that Mr. Harrison, unlike the "sage Vieillard," derided by Nietzsche, has not relapsed into the animistic logic of valetudinarians.

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY :—

THE APOSTOLIC FATHERS. In two volumes. Translated by PROFESSOR KIRSOPP LAKE, M.A.

THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE. Two volumes. Translated by W. WATTS (1631). (Revised.)

EURIPIDES (in four volumes). Vols. 1 and 2. Translated by A. S. WAY, D.Lit.

PHILOSTRATUS, THE LIFE OF APOLLONIUS OF TYANA. Two volumes. Translated by F. C. CONYBEARE, M.A.

PROPERTIUS. Translated by PROFESSOR H. E. BUTLER.

TERENCE. Two volumes. Translated by J. SARGEANT, M.A. Heinemann. 5s. net each.

Perhaps the best answer to the sporadic opposition to the teaching of Latin and Greek is supplied by Mr. James Loeb, who has organised, under the editorship of Mr. T. E. Page and Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, and with the assistance of an Advisory Board of eminent scholars representing Great Britain, the United States, Germany, and France, a library of the classics, giving text and translation on opposite pages. The series is to include practically the whole of Greek and Latin literature "from the time of Homer to the Fall of Constantinople," and the original works will be printed in the best critical texts as approved by modern scholarship. Judging by the first ten volumes of the series, we cannot praise too highly the manner in which this wonderful undertaking has been begun, and we hope it will be widely supported. Professor Butler's *Propertius* is an admirable piece of work, literal without being clumsy, and the text very satisfactory, conservative, but well supplied with notes of the chief variants.

Those who have been loudly decrying the classics will now have no excuse for not investigating personally the greatness of Greek and Latin literature.

FOUNTAINS IN THE SAND. RAMBLES AMONG THE OASES OF TUNISIA. By NORMAN DOUGLAS. Martin Secker. 7s. 6d. net.

To imagine that this is just a travel book about Tunisia would be as vital a mistake as to imagine that the same author's *Siren Land* was just a travel book about Sorrento. It is, indeed, something infinitely more precious—a real and very distinguished addition to literature. Mr. Douglas writes with the exquisite finish and irony of an eighteenth-century Frenchman mingled with a flow and sense of colour which is entirely modern. Add to this the fact that he is learned and of a curious nature, and it is easy to see that he approaches his subject from a very unusual standpoint. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that this is an extraordinarily able and even beautiful book. Mr. Douglas is one of

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those rare people who are able to create in their pages the exact illusion of impressions. His style is suave, precise, and delicate. Take, for instance, an example such as this:—

"Light was diffused; the colour of day-time invaded the ground at our feet, flitting like some arterial rill through the dim spaces; wonderful, this magic touch of awakening. It is the same swiftness of change as at sunset, when the desert folds itself to sleep, like some gorgeously palpitating flower, in the chill of nightfall, or rather, to use a metaphor which has often occurred to me, it hardens its features, crystallising them into a stony mark, even as some face, once friendly, grows strangely indifferent in death."

A paragraph such as this, alone, is sufficient to show that Mr. Douglas is an artist. And as for the spirit breathing through the book—it is like drinking a sparkling wine! Here is the joy of travel, the romance of wandering, without an ounce of that sticky sentimentalism which so cloy the palate. As a matter of fact, Mr. Douglas's opinion of the Arabs or semi-Arabs of such a place as Gafsa hardly bears repeating, and nowhere is he anything if not critical and clear-headed. The French themselves come in for some hard words upon the futile character of their occupations and upon their general incapacity to improve matters. But his book, so full of knowledge, of wit, and of poetry, is as easy reading as a novel of Anatole France. And it gives one, somehow, much the same feeling of satisfaction, spiced as it is by that pervading and genial cynicism common to both authors.

The volume is handsomely produced, and contains some excellent photographs. A map of Tunisia would have been an improvement.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD. By YOSHIO MARKINO. Constable and Co. 6s.

"It has been my ambition with this book to give ample materials for your psychological study," the author writes, and the sentence is characteristic both of the manner and matter of a book which has a curious charm of language and presentation and an interest which is at once childish and mature. It is perhaps the truest thing this wholly delightful Japanese artist and thinker has given us—very sad, too, in its revelation of his struggle for life and understanding, and yet inspiring, as life is. As a portrait of a young Japanese artist's child-life it has a real biological value, because the author is frank, naive, sincere, and brave enough to put on paper the troubles and doubts that afflicted him, which give his little book the nature of a confession, in itself always more interesting than fiction. It is a simple and pretty story that he has to unfold, told with the artless simplicity of art. Quite an idyll of Eastern homeliness, kindness, and natural beauty, the chapters of the little Markino, learning the tenets of the Samurais from his father, performing the national "tea ceremonies," studying the Chinese poets, worshipping flowers, and battling with the Christianity of American missionaries—these are things that must be read. Later the clouds come, and we find him setting out into the world, becoming a window-cleaner, a cook, doing all kinds of menial work at San Francisco, yet keeping a brave heart within him, winning to peace and knowledge. Then there are some more serious chapters on "the ethic and religion," on "science and human sense." But young and old will turn to his accounts of his child-romance in Japan for their sincerity and instinctive grace of mind and æstheticism. Nor has the author yet learnt English. All the subtle characteristics of his style are with him still, and who would have him change them? "Ample psychology" there is to those who can see it. As a gift book, this is a treasure. Here we find all the humanities, and something, too, of philosophy and the love that is divine.

MY OWN TIMES. By LADY DOROTHY NEVILL. Methuen.

Yet another volume of commentary and reminiscences—the third—from the pen of Lady Dorothy Nevill, aided by the wit and discrimination of "my son." The author is one of the last of the *grandes dames d'antan*,

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herself still the greatest figure between the past and the present, representing all that was highest and most characteristic of England's aristocracy. Her life has been unique from the point of view of the observer: she has known nearly everybody. In this work she continues her reflections. Perhaps she is more seriously critical than in previous volumes, more philosophical, but it is a kindly philosophy, broad and human, a criticism of life which has no rancour and is often penetrating. On the whole, Lady Dorothy does not regret. She notes the changes that she has witnessed, she accepts them. She sees the fall of her own class—she has the courage to realise that it was largely their own fault, that with other times so there are other conditions. And it is this sense of moderation, kindliness, and common sense that makes the book so interesting, and even useful, as a criticism of the times. There are some really good stories, too. It is well worth reading.

SALVE. By GEORGE MOORE. Heinemann.

At the end of *Ave*, the first volume of the trilogy, *Hail and Farewell*, Mr. George Moore left England to reside in Dublin, disgusted with the Boer war, and so with the English, determined to throw in his lot henceforth with Yeats and the Gaelic League, and the movement for the re-discovery and re-creation of the Irish language as the means for the spiritual and political redemption of Ireland. *Salve* is the sequel. It shows how George Moore came to Ireland, how delighted he was with the blasphemy of the washerwomen—"Blasphemy is the literature of Catholic countries"—how AE. comforted him, and found him a house, and how, finally, he discovered the great truth of his life, that no literary thing ever came out of Catholic countries, ergo, he could not possibly be a Catholic; ergo, he could not therefore reside in Ireland—which led him to write to Tonks in London to find him another house, and so to Moore's defection from the Trinity of Catholicism, Yeats, and Gaelic Ireland.

Salve is not only one of the most delightful things we have read—it is a great book; indeed, Mr. Moore's trilogy must certainly take a place in English literature. As a piece of English writing, nothing better has been done. Moore shows himself here to be a true artist of words, rhythm, and all the subtle nuances that make prose at once beautiful and distinguished, yet so light and melodious that it murmurs like running water, cool, limpid, clear. Mr. Moore has plainly read Sterne, and we know now that he has read the Bible. This is as good as Sterne without the tricks of the man, and if Moore could have only been brave enough to do without his master's parade of a little "smut," it would have been even better still.

In this volume, Moore reveals himself as a serious critic both of theology and literature, and in this sense the book has a real and extremely valuable interest. It is characteristic that it was from the æsthetic barrenness of Catholicism that Moore was compelled to leave Rome. And the discovery is new; moreover, under the analysis of Moore it becomes almost a revelation. It began with Moore's literary activities on the *New Ireland Review*, under the supervision of Father Tom. Then the problem arose, which will Ireland choose—Literature or Dogma? The pages wherein Moore describes his searchings into Catholic literature, from the Confessions to the modern Germans and even Belloc, for art and truth and wisdom, is one of the best things we have in English letters. And the one valid claim that Moore will grant to Catholicism as an æsthetic power is that of the cathedrals. All else, Dante, the anti-cleric, "venting his hatred on popes, cardinals, bishops, priests, hating them with the hatred of his own Asiatic god," Bossuet, Pascal, Chateaubriand, Verlaine—all the great French writers were agnostics, and Guizot was a Protestant. In England, who is there? Newman! Well, read Moore's scathing dissection of Newman's prose. It is convincing. Here Moore has done English literature a service. He has shown that Newman not only could not write, but wrote abominably, worse than a half-penny paper journalist. All this literary side of the book is entirely admirable, and as brilliant as

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the best kind of French work. It leads the author finally to write to the Archbishop, to call on the local cleric, to fall down on his knees and repeat solemnly the Lord's Prayer.

No other living Englishman could have done this so well, so charmingly, so discerningly. It is quite as good as Anatole France. And we find the real Moore clearer, more lovable, more personal than in any other of his books. It is at once autobiography and fiction, criticism and self-revelation. All the lighter sides of the author are prominent, too; there is no stodginess. His love for nature, his quiddities and conceits, his delicious descants upon beasts and the colours of the hills—all these are with him still. He has done nothing better than this. Those who have the smallest feeling for literary art will find in *Salve*, if not the author's own salvation, a work of art as fragrant as a Botticelli.

FICTION

THE WHITE SHRINE. By GERALD VILLIERS STUART. Melrose. 6s.

The pieces of this story are distinctly of the wooden kind—a literary girl entirely ignorant of life, a blackguard, a hero of the Wild West type, and a "red" woman, who is a kind of guardian angel. However, the author has talent; he has a worldly breadth of view; he writes pleasantly, often observantly; he has put together a story which amuses and even engrosses. He is better with women than with men. The scene where the strong man, whose muscular shoulders are more expressive than his face, faces the villain, is the weakest thing in the book, perhaps because it needs a stage to get the full value out of it, perhaps because—because it is a bit worn among novelists. A critic cannot help being playful about this book, which, all the same, is very readable.

TWIXT LAND AND SEA. Tales by Joseph Conrad. Dent. 6s.

The three stories that make up this volume are concerned with the tropics, the first with Mauritius, the second with the Siamese coast, and the third with the East Indies. They are typical of Mr. Conrad's later period in the finish and precision of the language, but they have something, too, of the opulent glow of his earlier, tropical tales. And, like all Mr. Conrad's work, they show that extraordinary grasp on reality, that capacity for seizing a situation and a character that have always so pre-eminently distinguished him.

"A Smile of Fortune" is, perhaps, the most remarkable of the three. This story of "The Pearl of the Ocean" (obviously Mauritius) contains two of Mr. Conrad's most startlingly vivid figures—Jacobus and his daughter. (It is curious, by the way, to note the sort of resemblance in difference between the Jacobus of this story and the Verloc of "The Secret Agent.") And the young captain of the sailing ship is very well done—making love to the morose and passionate Miss Jacobus in the darkness of the scented garden. But it is Jacobus chiefly who is so wonderful, with his impenetrable and sombre urbanity, with his everlasting eye to business.

The second story of the book, "The Secret Sharer," is considerably the shortest of the three. It relates how the captain of a sailing ship anchored at the head of the Gulf of Siam helped the chief mate of another boat to escape from a charge of murder. Out of the calm sea one night came this naked man, and was hidden by the captain in his own cabin. Never, to anybody else on board, was anything known. It is an impressive story, this adventure of the mysterious "secret sharer."

"Freya of the Seven Isles" is the last and longest of the three tales. In it Mr. Conrad, as we said, goes back once more to the East Indies, to the home of Almayer, of Willems, and of Lord Jim, to these far-off islands which he has drawn with such splendour in his earlier books. It is a beautiful but very painful story, one of these tragic episodes placed

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amidst the poisonous luxuriance of the East that Mr. Conrad has shown us so repeatedly. A piece of writing such as the following quite recalls the sumptuous descriptions of *An Outcast of the Islands* :—

"The brig's business was on uncivilised coasts, with obscure rajahs dwelling in nearly unknown bays; with native settlements up mysterious rivers opening their sombre, forest-lined estuaries among a welter of pale green reefs and dazzling sand-banks, in lonely straits of calm blue water all a-glitter with sunshine. Alone, far from the beaten tracks, she glided, all white, round dark, frowning headlands, stole out, silent like a ghost, from behind points of land stretching out all black in the moonlight, or long hove-to, like a sleeping sea-bird, under the shadow of some nameless mountain waiting for a signal."

And his characterisation in this story also is very able—the eager calmness of Allen, the vacillating fear and good-nature of old Nelson, the deep, serene passion of Freya. Perhaps the Lieutenant is too much of the melodramatic villain, but, of course, there do exist people who actually are melodramatic.

In short, *'Twixt Land and Sea* is a book that every admirer of Conrad must read, for it is full of a rare and powerful creative faculty and of an artistic skill of a high order.

A DAUGHTER OF THE MORNING. By HUGH DE SELINCOURT. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

In spite of inequalities and a certain rather annoying way of twisting all events to his theories, Mr. de Selincourt has produced an acutely alive piece of work, to which his somewhat far-fetched title gives little clue. The theme is the old, old one of love *versus* convention, but, even more than in the vivid manner of its treatment, the success of the book lies in the character drawing, which is a real achievement. The only people who do not ring true are Smith, the gardener, his extraordinarily broad-minded wife, and the servant girl, Lucy, whom he loves. But Constance Howard, the pleasant-faced young woman of twenty-eight, who never in all her prosperous life has been startled into thought, until she comes on Smith and Lucy passionately kissing; her mother, that gentle, humorous lady; and James, the young painter cousin, who sleeps out of doors in a bag, airing his head and his theories, are all "in the picture," though we confess to agreeing with Constance when she feels that she can never really like James. But the triumph of the book is Reginald Trew, the middle-aged and married art critic, and he is such a triumph that were there nothing else good in the book he would justify it. Trew's "affair" with the awakened Constance, the way he makes literary love to her, his longing to take all she offers, and his cowardly withdrawal at the last, in the relation of these things, as in the description of Constance's survival of her pain, Mr. de Selincourt has achieved much, and most of all does he succeed in the letter which Trew writes to Constance when he fails her. "You'd have made me a different man if I'd been ten years younger and circumstances had been kinder," writes Trew, the child of circumstances. "You'd have put spirit in me. She's taken the spirit out of me. It was my luck to meet her too soon and to meet you too late. . . . Everyone likes me. People beam when they see me. . . . I've a sweet nature and a gentle voice. I can't help saying the sympathetic thing. Oh, if you knew how I loathe myself. . . . I am trying to tell you the truth. I don't know the truth. I can only curse Fate. You would have made me a man. . . . Youth has gone. Manhood has not come. I'm to be pitied." That is his cry to the last, as it always is to a man of his type, impressionable yet shallow, affectionate yet incapable of understanding the wounds he deals to those for whom he professes affection, and through it all, till vision of him becomes too clear, how lovable! It is the presentment of Reginald Trew that makes of *A Daughter of the Morning* a book to be read.

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MRS. AMES. By E. F. BENSON. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

The trouble with Mr. Benson's latest book is that it is literary. In his presentment of a snug little country town he has not gone to actual life but to a literary convention of life under such circumstances. No one—even in the suburbs—is quite as incredibly petty as the people in this book, so entirely without interest in the outer world, or so absorbed in the details of each other's households. People are far more absorbed in the details of their own. But, given this convention, Mr. Benson has produced a book more really and fundamentally amusing than his more caustic diatribes succeed in being. Everywhere are flashes of delightful wit, and his description of Mrs. Ames herself, that leader of Riseborough, is a joy:—"In appearance she was like a small, good-looking toad in half-mourning, or, to state the comparison with greater precision, she was small for a woman, but good-looking for a toad." There is a scene of pure comedy when four middle-aged Cleopatras all arrive at the Shakespeare ball, and Major Ames (on one page, and for that page only, for some inscrutable reason promoted to the rank of Colonel), who, by all the laws of matrimony, should be Mrs. Ames's Antony, is rent from her by the youngest of the Cleopatras, Mrs. Evans. It is the lukewarm love affair between the Major and Millicent Evans which forms the main theme of the book, and it is in the scene where Mrs. Ames takes command, makes her husband unpack his bag (ready packed for a half-reluctant flight with the charmer) that Mr. Benson is most entirely successful. By the way, it is refreshing to note that save for one or two lapses, Mr. Benson has conquered his mannerism of making all his characters begin their sentences with "Ah!"

POETRY

FIRES. Book II., "The Ovens and other Tales." Book III., "The Hare and other Tales." By WILFRID WILSON GIBSON. Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.

We may leave it to the academies to decide whether Mr. Gibson's *Fires* are poetry in the conventional acceptance of that term. They are pictures of humble life, for the most part; etchings, rather, engraved with the parsimonious touch of a true master. Every stroke tells, and the result is an image of crystalline purity. The author has assimilated all that is best in the modern spirit. He is modern in his technique and in his subject-matter; his æsthetic outlook is untainted by introspection or sentimentality; his verse glides along free from inversions or turgidity, limpid as a mountain brook. He touches the heart by the sheer Katharsis of his pathos. He has seen—he has felt; and (enviable mortal!) can make others feel and see. For artistic cleanliness these vignettes are unsurpassed.

THREE ALLEGORICAL PLAYS. By W. H. B. Dent.

The Wild Swans, Beauty and the Beast, The Sea Maiden—three little plays in blank verse, all of a distinguished expression, flowing from quite an original charm and natural poetic inspiration. Blank verse plays are rather "terrifying" things nowadays, but these are not; they are delightful to read; moreover, the lines are so good, so little monotonous, so fresh, that they prevail even upon the tired and fastidious mind, and one lays the book down, determined to open and have a look at it again. The Stage Society should certainly try *The Sea Maiden*, or perhaps the Cabaret Club, which, now that it is an "Intimate Theatre," has a place

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for work such as this. We recommend the author to send his volume to that theatre, at 9 Heddon Street, Regent Street.

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Edited, with textual and bibliographical notes, by ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE. Oxford: Clarendon Press. Two vols. 16s. net.

Mr. E. H. Coleridge's *Complete Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* contains rather a bigger gleanings than could have been expected after Mr. J. Dykes Campbell's harvest of 1893. There are, of course, no complete poems, hitherto unpublished, of any great value. The six verses of 1787 on "Easter Holidays" are interesting only because they hold in solution a quality of style which could only be Coleridge's; at no point is the quality precipitated and indubitable. Another complete poem—"Inscription for a seat by the roadside half-way up a steep hill facing south"—belongs to 1800. The editor cannot decide between Coleridge and Wordsworth as author, but we incline to Coleridge as more capable of the parodies of both which it seems to embody. "The Rash Conjuror" is better. H. N. Coleridge printed the epilogue and missed the fifty lines of fire which is at once boyish and heavy. Having repeated an obscure Hebrew invocation, Anti-Christ and a flock of devils beset the "rash conjurer," who thus warns his fellows:—

Cabbalists! Conjurers! great and small,
 Johva Mitzoveh Evohäen and all!
 Had I never uttered your jaw-breaking words,
 I might now have been sloshing down junket and curds,
 Like a Devonshire Christian

Most of the unpublished complete poems are epigrams, like this one on Mr. Ross, usually cognominated *Nosy* :—

I fancy whenever I spy Nosy
 Ross,
 More great than a Lion is Rhy nose
 ros.

There are better, but few that will not gain more regret than laughter. Another class, that of metrical experiments, is somewhat newer and richer. It includes eleven additions to the old stock, with notes by Professor Saintsbury, telling us that one is "a *leetle* 'Moorish,'" and saying of another, "Shall I own I can't get any *English* Rhythm" on them. Of "A Plaintive Movement" he says that "This, if early, is almost priceless." It is only eight lines:—

Go, little Pipe! for ever I must leave thee,
Ah, vainly true!
Never, ah never! must I more receive thee?
Adieu! adieu!
Well, thou art gone! and what remains behind,
Soothing the soul to Hope?
The moaning wind—
Hide with sere leaves my Grave's undaisied slope.

But, obviously, Professor Saintsbury speaks as the historian of prosody when he denominates this priceless. Some of the other experiments, like this, contain a whiff of pure Coleridge.

The fragments and new readings are of greater importance. The largest is the dramatic fragment, "The Triumph of Loyalty," belonging to 1800. From this Coleridge took "The Night Scene" for his "Sibylline Leaves"; but that was only eighty-three lines. The fragment as now printed is nearly four hundred, and is sufficiently advanced to have alternative readings. We do not, however, question Coleridge's judgment in preserving no more. The other pieces in this class are often versified

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notes, such as a worse poet might have thrust into his finished work more often than Coleridge. One example will suffice:—

Seaward, white gleaming thro' the busy scud
With arching wings, the sea-mew o'er my head
Posts on, as bent on speed, now passing
Edges the stiffer Breeze, now, yielding, drifts,
Now floats upon the air, and sends from far
A wildly wailing Note.

Others are not even exercises or sketches, but just barbarous maltreatment of blank verse and fact. One only indicates a never finished poem in gestation—the "Fragment of an Ode on Napoleon," which begins:—

O'erhung with yew, midway the Muses mount
From thy sweet murmurs far, O Hippocrene!

It is in the half-purged poetical style which commonly gave Coleridge more bad than good.

Among the first drafts, early versions, &c., some throw light on the composition of well-known poems. There are three drafts, *e.g.*, of "The Destiny of Nations," and early forms of "Dejection" and "Friend of the Wise" and "Teacher of the Good!" It is a pity that these should be printed in full and also represented at some length in footnotes. The whole of the "Ancient Mariner" is duplicated in an appendix to show the variations presented by an early copy of "Lyrical Ballads," with MS. corrections by Coleridge. He once wrote "And as it were a Christian soul," instead of "As if," &c. The printer desired to have "thro' fog smoke-white" instead of "through fog-smoke white." In this version Coleridge uses both "far Contrée" and "mine own Countrée"; "withouten wind" for "without a wind," "pheere" for "mate," and the like. The whole is thirty lines longer than the final version, and is altogether a looser, vaguer thing, and probably no amount of use—supposing it to have succeeded—would have destroyed its experimental character.

The odds and ends include Coleridge's contributions to Southey's "Joan of Arc," and his fragments "from an old play," &c., whether original or merely adapted. The editor's notes aim solely at enabling the reader to see exactly what Coleridge wrote. They do not pretend to give any help towards understanding the sources and methods of composition, like the notes of Mr. Dykes Campbell. This aim is accomplished without making the edition anything but a pleasant one, even for the reader indifferent to everything but an intelligible and approved text.

THE POEMS OF ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON. John Lane. 5s. net.

NATURE AND OTHER POEMS. By ALFRED WILLIAMS. Erskine Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net.

MORETON MILES and A NORTHERN TRAIL. Private imprints made in the tenth year of the Australian Commonwealth.

POEMS AND DRAMAS OF GEORGE CABOT LODGE. Two volumes. Heinemann. 10s. net.

SONGS OF THE NEW DAY. By LILY NIGHTINGALE. Published by Gertrude Sharman, 37 Montpelier Rise, Golder's Green, N.W.

Mrs. Marriott Watson is a songster pure and simple. Mr. Marriott Watson, to whom we are grateful for this collected edition, has been well advised in republishing the deceased lady's verses in the chronological order

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in which they appeared, for thus we acquire a human document of no small interest. We observe relatively little change in the texture of her mind—from the earliest to the latest these outpourings are marked by keen perception, a zest of life, and a striving for clear expression. And though her utterance gradually grows more sustained, she remains the singer of colours and shadows, of birds, of wistful moods and unambitious joys. Hers was the poet's gift of investing the most trivial and prosaic happenings with an aureole of mysterious beauty, of laying bare their inner significance:—

O the long, long street and the sweet
Sense of the night, of the Spring!
Lamps in a glittering string,
Pointing a path for our feet.

O the dark Spring night and the bright
Glint of the lamps in the street!
Strange is their summons, and sweet,
O my beloved, to-night!

Whatever she touches turns to gold—a colour, by the way, whose mellow and sumptuous connotations had a veritable fascination for her. "The Golden Hour," "Golden Feather," "Heart of Gold": such are the titles of some of her lyrics. The intensity of her feeling is shown in pieces like "Requiescat," but nothing, we think, displays her powers more fully than those poems in which she sings of the metropolis, or its gardens, in the sad hours of autumnal evening.

Mr. Alfred Williams tells of robuster pleasures of the country-side. Whoever has enjoyed his previous volumes of Wiltshire poems will relish this new one—there is the same sincerity of feeling, the same rare blend of Goth and Latin. His verses "After the Rain" have a noble swing:—

After the rain,
New joy and beauty bringing
How sweet! to wander forth again
Where the loud thrush, singing, singing,
Pours forth his soul with still-increasing pain,
In one full-hearted, loud, melodious strain,
After the rain!

But why still-increasing *pain*? Alas! those dreadful exigencies of rhyme, under whose cruel stress the wisest of us are apt to become indifferent observers!

We confess to a sense of disappointment on opening Mr. Blocksidge's *Moreton Miles* and *A Northern Trail*—*imprints*, as they are, *made in the tenth year of the Australian Commonwealth*. We anticipated things pungent, things Antipodean. We smacked our lips in expectation of the mirage of salt-encrusted deserts, and silvery artesian fountains, and pearls and opals, and hirsute gold-prospectors muttering strange blasphemies over their camp-fires, and gum-trees, and wallabys and stingarees and bungaroos (whatever that may be). Instead of this, we are regaled chiefly with the author's impressions of himself and of Europe—poor old Europe! No matter; his idiomatic diction, rough and generous, atones for much. But, oh dear, we wish he yearned a little less frequently for his "Beloved":—

Christ, Beloved, if I had but thee,
Soft and round and warm,
Close beside my body laid, thee
Would I bless from harm!

No doubt; no doubt.

Here is something from another continent: two goodly volumes. They command respectful attention from the fact that they are heralded

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by a warm foreword—hot, we might call it—from the pen of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who was a friend of the deceased author for twenty-five years. Well, with due deference, we question whether they will appeal to the hermaphrodite entity known as the general reader; they are deficient in movement and conciseness. They do not palpitate. As for the scholar—he will complain that the issues raised are neither vital nor sufficiently remote to stimulate his curiosity. Open the books where you will, and the muse will always be discovered roving about in a maze of fervent but quite familiar abstractions. The two dramas of "Cain" and "Herakles" are preposterously long; the last-named covers over 250 pages. Mellifluous verses, yes; and cultured, gentlemanly work (the crime of Cain is well motivated), but—what a deluge of mere words! The reader observes with surprise that in this Biblical tale there is no attempt at local colour, no endeavour to maintain the rugged patriarchal simplicity of speech which we associate with our first parents; Adam and his brood, those skin-clad primevals, discourse like modern Bostonian intellectuals, and God alone knows by what intuitive afflatus they can be supposed to have drawn their knowledge of *ships* and *sepulchres* and *lyric enterprises*.

The mind of this author was unquestionably well stored, but infected with a strong devotional miasma; his latter poems, "The Soul's Inheritance" (note the title), are full of generalisations about God and such-like divine themes, which, however appropriate for ethical purposes, are quite out of place in poetry of the lyric species. In short, his defects are these: a fatal facility of language, a lack of the sense of humour, and a mystic or misty—call it what you like—attitude towards mundane matters. And it does not alter our view to be told by Mr. Roosevelt that he was a handsome, striking-looking boy, that he loved his friends, and, having served in the army, is thenceforward to be enrolled in the bright company of soldier-scribes like Koerner, Sidney, and Camoens. "Of all the men," he says, "with whom I have been intimately thrown, he was the man to whom I would apply the rare name of genius." A portentous fanfare, in truth. Unlike Mr. Roosevelt, we can only judge of him by these effusions which, in our opinion, are rather sloppy stuff. The writer of that sonnet on "Kalypso" was conceivably a striking boy, but not a striking poet.

In contrast to these tomes are the *Songs of the New Day*, a volume of elvish slimness by Miss Lily Nightingale. She, too, is something of a mystic, but her notes are more beguiling and bird-like; they trip to the beat of *allegro ma non troppo*. "I would become the Path," she warbles, with cheerful conviction; and whether or not we rise to such exalted aspirations, we must admit that her booklet has one feature in common with certain of the sublimest efforts of literary genius: it is short.

POLITICS

SOUTH AMERICA: OBSERVATIONS AND IMPRESSIONS. By JAMES BRYCE.
With maps. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.

Some little time since Mr. Bryce made a four months' tour round South America, visiting in turn the Republics of Panama, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil, and this huge, learned, and picturesque volume is both a record of his experiences and a summary of his views on the conditions and the future of South America. It is a book that deserves to rank very high amongst the enormous body of literature devoted to this continent, for it is written with rare philosophic detachment and great vigour. His descriptions of natural scenery and of the life of cities are those of a vivid rather than of a poetical observer, but he succeeds in conveying with extraordinary ability a real idea of South America itself and of the political and social conditions of the various States. His book is singularly free from bias (though, of course, as

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Ambassador at Washington, he could not very well have indulged in too many polemics), and he seems to have a very just perception of the ideals underlying South American society as a whole, and of the individual idiosyncrasies that make each State so different from its neighbour, that tend more and more to form real separate nations of these countries that have nearly all got a common Spanish origin.

Something like two-thirds of the book is devoted to a recital of the trip, while the remaining third is, in the main, a discussion upon South America of to-day. Of each of the republics he saw, Mr. Bryce has formed very pertinent opinions, and it is particularly interesting to note how highly he esteems the patriotism and stability of Chile and the potential and actual wealth of the Argentine. Chile, Brazil, and the Argentine are certainly by far the most important States in South America, and it is with the two latter, especially, that the future of the continent lies. That seems to be a generally admitted fact.

WHAT THE WORKER WANTS. By H. G. WELLS and others. Hodder and Stoughton. 6d.

This is a collection of sixty-two articles contributed to *The Daily Mail* by forty-nine individuals, all more or less qualified to write on Labour matters. They set out to explain the causes of the present discontent in the industrial world and to suggest remedies. But after reading the whole of the articles one is somewhat at a loss to decide what the worker actually does want. Higher wages is generally agreed upon as a necessity, less working hours, of course, and Mr. H. G. Wells would like to make it possible for every workman to take more interest in his work. When it comes to *getting* what he wants, the worker who reads herein will be puzzled to know how the various writers intend him to set about doing it. Co-partnership, Profit-sharing, Business Leagues, and Socialism are touched upon, and appeals are made to the owning and ruling section of the community to "pull itself together," develop a real, as against the present spurious, form of patriotism, and work for the real good of the community. The book is not without gleams of humour, as, for instance, after giving two pages of the best facts and figures he can procure to prove that the workers are underpaid, and in some cases starved, a "leading economist of the day" goes on to say:—"The moral of all this is that we need completer and more authoritative statistics than we possess at present." Statistics!

QUESTIONS OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW. By SIR ALFRED MOND, BART. Methuen. 1s. net.

If this book receives the attention which it deserves the title will soon require to be altered, for from the many subjects dealt with the three of primary importance—National Insurance, Unemployment, and Tariff Reform—are sufficiently well covered to put us on the track of considering them in a scientific manner, thus lifting them above the unhealthy atmosphere of party controversy, then treating them with a firm hand and sane judgment, and so transferring them into questions of yesterday. Not that the same result would be reached in each case, however, for, whilst National Insurance and Unemployment schemes would soon be in healthy working order, Tariff Reform would be dead. With regard to the Insurance Act, many of the complaints against it are due to the fact that it is—and by its nature it must be—a complex piece of work. But what have frequently appeared to be almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of many who have endeavoured to explain its various clauses in a simple manner, a manner easily understood by working people, are here, owing to the practical and sympathetic mind brought to bear upon them, quite easily and clearly explained. From the chapter on Unemployment we must quote:—"Every trained workman represents a valuable asset to the community. . . . He is an economic factor of value, like a

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doctor or a lawyer, or anyone else who has received a more expensive education." Now the only alteration we would make in that pronouncement would be to delete the second word. All workmen are, or should be, valuable assets to the community. We are glad to see that local treatment for this national malady is objected to, and that the Poor Law system of dealing with the floating population of unemployed is vigorously condemned. Our present method of harrying men from town to town, breaking their spirits by forcing them to break unconscionable heaps of stones in casual wards, setting them to dig useless holes and drive roads from nowhere to nowhere—holes which, in a spiritual sense, are nothing better than their own graves, and roads symbolical of their own wasted lives—surely this is the maddest scheme man could have devised for dealing with this terrible social disease. As immediate remedial measures the author suggests the diminution of child labour, more assistance in transferring unemployed men to waiting jobs, relief works which will be of some benefit to the community and not merely places of repression, emigration, and some material help which will enable men to tide over a temporary lack of work. He further points out the value of the Unemployment Section of the Insurance Act, and calls for more detailed investigation and classification of the different kinds of unemployed. In the Tariff Reform section of the book there is a practical businesslike tone and a simple and convincing marshalling of facts and figures, which are in striking contrast to the vague generalisations, the burking of practical issues, the wholesale and far-reaching proposals and tremendous claims and statements made by Tariff Reformers on ridiculously insufficient and unsatisfactory evidence. But there, it is of slight use suggesting that Tariff Reform propagandists should be amenable to reason. All we can do is to see that the ideas, arguments, and evidence here given are as widely disseminated as possible so as to counteract any evil influence which the opponents of Free Trade may have acquired over the British electorate.

GERMANY AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR. By HERBERT PERRIS. Melrose.

A book of this kind on Germany, untechnical, unbiassed, was needed, and the author is to be congratulated on supplying it. It gives in calm narrative form, without pretensions to historical revelation, a clear, succinct account of the rise of Germany from the legacies of Feudalism to the present day, touching on and explaining the central influences and movements which have in turn divided and consolidated her. In his capacity as guide, Mr. Perris has shown a grasp of Germany and her history, her conditions in the past and present, which are worth serious attention, added to a capacity for appraisement and judgment which are not often found together. Thus he is able to sum up the work of Luther and the work of Bismarck, to say some interesting things about music, and the cycle of human, literary, and philosophic genius which flourished in the epoch of Germany's greatest political disintegration and abasement, to criticise the Emperor William or to expose his intrinsic vanities and weaknesses, to see that the greatest achievement of modern Germany is Socialism, and to set out dispassionately the causes that have led to the present rivalry between England and Germany—all this with an objectivity of view and presentation which make his book a useful possession. Coming to the present time, the author is not optimistic. He realises that the forces at work are national pride and ambition; that in the actual and still mediæval conditions of government and public life, the Germans are yet in process of emancipation and *Werden*, as that aggression without is the one alternative to revolution from within, which is the alternative to the solution by war. Mr. Perris has condensed, omitted, and summarised well. As a statement of the German attitude and position, as a summary of the causes that have led to them, it is an admirable and reliable exposition.

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ILLUSIONS SOCIALISTES ET RÉALITÉS ÉCONOMIQUES : GRÈVES ET ARBITRAGE OBLIGATOIRE, POUR REMPLACER LE SALAIRE, EXPÉRIENCES AUSTRA- LIENNES. Par DANIEL BELLET, Professeur à l'École libre des sciences politiques de Paris et à l'École des Hautes Études Commerciales, Secrétaire perpétuel de la Société d'Économie politique de Paris. Paris, Marcel Rivière et Cie, 1912. 3 francs.

Professor Bellet is a prominent member of the comparatively small but resolute band of avowed Free Traders in France. In his professional capacity, as a writer, and latterly as general secretary of the new *Ligue du libre échange*, he has for years done excellent work in promoting sounder economic views in a country where they are sorely needed. His self-sacrificing labours have won for him the esteem not only of his compatriots, but of Englishmen who have followed the progress of the Free Trade movement on the Continent, and who have benefited by his extensive and accurate knowledge of that controversy, particularly in France. His record will ensure serious consideration for this well-informed and vigorously written work, the latest addition to the *Bibliothèque des sciences économiques et sociales*. He here confines himself mainly to current illusions of Socialism. Dealing with strikes and the various efforts made to avert them by compulsory arbitration, he assumes a standpoint of uncompromising non-intervention, which for Englishmen is best exemplified in Herbert Spencer's "The Man versus the State." It is a gallant onslaught, which has, however, all the appearance of a forlorn hope not only in France, but in the home of Herbert Spencer and the "Manchester School." Naturally, Professor Bellet is out of sympathy with British official intervention in labour disputes, and notes with regret the "strangely modified tendency of thought" in this country as shown in the legalisation of "peaceful picketing." After discussing the problem whether it is possible to modify the present wage system in the light of the different ways of remunerating labour tried and proposed, Professor Bellet agrees with Levasseur, Molinari, and other economists that the existing method is based on economic truth and bound to continue, but with a constant parallel movement between the wages paid and the profits realised. In his third section he contends that the socialistic experiments in Australia have been an utter failure, though he anticipates they will be continued by the Labour Party now in power in the Commonwealth. *La leçon coûtera cher!* he concludes. *Si encore elle profitait!*

THE ECONOMIC OUTLOOK. By EDWIN CANNAN, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Political Economy in the University of London. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.

A series of articles, ranging from 1889 to 1911, for the most part contributed to economic journals or read at meetings of the British Association, in the course of which Professor Cannan develops his optimistic Free Trade philosophy, winding up with the conclusion that "the economic outlook is neither alarming nor dismal." He goes on to say:—

"Our economic institutions . . . are stronger to resist revolutionary change than either those who attack or those who defend them imagine. They will not be replaced by a system of socialist or communist societies based on existing national divisions. On the contrary, aided by other forces, they will crush nationalism, as now understood, and reduce the present independent national governments to a proper dependence, as mere local authorities, on society at large. . . . There is no reason to suppose that it will not long remain desirable that men and women should get the best terms they can by individual bargains, and by such combination as intelligent self-interest suggests to them. . . . It is childish to be angry with everyone who will not pay you what you ask, and with everyone who will not work for what you offer; and childish anger ends in tears."

The value of these bright and suggestive talks by the genial professor,

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which include an effective plea for the recognition of the practical importance in politics of the study of economic theory, is greatly enhanced by an introduction of over forty pages, giving an autobiographic summary of the development of his economic views during a quarter of a century. It gives unity to the articles, which deal, *inter alia*, with the economics of socialism, the incompatibility of socialism and nationalism, "the stigma of pauperism," and "must a Poor Law pauperise?" municipal trading, Colonial preference, the economic ideal, the division of income and equity and economy in the remuneration of labour. It is unnecessary at this time of day to dwell upon Professor Cannan's unquestioned competence, his light touch and talent for exposition. A perusal of this volume, with its many lessons for employers and employed, as well as for the "man in the street," encourages the hope that it will find many readers among those who are too often deterred by the dryness of the ordinary economic text-book.

THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA. With chapters on Rhodesia and the Native Territories of the High Commission. By W. BASIL WORSFOLD, sometime Editor of *The Johannesburg Star*. Pitman and Sons. 7s. 6d. net.

This latest addition to the "All Red" series, by a writer who has spent a great part of his life in South Africa, fully maintains its reputation for comprehensive and trustworthy summaries of the essential facts concerning our great dominions. While giving similar information to that furnished in the previous volumes as to physical, political, and social conditions, administration, industrial development, &c., it acquires exceptional interest from the heroic and chequered history related by Mr. Worsfold with the picturesque vigour to be expected from the author of *The Story of South Africa*. In this excellent epitome, based upon intimate knowledge, the writer does not confine himself, for instance, to the story of the Dutch settlements and their crude and forcible absorption of the Huguenots, or to the Dutch and British wars with each other, and with the native tribes, to whose good qualities he does full justice, but gives us details of the Portuguese discoveries, and of the conjectural history of those huge Rhodesian remains that testify to still earlier occupations. In his account of the long conflict between the Boers and the English there is an evident effort to hold the scales evenly, which is not affected by Mr. Worsfold's unfeigned admiration for that great Englishman, Cecil Rhodes; though in dealing with the later developments of administration in the new Union he attributes perhaps somewhat too large a share in its recent progress to the work initiated by Lord Milner. Some minor errors will require correction in the second edition of what may well become a standard work of reference.

INDUSTRIAL WARFARE: THE AIMS AND CLAIMS OF CAPITAL AND LABOUR. By CHARLES WATNEY and JAMES A. LITTLE. Murray, 1912. 6s. net.

This summary of the present position of the long struggle between capital and labour is particularly useful at a juncture when some people are too apt to assume that its existing phase is bound to degenerate into violence. One consoling moral to be drawn from it is that, painful as is the present situation, it is by no means unprecedented, nor in reality abnormal, being merely part of the constant process of readjustment necessitated by industrial progress and the improved working-class standard of living. The tone of the writers is marked by a moderate and reasonable optimism well calculated to dispel all tendency to panic, which is probably the greatest danger besetting those who have to deal with the problem of reconciling working-class demands with the requirements of industry and of international competition. Their close study of the agitation has led them to reject the idea that it is to any considerable extent socialistic in character, or is based upon anything more recondite than a clear conviction among the working-classes that they are entitled to a larger

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

share of the world's goods, and much greater equality of opportunity for acquiring them. The workers, who do not ask for sweeping changes, would be content with fairer treatment. The exceptionally good trade now prevailing is a fortunate circumstance, as bad times might throw the proletariat off its balance, and unfit the community for the necessary changes. But the authors warn us that the fat years may be expected to end in the summer of 1914—indeed, the war that has just broken out may shorten that period—and that it is high time to prepare for the lean years which are sure to follow. A hopeful feature of the situation is the recognition by the great producing industries of the value of collective bargaining between masters and men. Indeed, this, together with a spirit of compromise and mutual respect, as well as liberty to each trade to adopt its own arrangements, seems to offer the most promising solution of the great labour problem. It is anticipated that events are shaping towards the compulsory organisation of masters as well as men in the different industries as a means of making those arrangements effective. Messrs. Watney and Little's encyclopædic epitome has been collected with the assistance of numerous organisers on the side of the employers and employed, and they claim that it will suffice for the ordinary reader, while serving as a convenient introduction to the subject by politicians and experts. Their volume covers a short survey of the labour agitation in Great Britain, the rise of Syndicalism, the minimum wage, the relations of British trades unionism with similar movements in other countries, the situation in the leading industries treated in separate chapters, legislative privileges secured, and a summary of labour legislation at home and abroad, Government action, and suggested remedies. Much useful information is added in a series of appendices.

THE PROGRESS OF THE NATION IN ITS VARIOUS SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC RELATIONS FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By G. R. PORTER. A completely new edition, revised and brought up to date, by F. W. HIRST, Editor of *The Economist*.—Methuen. 21s. net.

Mr. Hirst and his colleagues have rendered the public a very appreciable service in their revision and completion up to date of Porter's standard work—which, by the way, is a still unexhausted mine of Free Trade arguments. As a matter of fact, the description on the title-page is much too modest an account of their labours. A few exceptionally important chapters only of the original work are given in an abbreviated form, with corrections and additions, while whole sections of the present volume of over 700 pages are entirely new, such as those dealing with industries that have come into existence since Porter's time. For the rest, Porter's materials have been utilised and checked for the accounts of the first half of the nineteenth century, the story being brought up to date with statistics, in some cases, as recently issued as last year. Fifteen chapters are devoted to the leading industries of Great Britain and Ireland, from agriculture to beer, spirits, and tobacco, giving a bird's-eye view of their growth and present position. The preliminary general survey, prepared by Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. C. M. Atkinson, and Mr. W. T. Layton, comprise population, trades and occupations, wages, prices and employment, pauperism, housing and rent, crime, drink and insanity, education and the "rising standard of comfort." Porter's instructive account of foreign commerce and navigation in the first half of the century is reproduced from the 1851 edition with some slight excisions, and is followed by chapters setting forth the progress made from 1850 to 1910, and the development of British shipping. In like manner, Porter's chapter on currency and banking is completed by particulars of the progress of banking from 1850 to 1900. Among the further sections it must suffice to mention the highly interesting estimate of the growth of British capital from 1600 to 1800, from 1800 to 1885, and from 1885 to 1910. A full

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

index by Mr. G. G. Whiskard adds much to the value of this useful and convenient work.

DIVORCE PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY. E. S. P. HAYNES. W. Heffer and Sons, Ltd.

One of the pioneers of the Divorce Reform Movement, Mr. Haynes is an authority on what is now the subject of actual and national interest, especially at this moment, when the long-promised report of the Commission is to appear. This little book sums up the case in an entirely rational and legal way, and certainly should be in the hands of everybody interested in the matter. Some of these papers appeared in *THE ENGLISH REVIEW* and other reviews. There are one or two little matters he touches on—publicity, divorce, domicile, and nationality, and certain conclusions at the end which are new. In these Mr. Haynes is against divorce for any other disease except insanity, and this only when pronounced to be without doubt incurable; and in this we agree with him, as some of the most "hopeless" cases of diseases often turn out to be the contrary. He is rather pessimistic, as he thinks that in any case whatever reforms are advocated by the Commission will be shelved; in which case he puts forward two practical methods of coercion and persuasion. The first is to make the Church clearly understand that the establishment rests solely with the moral sense of the country—a line of policy we consider to be useless in England. The second is that people desiring to contract monogamous and permanent union outside the law as it stands should come forward and openly do so. This, of course, is drastic. We have yet to see what the Commission proposes, and how deep and how wide the desire for reform in the country really is.

THE NEW CANADA. A SURVEY OF THE CONDITIONS AND PROBLEMS OF THE DOMINION. By the CANADIAN CORRESPONDENT of *The Times*. Times Office. 1s. net.

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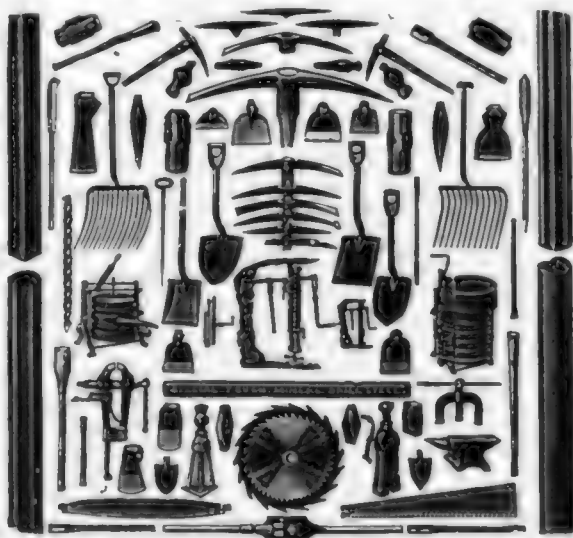
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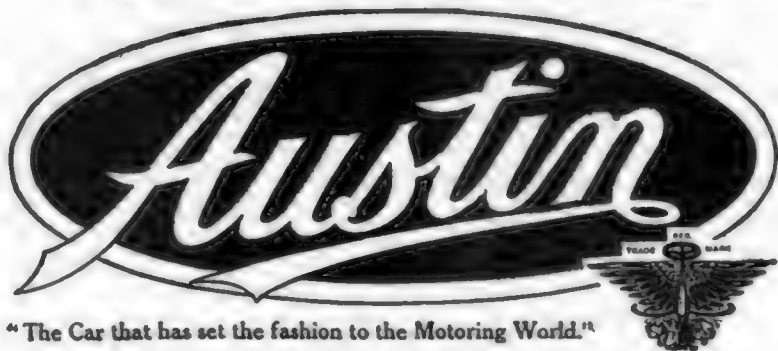
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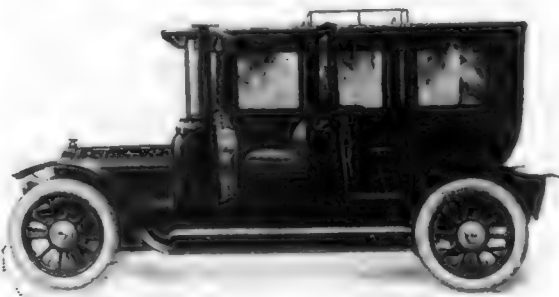
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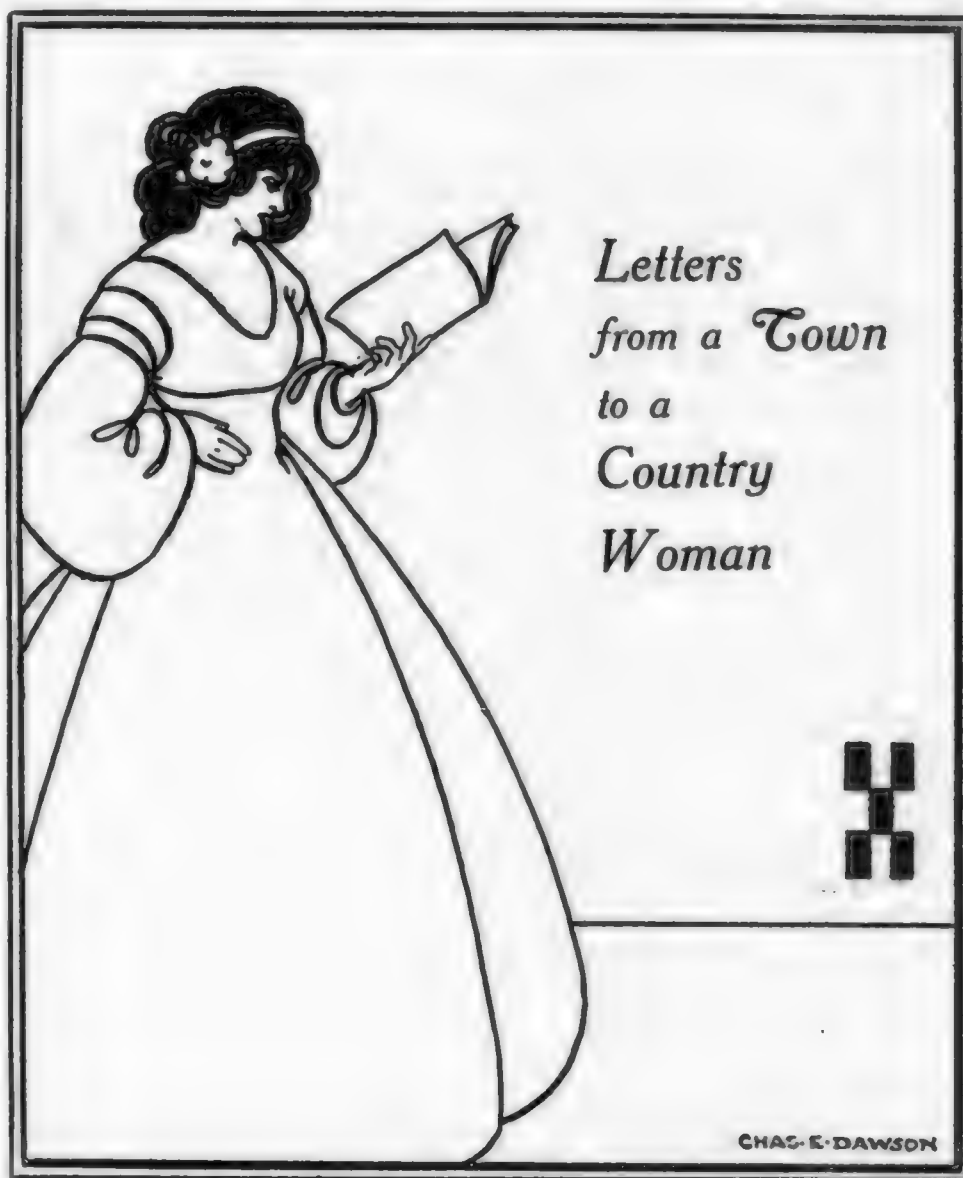
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Just now the Shopping Season is at its height. The West End is particularly lively and interesting, for every shop is vieing with its neighbour in a display of novelties that it would be difficult to equal, let alone excel. So far as dress is concerned, the novelty of the moment is the new type of visiting toilette that has been specially designed for wear under fur coats. Made of the thinnest voiles, ninons or fine *crêpe de Chine*, these gowns have deep hems of fur to match the coats worn over them, the fur border being in every instance at least six or seven inches deep, so that it meets the cut-away fronts of the new coats, which, though longer than the ordinary three-quarter length, are by no means deep enough to cover the hem of a visiting toilette. At present these frocks are enjoying a great popularity, owing to the fact that they are not only very picturesque, but they are so light that even the heaviest make of fur coat can be worn over them without inconvenience.

The Fur of the Moment

¶ Civet is certainly the fur *par excellence* of the Winter Season. One sees it made up into muffs and stoles, or worn in the form of full-length coats, as well as figuring as a lining to the new smart tweed overcoats that are enjoying so great a rage just now. This fur, with its distinctive black and white marking, has much to recommend it, for it comes as a welcome relief after the surfeit of coney and musquash that has flooded the market during the past few seasons. An additional recommendation is, that while it is very durable and hard wearing, it is anything but expensive, and it is a pelt that is vastly becoming to the majority of wearers.

Imitation Furs

¶ Another innovation of special interest is a wonderful imitation plush cloth, representing broad-tail, pony, and caracule fur, which a big London firm has been successful in securing a monopoly of this season. This cloth is such a wonderful replica of the

real thing that it is completely revolutionising the imitation fur trade; for whereas imitation fur of every kind has up to now been hideous and unbecoming, this new fabric is so excessively smart that even the most fastidious dresser need have no qualms



A New Visiting Dress for Winter wear.

about wearing it. Made up into the new full-length coats, it is difficult to distinguish it from real fur, and the fact that nearly all the coats on sale are fashioned after the best and smartest models is a fact in its favour, for the new popular draped fur effects are

most successfully carried out in this cloth, which sits well and falls into exceedingly graceful folds.

How to Lengthen a Fur Coat

¶ The problem of lengthening and adding to a fur coat to the ample proportions required nowadays is so often so troublesome and so expensive a matter that a great many women will doubtless avail themselves of the present pretty fashion of introducing sleeves and deep insertions of the new silver and gold metallic laces and embroideries, mounted on a background of velvet or silk to match the pelt of which the coat is made. To lengthen a coat a deep band of metallic lace is an excellent substitute for fur; while the sleeves can be most successfully treated in the same manner, as shown in the accompanying sketch.

Aluminium or dull tarnished silver lace matches well with mole-skin, old gold lace looks well with musquash and coney, while for ermine and broad-tail, one finds some delightful new black or white braid lace of light design that resembles the best quality guipure. This is obtainable in various widths, so that it can be used in a narrow variety for trimming scarfs and muffs. A point in favour of the new fashion is the fact that gold and silver laces are far cheaper this season than last year. So noticeable is this, that one shop, which has recently acquired an immense assortment of the latest Parisian designs, is finding a ready sale for the finer makes which are being used for underdresses for lace and chiffon evening frocks.

A New Trimming

¶ Writing of trimmings one cannot omit to mention the latest novelty that is enjoying a sensational vogue in Paris this season. This is black velvet ribbon edged with a fine gold thread lightly embroidered in sharp green, strong blue, and vivid red wool-embroidery, reminiscent of the Berlin woolwork of our grandmother days. This looks exceptionally well when used to trim black velvet dresses, or as bands for the popular velour hats; while worn as a neckband a strap of this new embroidered velvet does much to smarten up a lace or net blouse.

Tailor- made Silk Shirts

¶ Tailor-cut shirts, designed by an artist in dress and made by experts, are a novelty of this season which should come as a boon and a blessing to sportswomen all over the country; for they once and for all put an end to that blousy, untidy appearance that

hitherto has distinguished too many ardent sportswomen. These beautifully fitting new shirts cost no more than the ordinary ready-made type, and being fashioned of heavy silk they are guaranteed to wear, and not to lose their shape or their colour in the wash.



A Fur Coat shewing the introduction of Gold Lace Sleeves.

What is of no little importance is the fact that, while all are tailor-cut and tailor-finished, the new shirts have not that unbecoming "mannish" look that hitherto has stamped this type of garment, for all are fashioned after artistic designs that are

exceedingly dainty and becoming. The firm who specialise in these shirts issue a dainty booklet of designs that cannot fail to prove attractive to all women who indulge in any kind of sport.

Beautiful Motor Coats

¶ Motor coats continue to grow in artistic design. All the newest models shown this season have lost their clumsy effect, that has hitherto been a serious drawback. A leading London tailor who specialises in beautifully tailored coats of this description is showing a very delightful plain green tweed motor coat with a detachable green leather lining that, both as regards style and make, is all that the most fastidious can desire. Another very *chic* and extremely graceful coat, suitable for town and country wear, is made of soft navy blue vicuna cloth, every line of the long collar, the slanting pocket flaps, and the smartly strapped back, being designed to enhance the elegance of the wearer's figure. For a thoroughly practical, and at the same time a thoroughly becoming coat, which is quite smart enough for wear in town or on a fashionable race-course, this model would be hard to excel.

The Newest Type of Bed Cover

¶ A change that is all for the better is affecting the eiderdown quilts which have made their appearance this season. These are far more lavish than any that have gone before, for, covered with rich coloured satin, they are further trimmed with insertions and *motifs* of beautiful *filet* and Italian lace. Other novelties are shot taffeta-covered eiderdowns, which are quite inexpensive and make a very welcome change after the printed sateen covers of which one and all are more than a little weary. The note of black also makes its appearance in the new eiderdown for this season, black stain eiderdown quilts made with an inner panel of rich Oriental patterned pongee silk, with a black background, being a novelty of the Winter Season. Another novelty are very fine blankets with coloured quilted satin covers on one side, finished off with a deep satin hem—a new type of quilt that has the advantage of never slipping off the bed as light eiderdowns are apt to do.

Beautiful Napery

¶ Embroidered table linen still continues to come in for considerable attention, the newest type being adorned with fine *broderie-Anglais*. Hitherto this most attractive napery, which does so much to enhance the beauty of the silver and glass used, has been

reserved exclusively for the rich, the price rendering it prohibitive to people of slender means. Now, however, one firm have succeeded in producing a really good cloth of the finest white linen, beautifully embroidered with a design of open eyelet embroidery, surrounding a central panel made of hand-drawn



A Smart Tailor-made Costume for Winter Wear.

squares, which is sold at a strictly moderate price. These new table cloths are worked by French peasants, who are the best of all embroidresses—and, apart from the fact that this type of cloth does not spoil in the wash, like so many of the beautiful lace inset cloths do, the new napery represents a beautiful work of art.

Heart-shaped Cushions

¶ A new cushion that threatens to completely oust the once popular square-shaped pillow that was never really comfortable, has made its appearance. This is a heart-shaped cushion, covered with ruckings of shot taffeta that gives a very pretty and dainty effect. The great point about these new cushions is that they are practical as well as picturesque, for the heart shape in which they are formed fits well into the shoulders, the point going well down into the waist line—characteristics that undoubtedly do make for greater comfort and ease.

Cut-Glass Cheese Dishes

¶ So many enquiries have come to hand regarding the new cut-glass sardine boxes which were mentioned in these pages, that a similar interest may be taken in some pretty new cheese dishes made of cut and plain glass with covers to match. These are very charming both as regards shape and ornamentation. Made of a smaller and more useful size than the old-fashioned china cheese dish of gigantic proportions, these new glass dishes are enjoying a popular craze, as they are exceedingly dainty looking and can be used to serve cheese that has been cut up as well as that brought to table in a single piece. Glass dishes and covers of special design have been introduced for serving Camembert cheese, this round pattern being of exactly the right proportions to take this special variety, counted so great a delicacy by so many people.

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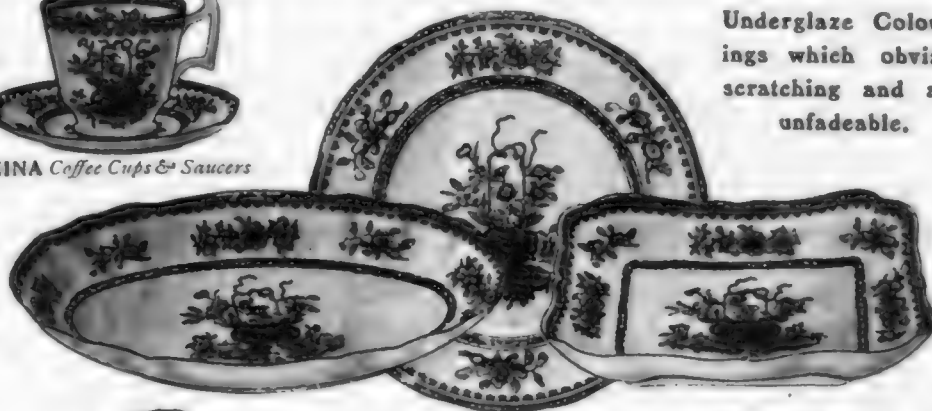
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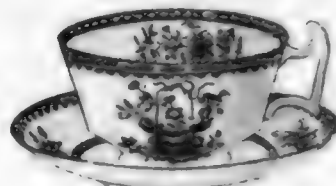


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